

TLS Classified

To place advertisements write or telephone:
Cheryl Dennett, The Classified Department, The Times Literary Supplement
Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX Tel: 01-253 3000 Telex: 264971

Rates: Classified Display: £8.55 psc. Classified Linage: £1.67 per line. Minimum 3 lines - @ £5.01. Box number: £2.00.
Copy deadline: Classified display and Linage: Monday 10.00am in week of publication.

Overseas

KUWAIT UNIVERSITY Department of Administrative Affairs

Advertisement for Academic Posts and Language Teachers

The Department of English, Faculty of Arts, Kuwait University announces the following vacancies for 1984/85:

First: Posts of Professors, Associate Professors and Assistant Professors (Lecturers) in the following fields: English Literature, Classics, Translation, Linguistics, Speech, Reading and Writing.

Conditions:

PhD Degree from a recognised University. Applicant must have a minimum of three years experience in University teaching or equivalent, and at least one year in his/her field.

MA Degree from a recognised University in TOEFL, ESL or ESP. Applicant's

Librarians



LIBRARIAN needed for Botswana

To develop a library in a refugee settlement, catering for needs ranging from the basic literacy to degree level.

Two year contract including a modest living allowance and flights. Write for details including a short c.v. and s.a.s. to:

International Voluntary Service,
1184, 53 Regent Road, Leicester
LE1 8YL. (0727)

Inner London Education Authority LIBRARIANS

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the following posts: Librarian Grade C - Salary £7,444-£9,369 plus 11% London weighting and 4% Allowance.

1. Battersea County School, Culver Road, Battersea Park Road, SW11. 2. Battersea County School, Culver Road, Battersea Park Road, SW11. Librarian Grade D - Salary £6,555-£8,480 plus 11% London weighting and 4% Allowance.

SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES Library

Applications are invited for the post of:

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

In charge of the collections relating to China. These are currently in excess of 100,000 volumes. Salary, in accordance with age and experience, on Grade II of the national scales for University Library staffs, £7,180 to £14,125 plus £1,186 per annum London Allowance with compulsory membership of the Universities Superannuation Scheme. Candidates should possess a good honours degree and appropriate library qualifications and experience. A good knowledge of Chinese is essential. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Secretary of the School. Closing date 30th November, 1983. (4051)

St. Hilda's College Oxford COLLEGE LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from graduates with library qualifications for the post of Librarian. The Librarian will be responsible for the library, to take up the post as soon as possible after 1st January 1984. Salary on scale £7,150-£9,875. Further particulars are available from the Librarian, St. Hilda's College, Oxford, OX1 3PS. November 18. L103

Books and Prints

PICKERING & CHATTO LTD Antiquarian Booksellers

Jean Antoine Fabre: Essai sur la manière la plus avantageuse de construire les machines hydrauliques. Paris, 1773 \$400. First edition, 4to, original mottled sheep, spine gilt. John Craig: De calculo fluentium libri duo. Quibus subiunguntur libri duo de optica analytica. London, 1718 \$650. First edition, 4to, contemporary calf. The first of Craig's three major works, although the last to be published; Craig was acquainted with Newton, who contributed two equations of curves, and was one of the first in Britain to recognise the potential of the calculus.

17 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5NB
Tel: 01-930 2515
Telex: 261507 MONREF G (quote ref. 3007)

ANY American books, new or out-of-print. Free Search Service. Grey Books, 86-32 Elliott Ave., Rego Park, New York City, New York 1135. L116

WITH ALL FAULTS: Introduction by David Graham, Greco (Tehran, 1973). Now out-of-print. The best modern memoir of an antiquarian bookseller. £8.50 post. (rev. L174 Box 57, Oxford.

BOOKS, all subjects from 4 countries. Catalogues from Young's Antiquarian Books, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685, 1687, 1689, 1691, 1693, 1695, 1697, 1699, 1701, 1703, 1705, 1707, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1715, 1717, 1719, 1721, 1723, 1725, 1727, 1729, 1731, 1733, 1735, 1737, 1739, 1741, 1743, 1745, 1747, 1749, 1751, 1753, 1755, 1757, 1759, 1761, 1763, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779, 1781, 1783, 1785, 1787, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1797, 1799, 1801, 1803, 1805, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1821, 1823, 1825, 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1841, 1843, 1845, 1847, 1849, 1851, 1853, 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863, 1865, 1867, 1869, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151, 2153, 2155, 2157, 2159, 2161, 2163, 2165, 2167, 2169, 2171, 2173, 2175, 2177, 2179, 2181, 2183, 2185, 2187, 2189, 2191, 2193, 2195, 2197, 2199, 2201, 2203, 2205, 2207, 2209, 2211, 2213, 2215, 2217, 2219, 2221, 2223, 2225, 2227, 2229, 2231, 2233, 2235, 2237, 2239, 2241, 2243, 2245, 2247, 2249, 2251, 2253, 2255, 2257, 2259, 2261, 2263, 2265, 2267, 2269, 2271, 2273, 2275, 2277, 2279, 2281, 2283, 2285, 2287, 2289, 2291, 2293, 2295, 2297, 2299, 2301, 2303, 2305, 2307, 2309, 2311, 2313, 2315, 2317, 2319, 2321, 2323, 2325, 2327, 2329, 2331, 2333, 2335, 2337, 2339, 2341, 2343, 2345, 2347, 2349, 2351, 2353, 2355, 2357, 2359, 2361, 2363, 2365, 2367, 2369, 2371, 2373, 2375, 2377, 2379, 2381, 2383, 2385, 2387, 2389, 2391, 2393, 2395, 2397, 2399, 2401, 2403, 2405, 2407, 2409, 2411, 2413, 2415, 2417, 2419, 2421, 2423, 2425, 2427, 2429, 2431, 2433, 2435, 2437, 2439, 2441, 2443, 2445, 2447, 2449, 2451, 2453, 2455, 2457, 2459, 2461, 2463, 2465, 2467, 2469, 2471, 2473, 2475, 2477, 2479, 2481, 2483, 2485, 2487, 2489, 2491, 2493, 2495, 2497, 2499, 2501, 2503, 2505, 2507, 2509, 2511, 2513, 2515, 2517, 2519, 2521, 2523, 2525, 2527, 2529, 2531, 2533, 2535, 2537, 2539, 2541, 2543, 2545, 2547, 2549, 2551, 2553, 2555, 2557, 2559, 2561, 2563, 2565, 2567, 2569, 2571, 2573, 2575, 2577, 2579, 2581, 2583, 2585, 2587, 2589, 2591, 2593, 2595, 2597, 2599, 2601, 2603, 2605, 2607, 2609, 2611, 2613, 2615, 2617, 2619, 2621, 2623, 2625, 2627, 2629, 2631, 2633, 2635, 2637, 2639, 2641, 2643, 2645, 2647, 2649, 2651, 2653, 2655, 2657, 2659, 2661, 2663, 2665, 2667, 2669, 2671, 2673, 2675, 2677, 2679, 2681, 2683, 2685, 2687, 2689, 2691, 2693, 2695, 2697, 2699, 2701, 2703, 2705, 2707, 2709, 2711, 2713, 2715, 2717, 2719, 2721, 2723, 2725, 2727, 2729, 2731, 2733, 2735, 2737, 2739, 2741, 2743, 2745, 2747, 2749, 2751, 2753, 2755, 2757, 2759, 2761, 2763, 2765, 2767, 2769, 2771, 2773, 2775, 2777, 2779, 2781, 2783, 2785, 2787, 2789, 2791, 2793, 2795, 2797, 2799, 2801, 2803, 2805, 2807, 2809, 2811, 2813, 2815, 2817, 2819, 2821, 2823, 2825, 2827, 2829, 2831, 2833, 2835, 2837, 2839, 2841, 2843, 2845, 2847, 2849, 2851, 2853, 2855, 2857, 2859, 2861, 2863, 2865, 2867, 2869, 2871, 2873, 2875, 2877, 2879, 2881, 2883, 2885, 2887, 2889, 2891, 2893, 2895, 2897, 2899, 2901, 2903, 2905, 2907, 2909, 2911, 2913, 2915, 2917, 2919, 2921, 2923, 2925, 2927, 2929, 2931, 2933, 2935, 2937, 2939, 2941, 2943, 2945, 2947, 2949, 2951, 2953, 2955, 2957, 2959, 2961, 2963, 2965, 2967, 2969, 2971, 2973, 2975, 2977, 2979, 2981, 2983, 2985, 2987, 2989, 2991, 2993, 2995, 2997, 2999, 3001, 3003, 3005, 3007, 3009, 3011, 3013, 3015, 3017, 3019, 3021, 3023, 3025, 3027, 3029, 3031, 3033, 3035, 3037, 3039, 3041, 3043, 3045, 3047, 3049, 3051, 3053, 3055, 3057, 3059, 3061, 3063, 3065, 3067, 3069, 3071, 3073, 3075, 3077, 3079, 3081, 3083, 3085, 3087, 3089, 3091, 3093, 3095, 3097, 3099, 3101, 3103, 3105, 3107, 3109, 3111, 3113, 3115, 3117, 3119, 3121, 3123, 3125, 3127, 3129, 3131, 3133, 3135, 3137, 3139, 3141, 3143, 3145, 3147, 3149, 3151, 3153, 3155, 3157, 3159, 3161, 3163, 3165, 3167, 3169, 3171, 3173, 3175, 3177, 3179, 3181, 3183, 3185, 3187, 3189, 3191, 3193, 3195, 3197, 3199, 3201, 3203, 3205, 3207, 3209, 3211, 3213, 3215, 3217, 3219, 3221, 3223, 3225, 3227, 3229, 3231, 3233, 3235, 3237, 3239, 3241, 3243, 3245, 3247, 3249, 3251, 3253, 3255, 3257, 3259, 3261, 3263, 3265, 3267, 3269, 3271, 3273, 3275, 3277, 3279, 3281, 3283, 3285, 3287, 3289, 3291, 3293, 3295, 3297, 3299, 3301, 3303, 3305, 3307, 3309, 3311, 3313, 3315, 3317, 3319, 3321, 3323, 3325, 3327, 3329, 3331, 3333, 3335, 3337, 3339, 3341, 3343, 3345, 3347, 3349, 3351, 3353, 3355, 3357, 3359, 3361, 3363, 3365, 3367, 3369, 3371, 3373, 3375, 3377, 3379, 3381, 3383, 3385, 3387, 3389, 3391, 3393, 3395, 3397, 3399, 3401, 3403, 3405, 3407, 3409, 3411, 3413, 3415, 3417, 3419, 3421, 3423, 3425, 3427, 3429, 3431, 3433, 3435, 3437, 3439, 3441, 3443, 3445, 3447, 3449, 3451, 3453, 3455, 3457, 3459, 3461, 3463, 3465, 3467, 3469, 3471, 3473, 3475, 3477, 3479, 3481, 3483, 3485, 3487, 3489, 3491, 3493, 3495, 3497, 3499, 3501, 3503, 3505, 3507, 3509, 3511, 3513, 3515, 3517, 3519, 3521, 3523, 3525, 3527, 3529, 3531, 3533, 3535, 3537, 3539, 3541, 3543, 3545, 3547, 3549, 3551, 3553, 3555, 3557, 3559, 3561, 3563, 3565, 3567, 3569, 3571, 3573

November 18 1983 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

TLS

The Times Literary Supplement

Important news for New Subscribers

The surest, most convenient way to get the TLS each week is to take out a subscription. Our subscription service located at the address below will provide all subscribers quickly and regularly with their weekly copy of the paper, which offers an incomparable guide to new and recent books published all over the world. New subscribers are invited to begin here, by filling in the coupon below.

correct zone as specified by the British Post Office. United Kingdom only by surface mail.
 6 months (26 issues) £15.00
 12 months (52 issues) £30.00
 British Postal Zone X including Algeria, Egypt, Saudi Arabia and United Arab Emirates.
 6 months (26 issues) £26.26
 12 months (52 issues) £52.52
 British Postal Zone Y including Argentina, Bermuda, Brazil, Hong Kong, India, Jamaica, Kenya, Malaysia, Mexico, Nigeria, Pakistan, Singapore, South Africa, Trinidad and Tobago, Zambia, Zimbabwe.
 6 months (26 issues) £29.12
 12 months (52 issues) £58.24
 British Postal Zone C including Australia, China, Japan, New Zealand, Papua New Guinea, Philippines, Taiwan.
 6 months (26 issues) £31.72
 12 months (52 issues) £63.44
 Europe including Cyprus, Gibraltar, Malta.
 6 months (26 issues) £23.66
 12 months (52 issues) £47.32
 USA and Canada by air.
 6 months (26 issues) US\$35.00
 12 months (52 issues) US\$70.00

Please send me The Times Literary Supplement

☐ 6 months ☐ 12 months

NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT
 ADDRESS _____
 I enclose my cheque for _____ made payable to Times Newspapers Ltd.
 Signature _____ Date _____

Return this coupon to: Times Newspapers Ltd.
 Subscription Department, Oakfield House,
 25 Perry Street, London EC1A 3PH.

Contents

- ANTHONY BURGESS
 CHRISTOPHER FRAYLING
 ANDREW SAINT
- REYNER BANHAM
 ANTHONY STORR
 ROLAND LITTLEWOOD
 ALAN HOLLINGHURST
- NIGEL CROSS
 GLEN CAVALIERO
- PAT RAINE
 LINDSAY DUGUID
 T. J. BINYON
 JOHN MELMOTH
 GEORGE SZIRTES
 HUGH SETON-WATSON
- C. S. L. DAVIES
- NORMAN MCCAIG
 MICHAEL HOFMANN
- PHILIP FRENCH
 RICHARD GRENIER
 DAVID COWARD
- ANDREW HISLOP
- MICHAEL WOOD
 PAUL SMITH
- ERIC RHODE
- STEPHEN MILLS
- GEOFFREY NOWELL-SMITH
- OLIVIA MCCABE
 VALERIE CONNINGHAM
- PETER KEMP
- FRANK WILLIAMS
 APRIL FITZLYON
 DAVID BERRY
- DOUGLAS JOHNSON
 PHILIP THODY
 THOMAS NAGEL
 PAUL SNOWDON
- EDWARD N. LUTTWAK
 JOHN TERRAINE
 MIRIAM ORIFFIN
 ROBIN SEAVER
 HEIKO A. OBERMAN
 CHIMEN ABRAHMY
- SYMPOSIUM
- DILYS POWELL
 JAMES KIRKUP
 KEVIN BROWNLOW
 ADAM MARS-JONES
- JOSS MARSH
- DAVID ROBINSON
 BLAKE MORRISON
 JOHN GRIGG
- PERBORNE WORSTHORNE
 ANNE CHISHOLM
 COLIN GREENLAND
- David Robinson: *Chaplin - The mirror of opinion* 1263-4
 Phil Hardy: *The Film Encyclopedia - Volume II, The Western* 1265
 James Stevens: *Carl: The Life and Work of Henry Roberts 1880-1876* 1265
 Helen Searing: *New American Art Museums* 1265
 E. M. Thornton: *Fraud and Cocaine - The Freudian Fallacy* 1266
 C. R. Badcock: *Madness and Modernity* 1266
 Mary Lago and P. N. Furbank (Editors): *Selected Letters of E. M. Forster - Volume One, 1874-1920* 1267-8
 J. Kimberley Roberts: *Ernest Rhys* 1268
 Cedric Belfrage (Editor): *The Letters of John Cowper Powys* 1268
 Sven-Erik Tickmark 1268
 Robert Blackmore (Editor): *The Letters of John Cowper Powys to G. R. Wilson Knight* 1268
 Alice Thomas Ellis: *The Other Side of the Fire* 1269
 Gillian Tindall: *Looking Forward* 1269
 Julian Symonds: *The Name of Annabel Lee* 1269
 David G. Smith: *The Music Stops and the Waltz Continues* 1269
 Small Boys: *Watch an Aeroplane Drop Leaflets* (poem) 1269
 Eric Hobsbawm and Terence Ranger (Editors): *The Invention of Tradition* 1270
 Muriel St Clare Byrne (Editor): *The Little Letters - An abridgement selected and arranged by Bridget Boland* 1270
 Robert Garloch: *Complete Poetical Works* 1272
 David Constantine: *Watching for Dolphins* 1272
 Noel Connor and others: *Taliha Cumi* 1272
 Helen Dunmore: *The Apple Fall* 1272
 Bernard F. Dick: *Hellman in Hollywood* 1273
 Viewpoint: *Hollywood and Politics* (article) 1274
 Raymond Chirac: *Le cinéma français des années 30* 1274
 Jean-Pierre Jeancolas: *15 ans d'années trente* 1274
 Richard Roud: *A Passion for Films - Henri Langlois and the cinémathèque française* 1275
 Federico Fellini: *Morality in the City and a Journey with Anna* 1275
 Jeffrey Richards and Anthony Aldgate: *Best of British - Cinema society 1930-1970* 1276
 Dai Vaughan: *Portrait of an Invisible Man - The working life of David McAllister, film editor* 1276
 John Barnes: *The Rise of the Cinema in Great Britain - The beginning of the cinema in England 1894-1901, Volume 2, Jubilee Year 1897-1901* 1276
 Richard Koszarski: *The Man You Loved to Hate - Erich von Stroheim and Hollywood* 1277
 Jean-Loup Bourget: *Le cinéma américain 1895-1980* 1277
 American notes 1278
 The periodicals: *7: Encounter* 1278
 Letters on The Making of Modern Freedom. Keynes, Dilworth and the Kufkesque etc 1279-80
 Commentary
 Shakespeare: *Macbeth* (BBC2) 1280
 Author, Author 1280
 Nostalgia (Lumière Cinema) 1281
 Modest Mussorgsky: *Boris Godunov* (Royal Opera House) 1281
 The Socialist Book Fair 1281
 Pierre Assolonne: *Monsieur Dussault* 1282
 Lesley Blanch: *Pierre Loti - Portrait of an escapist* 1282
 Colin McGinn: *The Subjective View* 1283
 D. W. Hamlyn: *Perception, Learning and the Self - Essays in the philosophy of psychology* 1283
 Nigel Hamilton: *Murphy - Master of the battlefield 1942-1944* 1283
 John Hackett: *The Profession of Arms* 1284
 Elaine Fantham: *Semeca's Tronides* 1285
 Arthur Kavanagh: *Sulla - The last republican* 1285
 Peter Newman Brooks (Editor): *Seven-Headed Luther* 1286
 Byron L. Sherwin: *Mystical Theology and Social Dissent - The works of Judah Loew of Prague* 1286
 Writers and the Cinema - Contributions by Malcolm Bradbury, P. W. J. Barrow, Ian McEwan, Nicholas Mosley, Peter Paul Brock, S. Schoenbaum and Leonardo Sciascia 1289-9
 The Cause of Criticism (article) 1289
 Akira Kurosawa: *Something Like an Autobiography* 1290
 Jay Leyda: *Kino - A History of the Russian and Soviet Film* 1291
 James Hill: *Rita Hayworth - A memoir* 1291
 Charles Higham and Roy Moseley: *Maria - A biography of Maria Oheron* 1291
 Gary Carey: *Katharine Hepburn - A biography* 1291
 Irene Mayer Selznick: *A Private View* 1291
 Alexander Walker: *John Gielgud - The ultimate star* 1291
 Alan L. Gansberg: *Little Caesar - A biography of Edward G. Robinson* 1291
 Doug Warren and James Cagney: *James Cagney* 1291
 Bob Thomas: *Golden Boy - The untold story of William Holden* 1291
 Sheridan Morley: *Tales from the Hollywood Raj* 1291
 Fifty Years of the British Film Institute (article) 1291
 Dark Glasses (poem) 1292
 Theo Ayrson: *Royal Family - Years of tradition* 1292
 Douglas Keay: *Royal Pursuit - The palace, the press and the people* 1293
 Elizabeth Longford: *Elizabeth R - A biography* 1293
 Richard Hough: *Edwina - Countess Mountbatten of Burma* 1293
 Eric S. Rabkin (Editor): *Science Fiction - A historical approach* 1293
 Michael Moorcock (Editor): *New Worlds - An anthology of science fiction* 1294
 Paperbacks in brief 1294
 Index of books reviewed 1295
 Information, please 1295
 Among this week's contributors 1296

1262 TLS November 18 1983 FILM

Keeping it wistful

Anthony Burgess

DAVID ROBINSON
Chaplin: The Mirror of Opinion
 Mopp, Secker and Warburg, £9.95
 (paperback, £6.50).
 0436420338

Some of us have of late been undergoing a phase of disenchantment with Chaplin's films - not the early Keystone brevities so much as the more ambitious feature movies which began with *The Kid* (1921; 5,300 feet). There are perhaps two reasons for this, and both have something to do with amateurish crudity. One is the camerawork, lighting and editing; the other is Chaplin's own music, which, though dubbed in late, has now to be accepted as part of the cinematic totality. Chaplin was a musician in the manner of the traditional British stage comedian: he could handle some musical instruments - chiefly keyboard and strings - because the music-hall was what it said it was. He was no more a professional musician than was, say, William Shakespeare, who doubtless could pluck a few chords from a lute when presenting what tunes he needed for his lyrics and probably, unlike Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, could discourse a little on the recorder. The trouble with Chaplin was that he grew pretentious and was rich and famous enough to impose mediocre scores on his productions. "You can't tell Charlie anything", sighed Aldous Huxley when a number of Californian intellectuals tried to dissuade him from making *Monsieur Verdoux*. It was hard to tell him anything about such cinematic values as were represented by sophisticated cameras and editing techniques. His own virtuosity was enough, so he believed. It undoubtedly was enough in the days of the one-reeler. We watch the full-length films with a mixture of enchantment and despair. The comic turns are superb; the handling of the story is disastrous. Chaplin tried to fuse Kurosawa with Victorian sentimentality. These were two genres that could never blend, but they were the only genres he knew.

Brief flickering displays of clowning genius accompanied by a pit piano playing anything fast and anonymous - that was the real Charlie. Other film comedians - Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Stan Laurel - were more solidly children of cinema and effected a comparatively painless transition from silence to sound. In the late 1920s the breath of Chaplin lovers (which meant everybody) was bated while the first

Chaplin sound film was in slow preparation. *City Lights* and *Modern Times* showed his skill in evading the problems of sound: a city councillor makes a speech which is translated into saxophone gurglings (not well done: Chaplin should have left it to somebody else); Charlie loses the words of his song and has to improvise nonsense; finally, triumphantly, in *The Great Dictator*, he gives a Hitlerian speech whose German phonemes are so exact that even to the Germans it sounds like German. But sound is mostly mocked. No underdog dialect could ever fit the tramp figure: when Chaplin finally speaks, it is in a home-made patrician English which works for Verdoux, Hynkel and the king in New York but would not have done for the hero of *Shoulder Arms* or *The Pilgrim*. The tramp has to remain soundless; the problem of Charlespeak was never solved.

Naturally, in the early days of the talking film, admirers of Chaplin took the impossibility of wiring him for sound as undeniable evidence that talk would never work on the screen. Film was, almost by definition, Charlie Chaplin, and if he could not talk neither could, remaining true to its nature, the medium he glorified. But it was enough, in 1929, to listen to the distorted moans of *The Broadway Melody* and *The Doctor's Secret* to be convinced that cinema was an expansive medium. Colour in *Goldiggers of Broadway* was crude, but one knew that it would get better. As soon as film began to talk, the whole of the future, including *A Space Odyssey* and *E.T.*, was potentially in existence, and Charlie belonged to the period of the soldier's song:

Oh the moon shines bright on Charlie Chaplin
 His shoes are crackin'
 For want of blackin'
 And his little baggy trousers they'll want mendin'
 Before they send him
 To the Dardanelles.

(Those baggy trousers were not little: they had belonged to Roscoe Arbuckle.) David Robinson's book is concerned with what people have written about Chaplin from the Fred Karno days to the disastrous *A Countess from Hong Kong*. Chaplin, when writing his autobiography, remembered word for word a review in the *London Times* of *Jim: A Romance of Cockayne*, which ended: "But there is one redeeming feature, the part of Sammy, a newspaper boy, a smart London street arab, much responsible for the comic part. Although hackneyed and old-fashioned, Sammy was made vastly amusing by Master Charles Chaplin, a bright and vigorous child actor. I have never heard of the boy before, but

I hope to hear great things of him in the near future." His brother Sydney bought a dozen copies of the paper. Who remembers Sydney now? His films have disappeared, leaving only an after-image of one of the most beguiling white-toothed smiles of the cinematic 1920s. It is important to remember, however, that Charlie's gift was nurtured in a theatrical family. Mr Robinson reproduces the cover of a song ("Eh! Boys!"), by John P. Harrington and Geo Le Brun, "sung by Charles Chaplin", father not son, the more famous features clear in the manically grinning portrait. "He died at only 37 in 1901, bequeathing to young Charlie a lifelong horror of intemperance." Young Charlie's mother, Hannah, was a soubrette who ended in an asylum. Loyal after his fashion, Charlie called one of his sons Sydney and the heroine of *The Great Dictator* Hannah. The name suggests, because of that film, that there was Jewish blood on the mother's side, but the racial mixture of the Chaplins seems to have been Spanish, gypsy, Irish and Huguenot French. Caricatured as a Jew in *Der Stürmer*, Chaplin was happy enough to accept the impeachment. As John McCabe put it, "Charlie Chaplin is virtually part Jewish almost most of the time".

How much did he owe to Fred Karno? A great deal, thought Stan Laurel, in many ways a nicer character than Chaplin, of whom he was a coeval in the *Casey's Court* days. "Keep it wistful, gentlemen", Karno would cry. "That's hard to do but we want sympathy with the laughter." Both Laurel and Chaplin profited from the injunction, but Chaplin was, says McCabe, "born wistful". The comic instinct was in the family, but Karno gave Charlie's a direction and insisted on the importance of timing. Chaplin became a multimillionaire while still a young man, but when Karno died in 1941 at seventy-five, he left a little over forty pounds. Still, the conscript army of the Second World War took over the Karno myth from the troops of the previous one. "It's a proper Karno's" was almost the first thing I heard when I joined up in 1940, and "we are Fred Karno's army" was still sung on the march. Some things are better than money.

The last great star whom Chaplin the producer-director employed was Marlon Brando. There was a certain irony in the choice of an Actor's Studio trainee by a great professional who had never held with the relentless meditation on character and motivation. The figure of the tramp was not created from the inside; he was improvised out of old clothes that happened to be lying around and was, from first to

last, a bag of eccentric skills and mannerisms. Once created, he had to be explained, and Chaplin, *post factum* or *actum*, saw clearly enough what he was about - a figure of disorientation with nothing proletarian in him (the stick, pathetic relic of bourgeois respectability, saw to that) who, often without intention, put down the more harmless representatives of wealth and authority. But he still needed a larger critical intelligence than his own to place his casual creation in the serious field of art.

As early as 1914, Minnie Madden Fiske published an article called "The Art of Charles Chaplin" in *Harper's Weekly*, comparing him to Aristophanes, Plautus, Shakespeare, Rabelais and Fielding. His early critics, almost without exception, took him seriously. The public's response to the Chaplin phenomenon was to turn him into an immediate myth, which not merely critics but sociologists had to explain. There were Chaplin songs, figurines, comic books, toys. In 1915 he became a comic strip character on the front page of the *Funny Wonder*, and was still there in the 1930s - restored to an English low-life setting with sausages and mash, masked burglars with bags marked SWAG, casually making cigarette smoke come out of his right ear. No Anglo-Saxon critic-philosopher could adequately deal with him: inevitably, it was a Frenchman who pioneered the in-depth intellectual study. When Chaplin became Charlot, the world began to understand him better, though a certain cineaste glumness took the fun out of him.

Louis Delluc established in 1917 a magazine called *Film*, to which Colette, Cocteau, Aragon and Apollinaire contributed. He may be called the first genuine film critic, forcing a daily film column on *Paris Midi*, eventually becoming highly philosophical with the periodical ominously titled *Cinéa*. In 1921 came the first book on Chaplin - *Charlot* - which Delluc persuaded a reluctant Bodley Head to publish in England the following year. British filmgoers, who saw in Chaplin merely a fine comic in a known tradition, did not quite know what to make of Delluc's talk of Velázquez, Dürer, Jean de Paris and Cloyet. Knowledgeable about the *Karl Marx* line, Chaplin had received, Delluc nevertheless cannot resist bringing in the Attic tradition, alluding to Agamemnon and Elektra: in *Shoulder Arms* he sees bitterness, even tragedy - "an hour of lashes, one after the other. . . . When dogs are wretched they bay at the moon. That war film of Chaplin bays most terribly at the moon." That war film of Chaplin, which the troops of Fred Karno's army blessed while they laughed,

Richard Wagner: My Life

Translated by ANDREW GRAY
 Edited by MARY WHITTALL

This is the first English translation of the complete text of Wagner's autobiography, presenting a panoramic view of Wagner's times and contemporaries from his birth up to the eve of his fifty-first birthday in 1864. £22.50 net.

The Musical Language of Berlioz

JULIAN RUSHTON

The most analytical and critical study of Berlioz's unique musical style, incorporating the characteristically elements and observing them in action. It includes copious musical illustration, much of it analytical. £22.50 net.

Cambridge Studies in Music

Publication 24 November

The Tanner Lectures on Human Values: IV 1983

Edited by STERLING MCMURRIN

Contains The Voluntary Society KINGMAN BREWSTER; Ethics: The Exercise of Self-Command THOMAS C. SELLERS; Bomba and Poetry FREEMAN DYSON; Biological Science: The Death of Utopia Reconsidered LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI. £22.50 net.

What is a Law of Nature?

D. M. ARMSTRONG

In this study of a crucial and controversial topic in metaphysics and the philosophy of science, the author offers a largely original view that the laws are relations between properties or universals. Beginning by mounting an attack on the orthodox and sceptical views deriving from Hume, he goes on to establish his own theory in a systematic manner. £17.50 net.

Cambridge Studies in Philosophy

Meinong and the Principle of Independence

Its Place in Meinong's Theory of Objects and Its Significance in Contemporary Philosophical Logic
 K. LAMBERT

Concentrating on Meinong's (1883-1920) famous *Principle of Independence*, which distinguishes being from being so, Karel Lambert explores the implications of the principle of independence for philosophical logic and the metaphysics underlying it. Hard covers £18.50 net. Paperback £6.50 net.

Sources for Ancient History

Edited by MICHAEL CRAWFORD

This volume aims to characterise the nature of the source material available for the study of ancient Greece and Rome and to relate that characterisation to the process of historical enquiry. It underlines the limitations of ancient evidence, and the difficulties in handling it; and contains examples of what can and cannot be done with ancient sources. Hard covers £18.50 net. Paperback £6.50 net.

The Sources of History

The Jacobin Republic 1792-1794

MARC BOULOISEAU

Translated by JONATHAN MANDELBAUM

Marc Bouloiseau brings a revisionist's eye to bear on the Jacobin Republic, the most difficult and dangerous phase of the Revolution, when events began in 1789 reached their climax. His analysis reveals an essentially rural nation divided by its structure, its day-to-day habits, its aspirations, and confronted by the harsh realities of war. Hard covers £18.50 net. Paperback £7.95 net.

The French Revolution 2
 Co-publication with the Maison des Sciences de l'Homme, Paris

Manufacture in Town and Country before the Factory

Edited by MAXINE BERG, PAT HUDSON
 and MICHAEL SONENSCHEER

How were goods made without machines, how was work organised before the factory system, and how did artisans and labourers perceive and carry out their work? These essays, drawn from the recently discovered theory of proto-industrialisation and range the alternative forms of manufacture which existed before industrialisation. £22.50 net.

Wealth and Virtue

The Shaping of Political Economy in the Scottish Enlightenment
 Edited by IAN HUNT and MICHAEL IGNATIEFF

The contributors to this volume clarify the range and depth of the Scottish Enlightenment, and they explore the processes by which the boundaries between economic thought, jurisprudence, moral philosophy and theoretical history came to be established. £25.00 net.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Beware the primal horde

Anthony Storr

E. M. THORNTON
Freud and Cocaine: The Freudian Fallacy
 340pp. Muller. £12.95.
 085634 1398

The author of this provocative, tendentious, and misleading book is a research assistant and departmental librarian at St Mary's Hospital, where, although not medically qualified, she has been allowed to attend the undergraduate teaching of neurology. She is well-read in the history of neurology, and gives a long account of Charcot and his clinic at the Salpêtrière and of Bernheim and the Nancy school of hypnosis. The main purpose of this preamble is to affirm her belief that the striking phenomena produced by hypnosis only occur in patients prone to epilepsy, more particularly in those suffering from the variety of that disorder now known as "temporal lobe epilepsy". However, the bulk of what she has to say is a polemical attack upon Freud. She believes that Freud was a drug addict, and that the greater part of psychoanalytic theory was the product of drug-induced phantasy and hallucination.

It is, of course, well known that Freud experimented with cocaine during the years 1884-87, and found that small doses of the drug relieved depression and enhanced his capacity for work. His six papers on cocaine were translated and published together in 1974. Students of Freud will also be familiar with the fact that he just missed discovering the value of cocaine as a local anaesthetic for the eye, and that he mistakenly recommended its use as a treatment for morphine addiction. It is also the case that, in his discussion of his famous dream about Irma's injection, dreamed in 1895, he reveals that he had been applying cocaine to his nose.

his had done who had been using cocaine in the same way. E. M. Thornton assumes that, because Freud confesses this anxiety, he must have been using cocaine in this way for "well over two years". She also assumes that his use of cocaine "would soon have become practically continuous", refers to "ever increasing strengths and dosages", and affirms that cocaine is "a far more dangerous addiction" than addiction to morphine. There is no hard evidence to support any of these assertions.

Cocaine is not truly a drug of addiction as are morphine and heroin. That is, it does not cause physical dependence, nor are there any withdrawal symptoms when it is discontinued. It may cause psychological dependency, as do caffeine or nicotine. Moreover, tolerance to cocaine does not develop, so that the same dose continues to produce the same effect without there being any compulsion to increase it. Like all effective drugs, cocaine can have dangerous consequences. Overdosage leads to tension, irritability, insomnia, tactile hallucinations, and, in some cases, a paranoid state rather similar to that produced by amphetamines. Gross overdosage may cause cardiac or respiratory failure. A few people are allergic to cocaine, and repeated "snorts" can cause ulceration within the nose. But the majority of those who use the drug moderately and intermittently simply report that it gives them a "lift". For a short while they feel cheerful, energetic, and sexually active.

When Freud was applying cocaine to his nose on the advice of his friend Fliess, he was probably using a paste containing the drug. There is no evidence that he was "snorting" it in modern fashion, or that he was injecting himself with it. Since he was aware of the danger of nasal ulceration, it is unlikely that he was using increasing amounts.

Miss Thornton alleges that Freud's cardiac trouble, which is usually attributed to over-smoking, was due to cocaine. She also believes that cocaine was the cause of his mood swings, his early abandonment of sexual activity, his confidence in his own discoveries, and his

in sexual deviation, unless cocaine had affected his own sex life. Cocaine, like many other drugs, suppresses REM sleep and hence prevents dreaming. When its use is suspended, as

is the case with other drugs which have the same effect, the sleeper experiences more dreams than usual for a while. Thornton is sure that this happened to Freud and that this is why he became interested in dreams.

If Freud had been overdosing himself with cocaine to the extent alleged by Thornton, it is inconceivable that he would have been able to produce volume after volume of pellucid, persuasive, well-ordered prose. She diagnoses Freud as suffering from a psychosis, but not even those who passionately disagreed with him ever thought him insane or anywhere near such a condition. Drug-induced psychosis is generally an acute phenomenon which temporarily disables the sufferer, making it impossible for him to carry on a normal life, let alone a highly creative one. When the drug is discontinued, the patient usually returns to normal.

Thornton's knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, neurology has led her to refuse to accept any kind of psychological explanation of neurosis. She dismisses the notion of repression, of catharsis, of the unconscious; and states that the mind cannot affect the body. Even such neurotic symptoms as agoraphobia are attributed to "giddiness" caused by organic disease of the inner ear. People with aural vertigo may well be frightened of going out alone, but it does not follow that everyone who is frightened of going out alone has aural vertigo. Although Thornton has learned a good deal about neurology, her judgment even in this field is open to question. Temporal lobe epilepsy, which she repeatedly invokes as the cause of a great many phenomena usually labelled neurotic, is not so common that it is likely to be the cause of all that she attributes to it. She confidently asserts that Brewer's famous case of "Anna O." (Bertha Pappenheim), described by Brewer and Freud in "Studies on Hysteria", was suffering from tuberculous meningitis rather than from hysteria.

Bertha Pappenheim, after a lifetime of good works, died in 1936 at the age of seventy-seven. Thornton also relies on authors like Louis Lewin, whose book on drugs *Phanastes*, published in 1924, has long been discredited.



An illustration from Derek Pell's *Mordid Catena* (89pp. Cape. £5.50.) to be published soon.

Her ignorance of psychiatry is profound. She writes: "The New Left influenced psychology and a school arose led by T. S. Szasz and R. D. Laing known as 'Radical Psychiatry' which named a 'guilty society' as the chief cause of the causation of mental disorders." Both Laing and Szasz are liable to regard being bracketed together as libellous. Anyone who associates the militantly right-wing Szasz with the New Left cannot have read a single one of his many books. One's confidence in Miss Thornton's reliability is further shaken by the frequent misspelling of proper names, both in the text and in the bibliography and index. "J. G. Her" for "Frazer"; "Anthea Hayter" for "Aethia Hayter"; "Jean Marie Gaspard Itard" for "Jean Marc Gaspard Itard"; "Oscar Newman" for "Oscar Nemov"; "Karl Ebbing" for "Krafft-Ebing"; "David Winnicott" for "Donald Winnicott". In short, his never have been published, and it is shocking that the late Raymond Grease, who was a distinguished physician and an experienced publisher, should have given it his blessing in an introduction.

The analysis as addict

Roland Littlewood

C. R. BADDOCK
Madness and Modernity: A Study in Social Psychology
 180pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £14.50.
 0631 12353

Once upon a time, or rather, once before time, there was a group of hominids who were dominated by their patriarch, who selfishly kept all the power and all the women for himself. The young men rebelled, killed their father and ate him, then proceeded to rape their mothers and sisters. Overcome by guilt (for they had both loved and hated the old man), they continued his prohibitions in the form of neurotic taboos against incest, and commemorated the primal parricide by identifying themselves with him in the form of the group totem which they periodically sacrificed. This ritualisation set occurred in each generation until the present, the young men, by identifying themselves with their father, and to his gods, the mother by internalizing paternal values, repressing his revolt through identification with the father. The child thus becomes socialized into the values of the community, and religion cements the link between normative values and personal experience. The original sin was the murder of the father, for which his son Jesus vainly tried to atone. Without rational insight into his motives, man (who, had some way, become Man) is condemned to repeat this process.

C. R. Baddock's book is not a critique of Freud's *Totem and Taboo*; it is hardly even a revision of it. It is quite simply a restatement with minor elaborations. Darwin's rather sketchy primal horde is fleshed out with some comparisons with our contemporary, the gelada baboon. Baddock is not concerned with the epistemological problems which Freud's

stepped with the Lamarckian assumptions and the equation of origins with meaning; nor with the sources of Freud's ideas (Hughlings Jackson's idea that mental illness is the lowest neurological level; Ribot's regression to archaic cultural forms; the Volkpsychologie school's equation of the mad and the natural; or the equation of child and "primitive" in Frazer and others); nor even with the son's revolt against the father as represented by Oedipus, which Schorske has recently shown was a common theme in *fin-de-siècle* Vienna. Freud linked all these in his theory of phylogenetic recapitulation, with its identification of archaic man, the child, the psychotic and the "primitive".

Baddock offers us a different type of recapitulation. He repeats Freud's arguments (complete with archaic Australian natives, neolithic matriarchies, and schizophrenia as frustrated homosexuality) without apparently being aware of the fact that this is a century-old social thinking. However, apart from Freud, his daughter Anna and their closest followers. Unlike the Master, he is insistent that he is not offering Oedipal themes as metaphors; Freud himself seems to have wavered in his epistemology and originally subtitled "Moses and Monotheism" as "An Historical Novel". Hard-line Freudians of course ahistorical in that history has been reduced to the eternal return of the repressed, both compulsive and maladaptive. Aldous Huxley, mischievously suggested in *Brave New World* that historical dating could only start from Freud; at the first man who ever emancipated himself from the historical cycle.

The motive for Baddock's compulsion to repeat Freud becomes clear as he describes the occupation of the London School of Economics, where he teaches, by his students in the 1960s. The book gives every appearance of having been hastily written (in a letter to the emergency "Dinner-table discussion" any appearance by their parents' application of

authority, and the "infantile and sadistic fantasies" of Mao Ze Dong, they manifest "defective superego formation of epidemic proportions and chronic irresolution of the oedipal stage of development". The author's intention is nothing less than to marshal psychoanalysis to confront the threat of trade unions, socialism and the welfare state: whilst rioting is motivated by parietal longings and rebellion against social norms, these institutions, and indeed social equality itself, are none other than a passive conformity to many-breasted Diana of the Ephesians, she who provides illusory nurturing at the cost of tyranny. The inevitable (oral) consequences are alcoholism, depression and a loss of initiative. Just look at the Incas and the Russians!

It is, however, not only the International Socialists who fear "the paternal phallus as the retained and hardened faecal mass in (their) bowels" for "in these closing years of the twentieth century cultural decay and psychological degradation are to be seen all around us." The "Madness" of Baddock's title is not a metaphor, for we must "have the courage to re-instate the Freudian phylogenetic theory in its undiluted form." Antisocial behaviour and neuroses are conflicts between the self and reality and are thus, quite literally, psychotic. So are all those "guilty" of modernism, from the Impressionists, Surrealists and abstract painters, to composers who don't write tunes and writers such as Joyce and Beckett, who fail to provide a good story-line.

The solution to a trauma, "unprecedented since the Neolithic" is for fathers to assert their authority, and for psychoanalysts to be introduced into schools. Special scorn is reserved for "typical therapeutic" analysts who confine themselves to their patients and for the author's fellow sociologists whose "severe repression" blind them to the ongoing primal struggle.

The whole treatise resembles an expanded

feuilleton from the *Sun* or *Spectator*, with limitations of millennial sociology looming close; and its tenor and theme make of *hominem* musings irresistible. Beyond the apocalyptic and apologetic Hany I think I can find of all that Forster opposes: to "part with R" is to indulge in a homosexual liaison. R Laus complex", named for the ageing patriarch who, incapable of achieving personal immortality, attempted to kill his son Oedipus and thus prevent our entrance into history. R Laus complex, of course, have a Laus complex, we don't often write books about it. Our pus succeeded, Laus failed. (Or so it went until recently; in pursuit of purely rational goals we seem about to engage in logical fallacy of more significance than the jagged of Breton and his friends.)

To the reader who wonders about the possible contribution dynamic psychology might make to history and anthropology, it is fair to say that Baddock's book bears a close resemblance to the caricature of cultural psychology which social scientists have been pushing over ever since Malinowski's *Primitive Culture*. The universality of the Oedipus complex, the universality of the psychoanalytic, notably the psychoanalytic of the Wellfleet meetings (Robert Jay Lifton, Erik Erikson, Kenneth Keniston) have, of course, moved far beyond vulgar Freudianism to offer methodologically sophisticated theories of the relation between personality and cultural innovation. The book will only reinforce the satisfaction British social anthropologists and historians feel in contemplating their own studied rejection of psychodynamics.

One bright spot. The theme of the book stimulated the unrepentant Joycean printers to some remarkably free associations; notably their suggestion that Lawrence's "fallacy" appeal(s) to the occult

Parting with respectability

Alan Hollinghurst

MARY LAGO and P. N. FURBANK (Editors)
Selected Letters of E. M. Forster
 Volume One, 1879-1920
 340pp. Collins. £15.95.
 0017167182

With the exception of *A Passage to India*, which is in difficult gestation when this volume closes, E. M. Forster's novel-writing career occupied only one decade of the nine he lived. His fiction was the result of a peculiar combination of private and public circumstances — just the right degree of emotional backwardness at just the right moment in the history of civilization. His much-discussed drying-up as a writer will never be absolutely explained, but it becomes ever clearer as information about his life is made public that the crisis of the First World War coincided and interrelated with the major upheaval of his private life: "I felt the crisis coming," he wrote to his closest confidante, Florence Barger, in June, 1917. "It isn't happy: it's rather — offensive phrase — that I first feels grown up man."

At the age of thirty-eight he was having his first love-affair, on war-work far from home and from the social world of his novels. It was not in itself a great romance — "far from the greatest time of my life", as Forster readily admitted — but it was the culmination of a change in personality, and a dramatic change, as these letters make clear. Implicit in Forster's announcement of his long-deferred coming-of-age is the recognition that his novels were not written by a grown-up, that they occupied a world he was putting away — even at the same time as the war was destroying it for ever.

That Forster "felt the crisis coming" should not surprise us. Like that of many emotionally repressed writers his work is strangely prophetic of events to come in his own life. When his characters tussle with the conventions and constraints of life in foreign parts they are also paving the way for their author's tussle with his own circumstances. The moral drift of his books is always against respectability and in favour of responsibility and self-fulfilment. It is a traditional subject, but one which assumes emblematic importance in his dried-up thirties when he repeatedly assays his experience against what he had previously written. "I am getting awfully revolutionary in my old age," he writes to Florence Barger in 1915. "Respectability kills so much more than I once supposed."

Eighteen months later he asks Sybil Ross Masood, "Are you growing respectable? Oh no, no. It is the unforgivable sin." And by way of respectability, cryptically abbreviated in wartime correspondence to "R", takes on the burden of all that Forster opposes: to "part with R" is to indulge in a homosexual liaison. R Laus complex", named for the ageing patriarch who, incapable of achieving personal immortality, attempted to kill his son Oedipus and thus prevent our entrance into history. R Laus complex, of course, have a Laus complex, we don't often write books about it. Our pus succeeded, Laus failed. (Or so it went until recently; in pursuit of purely rational goals we seem about to engage in logical fallacy of more significance than the jagged of Breton and his friends.)

To the reader who wonders about the possible contribution dynamic psychology might make to history and anthropology, it is fair to say that Baddock's book bears a close resemblance to the caricature of cultural psychology which social scientists have been pushing over ever since Malinowski's *Primitive Culture*. The universality of the Oedipus complex, the universality of the psychoanalytic, notably the psychoanalytic of the Wellfleet meetings (Robert Jay Lifton, Erik Erikson, Kenneth Keniston) have, of course, moved far beyond vulgar Freudianism to offer methodologically sophisticated theories of the relation between personality and cultural innovation. The book will only reinforce the satisfaction British social anthropologists and historians feel in contemplating their own studied rejection of psychodynamics.

One bright spot. The theme of the book stimulated the unrepentant Joycean printers to some remarkably free associations; notably their suggestion that Lawrence's "fallacy" appeal(s) to the occult

not care for the piece. It was a grown-up one, not at all suitable for us to go to. I should have thought, 'They all went to church this morning except me and Henson. I thought it rather a good opportunity to talk to Henson about Good Friday . . .'. Henson, it transpired, had no grasp of the incarnation. 'I was quite shocked, Morgan.' Already, at the age of twelve, Forster was a very funny letter-writer, finding comic potential in his afflictions: 'I have got a very bad lip. I have hardly ever had such a bad one. . . . The colours of my lip are various: black, grey, white, red, pink and pale yellow.'

This writing personality, created, albeit unconsciously, in response to a known audience, and showing off with "French" sign-offs ("Je demeure votre aimant fils Morgan"), disguises, however, a personal problem. He barely touches on it in the *Letters*, but he was unhappy at school and not liked by the other



The four Whitchelo sisters: Rosalie (E. M. Forster's favourite aunt, known as Rosie); Alice Clara (his mother, called Lily); Mary Eleanor (Nellie); and Georgiana (Georgie); reproduced from the book reviewed here.

boys, and his articulacy exists in inverse proportion to his popularity. P. N. Furbank's life of Forster makes this clearer, with information and sidelights that might well have been allowed into the notes here (which from the factual point of view are outstandingly thorough and accurate). In the biography there are many letters which are not reproduced here; to the disadvantage of the new volume: for example an exceptionally articulate pleading letter from his next school, The Grange, where he strikingly presents himself as the expects his mother to see him: "I was so muddled and excited that I did not know what you meant me to do." Here there is a letter worrying about being met at Victoria which is so fluent, so dramatically, that it suggests a literary model, the stage-holding performance of a latter-day Miss Bates. It is a kind of rhetorical camouflage, a way of making himself acceptable in grown-up language; of deploying words to conceal, redirect or fantasize his own anxiety. It is not uncommon in clever children, or children who spend their early years in the company of adults, but in Forster's case it seems to announce a subconscious principle of his creative life. It is a shame that neither *Life* nor *Letters* can give us the "obscure" letter he wrote home about an incident when he was eleven; when he met a strange man who persuaded him to masturbate him, for it must have been a paradigm of situations he was to confront in his novels: the handling of sexual situations which he did not understand — what James, with fitting ambiguity, called "the dear little, deadly little question of how to do it".

It is valuable to have this early correspondence to his mother, because his letters to her form the spine of this collection. "Lily" Forster lived to be ninety, and though most of her side of the correspondence is lost, it is clear from the son's letters that their deeply loving relationship protected itself against his inevitable moving away by preserving the idiom of the

nursery. At the age of twenty he writes from Cambridge to Lily: "I wore all my best things, including those you put ready, and looked very nice indeed — probably I was remarked on, though I did not hear it. . . . I was the only child, so I felt proud." Part of Forster's collusion with her lay in caricature, both of himself and of others. Fellow-travellers would receive this treatment when they were together, and about now (1899) the voice of the novelist is heard for the first time, evoking the visit to Cambridge of his Aunt Eliza and Uncle Frank: he has found one of his subjects, looking at people looking at things, abroad and more or less at sea:

On arriving we examined the chapel. Loud were the exclamations of approval. Aunt Eliza repeated "it is so sumptuous, so rich, the glass is so rich — like woven silk, so . . ." and she waved her hands. "Fine building, remarkably fine building" kept on remarking Uncle Frank.

Years later, as Forster becomes geographically

that "one's confused little mind" is incapable of "systematic thought". He seems to have been aware that here lay both the strengths and weaknesses of his art.

The alert and critical Trevelyan also made Forster aware of a facetious side of his nature that is both a delight and a frustration in this intensely interesting book; replying to his censure of "facetiae" in "The Eternal Moment" Forster admits "they are a most certain fault; and my taste doesn't guide me. Someone told me, many years ago, that I was amusing, and I have never quite recovered from the effects." In a way typical of Forster's undiscovered personality the adolescent party-piece becomes a staple for dealing with experience. Humour is his guard and his weapon, and one which is extensively deployed in the very area, the arts, in which he is claiming his competence. Though he went to Italy to find out about the Renaissance, and subsequently lectured on it, his letters contain only the most jocular allusions to it, more intrigued by there being a "forth" or lavatory on the roof of Milan cathedral than by the building itself. "The Piazza del Duomo is a horrid nightmare to us," he protests, like some fobfrile Restoration fop. He is repeatedly funny about music, deploring the genealogical tangle of the *Ring*, owning (in a letter to E. J. Dent) to his inexperience at a performance of *Die Zauberflöte*: "I understood little except the tragic death of the boa constrictor in the first few bars". In literature he loves Gibbon, and Meredith, but is chilled by Arnold and finds "something wrong" with James; Shaw makes him "feel bad inside"; Hardy is stupid, farcical and has a narrow view of women. These are typical of his merely glancing and often facile references to books. Typically he expands in a self-protectively facetious vein on Roger Fry's portrait of him: "It represents a brilliant and somewhat pleasing youth with a green face and pink eyes . . . only the left hand has been stricken with diabetes, and the general effect is nonchalant and gay." All his life Forster thought of himself as unprepossessing, and this pre-emptive assumption of a hostilely conventional view of himself is his old childish trick, strikingly akin to his description of his chilled, multicoloured lips. It took the vicar to ask his mother, on seeing the portrait, "I hope your son isn't queer?" It was, ironically, the very question Forster's whimsically seems calculated to deter.

As to being "queer" (a word which recurs with amusing frequency in Forster's letters), it is not really admitted here until 1913 when he writes of "teaching English to eleven policemen of extreme beauty". This comes, significantly, in a letter to Lytton Strachey who, satirized as the outrageous Risley in *Maurice*, was evidently both an example and a threat to the strangely pre-sexual Forster. But that *Maurice* had been written, that Strachey had read it (and been its most perceptive critic) were signs of the tremendous change that by now was affecting his personality, and which the war intensified. From the start he was free from illusions about the war, scoring Malcolm Darling's romantic attitude to it in a letter of unprecedented vigour. It was a test for the humanism he'd written about, and for old friendships. Dried up as a writer, Forster became suddenly fierce about life; even the Darlings, who were so good at encouraging "queer" things, might be forsown: there would be a "sorting of one's private life", "some-queer regroupings". One of the queerer regroupings was that which brought Forster and D. H. Lawrence together. "Shod: the war", Forster says, "I can cope with anyone". Lawrence is violent, as always, and I am a little, as never . . . A completely new self-assertiveness is found, and he addresses Lawrence as a "deaf imperceptible fanatic who has nosed over his own little sexual round until he believes that there is no other path for others to take". It is a remark which prefigures by fifteen years his reactions to Lawrence's "Pornography and Obscenity", with its mistrust of "self-inclosure" and of what Forster was to call any "tendency to live in little private circles of excitement, rather than in the passionate outer life of personal interchange". Already Forster has identified the contradiction between Lawrence's strength of sexual intuition and the blind repelliveness of his prescriptions, a

50113550

Manufactured mythologies

Hugh Seton-Watson

ERIC HOBBSBAWM and TERENCE RANGER
(Editors)
The Invention of Tradition
320pp. Cambridge University Press. £17.50.
0 521 24645 8

The subject of this interesting collection of essays is the modern phenomenon of "traditions" artificially created by governments, or non-governing élites, with the aim of linking their régimes or their authority with the distant past of their community, and of strengthening the legitimacy of their rule or leadership. Recent, and less recent, history is full of such phenomena. Five have been selected by the contributors to this volume. Hugh Trevor-Roper has chosen the mythology of the Scottish Highlander, and Prys Morgan the revival of Welsh language and nationality. Next comes a fascinating account by David Cannadine of the elevation, by ritual, ceremony and publicity, of the British Monarchy from a very low ebb in the early nineteenth century to its present status as one of the few flourishing industries in a languishing economy. Bernard Cohn's essay on British India concentrates on the Imperial assemblage of 1877 in the Vice-Royalty of Lord Lytton. Terence Ranger examines the floundering efforts of British administrators to discover, elaborate and manipulate equivalents in Africa (his main examples being Tanganyika, Uganda and Rhodesia).

All this makes enthralling reading but raises several questions. How far have the contributors pin-pointed a specific phenomenon, confined to a recent period of history, how far indeed have they stuck to the rather precise definition stated by Eric Hobsbawm in his introduction: "the conscious or unconscious invention of a tradition"?

Some grew very slowly, and their initiators are not known to us, if indeed there were any; the Hellenic legends of the gods, or the system of Roman law. In other cases the careers of founders of religions, and the efforts of their disciples to formulate the main body of doctrine, were compressed within a century or less; this can be said of Jesus, Muhammad and Buddha. Secular rulers who deliberately created institutions and habits of obeisance, which were developed by their successors, abound in the historical records. Do modern inventors of traditions radically diverge from this rather long-established pattern?

The contents of this book might have been described by such ugly, morally neutral, phrases of thoroughly modern jargon as "laying the foundations of legitimacy", "creating a sense of collective identity", or simply "the technique of mass mobilization". But "invention of tradition" is hardly, like them, "value-free". Tradition is almost by definition reprehensible, something to be mocked and deplored, and invention implies a sinister, not a progressive, type of manipulation. In some of these contributions one senses an underlying, painfully restrained, disapproval: it comes to the surface in the chapter by Professor Ranger, where the qualified noun "invented tradition" and the adjective "neo-traditional" are ham-

pered home again and again as the author from his intellectual Olympus looks down on the ridiculous objects of his contemptuous pity.

Yet essentially the five cases discussed fall into two main groups of phenomena, inevitably produced by certain social and political conditions. One is the necessity for a new conqueror of an old empire to strengthen his legitimacy by establishing a hierarchy of élites and sub-élites both willing to support it and interested in its maintenance. The second is the need for aspiring élites among subject populations to create and strengthen among their people a belief in their common identity. This has sometimes been achieved in the past through the creation by prophetic figures of new religions, or more often of new sects within a prevalent religion. In modern times the unifying factor has more often been a secular national consciousness propagated, revived or even created by small élites who have developed a dialect into a literary language, popularized folklore and oral poetry, and combined research with fantasy to produce a national historical mythology. Similar trends can be seen among populations which can be called "peripheral" but hardly "subject", such as the Scots and the Welsh.

Both types of activity have usually involved distortions of reality that are comic or odious or both, but mockery or condemnation of these features do not greatly promote understanding of processes which historical situations have made inevitable.

The British Raj in India was the successor to a long line of despotisms, many of which were of extra-peninsular origin. The British rulers largely misunderstood the social structures, land tenure systems and political hierarchies of preceding régimes, and the efforts of Lytton and Curzon have their absurd aspects. But did the founders of earlier régimes always have better understanding, and were the British cul-

lured by them. Some grew very slowly, and their initiators are not known to us, if indeed there were any; the Hellenic legends of the gods, or the system of Roman law. In other cases the careers of founders of religions, and the efforts of their disciples to formulate the main body of doctrine, were compressed within a century or less; this can be said of Jesus, Muhammad and Buddha. Secular rulers who deliberately created institutions and habits of obeisance, which were developed by their successors, abound in the historical records. Do modern inventors of traditions radically diverge from this rather long-established pattern?

The contents of this book might have been described by such ugly, morally neutral, phrases of thoroughly modern jargon as "laying the foundations of legitimacy", "creating a sense of collective identity", or simply "the technique of mass mobilization". But "invention of tradition" is hardly, like them, "value-free". Tradition is almost by definition reprehensible, something to be mocked and deplored, and invention implies a sinister, not a progressive, type of manipulation. In some of these contributions one senses an underlying, painfully restrained, disapproval: it comes to the surface in the chapter by Professor Ranger, where the qualified noun "invented tradition" and the adjective "neo-traditional" are ham-

pered home again and again as the author from his intellectual Olympus looks down on the ridiculous objects of his contemptuous pity.

Yet essentially the five cases discussed fall into two main groups of phenomena, inevitably produced by certain social and political conditions. One is the necessity for a new conqueror of an old empire to strengthen his legitimacy by establishing a hierarchy of élites and sub-élites both willing to support it and interested in its maintenance. The second is the need for aspiring élites among subject populations to create and strengthen among their people a belief in their common identity. This has sometimes been achieved in the past through the creation by prophetic figures of new religions, or more often of new sects within a prevalent religion. In modern times the unifying factor has more often been a secular national consciousness propagated, revived or even created by small élites who have developed a dialect into a literary language, popularized folklore and oral poetry, and combined research with fantasy to produce a national historical mythology. Similar trends can be seen among populations which can be called "peripheral" but hardly "subject", such as the Scots and the Welsh.

Both types of activity have usually involved distortions of reality that are comic or odious or both, but mockery or condemnation of these features do not greatly promote understanding of processes which historical situations have made inevitable.

jan's legions is a nonsense, but the historical research of Iorga was impressive, even if he was a poor Prime Minister, a chauvinist orator and not much of a prose stylist. Sometimes myth-makers have resorted to forgery: here, as Trevor-Roper points out, Scots and Czechs share a melancholy eminence. Trevor-Roper's talents are lavishly deployed on the grotesque stories of "Ossian" MacPherson and the brothers Sobieski-Stewart. But his eloquence carries him too far. To conclude that, because Irish Gaels occupied Argyll in the fifth century, and the Gaelic branch of Celtic pushed out the British, as well as the still unidentified Pictish language, therefore all literature in Scottish Gaelic remained for the next 1,200 years (300 of these being under Norwegian rule) a mere "crude echo of Irish literature" is, to put it mildly, a *non sequitur*. If Trevor-Roper has read, in the original texts, all significant works in Scottish and Irish Gaelic, and formed an opinion on that basis, then this reviewer, who is not linguistically equipped to do likewise, will respect his judgment, but still not accept it, because others who are well qualified take another view. As for Trevor-Roper's clear implication that bagpipe music was of no significance before the late eighteenth century, it simply does not accord with the facts. It is a pity that this eminent historian did not confine himself to MacPherson and the tartan industry, on which he appears to know his stuff.

Forgery of historical documents to legitimate historical mythologies has fallen into disuse, being no longer suited to modern conditions. The benevolent methods of George III and Metternich have been replaced by streamlined dictatorships which can impose straightforward falsification of history by purging textbooks. Thus, Muslim epics in Soviet Central Asia and Transcaucasia are shorn of passages regarded in Moscow as tainted by "bourgeois nationalism", and the post-war editions of Romania's chief poet, Eminescu, do not contain one well-known - and certainly national-

istic - poem which speaks of the Romanian as extending "from the Dniester to the Tisza", thus including lands of Hungarian speech as well as the whole of Bessarabia, regarded in Moscow, despite its Romanian population, as an inviolably Russian ever since the Tsar and the Sultan partitioned Moldavia in 1812. Czech Poles and Tatars too have had their history falsified by Moscow's edict.

The contributions by Eric Hobsbawm stand out as outstanding quality, surpassing the other essays. The analysis in his introduction of categories and sub-categories of traditions and of invention is an effective exercise in clarification of terms; and in his concluding essay he has interesting things to say, taking examples from different countries, on such matters as the proliferation of public statues and national anthems, the celebration of revolutions and the manufacture of rituals in sport; as well as on the association of different practices with different classes. Too many and too wide-ranging thoughts emerge from reading Hobsbawm to be discussed here. Two minor phenomena may be mentioned which can be partly assumed under the head of Invented Tradition, and one would like to read Hobsbawm on them. One is the naming of streets after political dates (as in Paris and Rome) or after Ministers (a galaxy of these, for example, in side-streets west of Wimbledon Broadway) or campaigns (a profusion of such from the Bas-Turkish war of 1877-1878 in side streets in Balham - why?) Another is the construction of public buildings of pompous magnificence imitating the magnificence of earlier ages, and perceptibly modifying them by newly erected classical classes (St Pancras station, the Stadlerhaus Düsseldorf, Moscow State University).

The Invention of Tradition arouses in its admiration, annoyance, disagreement and delight, which testifies to its sustained interest and stimulus. It should contribute to debate and reflection among historians.

Business connections

C. S. L. Davies

MURIEL ST CLARE BYRNE (Editor)
The Lisle Letters: An Abridgement
Selected and arranged by Bridget Boland
436pp. Secker and Warburg. £12.50.
0 436 07905 4

Just over two years ago the six volumes of the Lisle Letters appeared, to a barrage of critical acclaim (they were reviewed in the *TLS* on October 9, 1981). Printing some 1,990 letters (themselves only some two-thirds of the original archive) and providing an engagingly idiosyncratic discursive commentary, Muriel St Clare Byrne recreated a Tudor family saga with an enormous cast; the elderly Lord Lisle, bastard son of Edward IV, governor, a somewhat ineffective one (though Miss Byrne would dispute that), of Calais for his nephew Henry VIII; his shrewd, determined middle-aged wife Honor; their respective children and stepchildren by previous marriages; a further host of relatives, creditors, servants, and assorted hangers-on; cynical career-clerks and hot-gospellers; the whole galaxy of the court, from the King and Thomas Cromwell downwards, seen through necessarily realistic calculating eyes. In a class by himself is John Hussey, the Lisle's factotum in London, sharing with Lady Lisle the steering of the whole enterprise, reporting who is in and who is out, who should be conciliated (and for how much), whom to be on one's guard against, above all, hanging interminably about the court to catch the right person in the right mood to help forward some piece of vital business; a grant of monastic land, for instance, which had been stuck in the trammels of bureaucracy, or even worse, delayed by the machinations of a grasping enemy.

The political drama is compelling enough as Lisle navigates (or, rather, gets pointed by Honor and Hussey) through the shoals of official religious policy, only to be overwhelmed at last in the storm raised by Cromwell in his frenzied attempt to save himself in 1540. Lisle's

the execution of his dissembling enemy, until he dropped dead from "so great a pressure of joy" on receipt of a belated pardon. But the *Letters* are a prime source for a mass of topical relations of husband and wife, parents and children, tutors and pupils, masters and servants, debtors and creditors; on habits of piety (Lady Lisle's case), on fashion, on favours, on the elaborate etiquette of the exchange of gifts which played a crucial part in the political game (food, drink and assorted pets personating, though cash was an acceptable substitute, the King himself); on tricks of speech (the King's own letters, reproduced in the largely dictated letters); on the free use of the idiom in aristocratic correspondence (Lady Lisle in no way behindhand).

Bridget Boland has skillfully selected some 340 letters and kept just enough of the Lisle's commentary to explain them; but the political story emerges more clearly in the slimmer version than in the original. The *bonnes bouches* are there; the King's leading interrogation ("What? So soon? So soon?") Lord Edmund Howard's excusing himself from an invitation because Lady Lisle's mediation has "made me such a pinner that I dare not go day go abroad"; Hussey's problems with the seal intended as a present for the unpopular, original production is retained; good-looking handsome type-face and endpapers, a selection of facsimiles, useful maps and genealogies. And the abridgement is produced in a way which would not be outrageous for a modern mill academic paperback. May the publishers be amply rewarded for their continuing readership.

Volume One of *The Southwell Diary of Maggs* edited by Alan Partridge. Secker and Warburg. £12.50. 0 436 07905 4. The political drama is compelling enough as Lisle navigates (or, rather, gets pointed by Honor and Hussey) through the shoals of official religious policy, only to be overwhelmed at last in the storm raised by Cromwell in his frenzied attempt to save himself in 1540. Lisle's

MACMILLAN PRESS ACADEMIC BOOK SALE

The following selection of books at greatly reduced prices is now available from B H Blackwell of Oxford, and all leading bookshops. This special offer is open until 28th February 1984 only. Order now using the spaces provided below.

ENGLISH LITERATURE GENERAL

John and English Literature, 1784-1830 Kenneth Churchill
26444 4 (\$20.00) \$6.95
Coleridge to Colton 22: Images of Society John Colmer
23301 8 (\$12.00) \$3.95
Extreme Situations: Literature and Crisis from the Great War to the Atom Bomb David Craig & Michael Scott
24578 2 (\$14.00) \$3.95
Characters of Women in Narrative Literature Keith M. May
30054 8 (\$16.00) \$4.95

20th CENTURY ENGLISH LITERATURE

The Modern Novel from Hardy to Lawrence John Acland
2195 2 (\$8.95) \$2.95
J. G. Eliot (2nd ed.) *Measure of the World Literature Series* Bernard Bergson
24288 0 (\$8.95) \$2.95
James' Twilight: A Study of the Literature of the Great War Bernard Bergson
25128 8 (\$15.00) \$4.95
The Great Tradition in the English Novel, 1840-1880 John Cawell
21600 0 (\$8.95) \$2.95
Virginia Woolf's First Voyage: A Novel in the Making Louise A. De Salvo
23633 3 (\$12.00) \$3.95

L. M. Forster
Studies of L. M. Forster Glen Cavallaro
23755 2 (\$10.00) \$2.95
L. M. Forster's Works G. K. Das
22360 8 (\$8.95) \$2.95
L. M. Forster: A Human Exploration G. K. Das and John Das (eds.)
25776 8 (\$15.00) \$4.95

Three Tomorrows: American, British and Soviet Science Fiction John Griffiths
28910 1 (\$12.00) \$3.95
Strategies of the Book: A Study of Literary Reason in the Imperial Idea Towards the End of the 19th Century Shamsul Islam
22861 5 (\$16.00) \$4.95

L. M. Lawrence and Women Carol Dix
17331 3 (\$8.95) \$2.95
Phyllis Lawrence and her Circle Harry T. Moore (ed.)
27800 0 (\$15.00) \$4.95
L. M. Lawrence and the Idea of the Novel John Wothton
27068 3 (\$12.00) \$3.95

Nelly Deane L. Rodiger
25428 9 (\$15.00) \$4.95
George "Alger" A. Polity to "Under the Sign of the Cross" Daniel R. Schwarz
26039 7 (\$12.00) \$3.95
Studies of D. H. Lawrence
John Galsworthy: A Study of the Novel Louis Simpson
27395 8 (\$12.00) \$3.95
James Joyce: A Renaissance John Wothton
30106 0 (\$11.00) \$3.95

19th CENTURY ENGLISH LITERATURE

John Keats's Achievement John Wothton
21227 8 (\$7.95) \$2.95
John Keats in a Social Context David Monaghan
27198 0 (\$17.00) \$5.95
John Keats in Three Victorian Contexts: North and South, East and West Daniel Denno
27320 0 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Walter Scott and the Poetry of the North D. D. Davin
27183 7 (\$17.00) \$5.95
John Keats and the North Robert D. Denno
30072 8 (\$20.00) \$5.95

John Keats in the Victorian World: Style and Context Susan R. Horton
27862 3 (\$20.00) \$5.95

John Keats in the Victorian World: Style and Context Susan R. Horton
27862 3 (\$20.00) \$5.95

Dickens at Play S. J. Newman
26163 4 (\$17.50) \$5.95
Dickens and Chertsey Noma Pope
22703 0 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Dickens and the Invisible World: Fairy Tales, Fantasy and Novel-Making Harry Stone
27887 3 (\$17.50) \$5.95
The Themes of Elizabeth Gaskell Enid L. Duffie
27861 8 (\$12.00) \$3.95

THOMAS HARDY
Thomas Hardy: Landscapes of the Mind Andrew Enslin
25583 3 (\$10.00) \$2.95
Hardy and the Sister Arts Joan Grundy
24501 1 (\$8.95) \$2.95
Illustration and the Novels of Thomas Hardy Arden M. Jackson
32303 3 (\$17.50) \$5.95
A Commentary on the Poems of Thomas Hardy F. B. Pinion
17918 8 (\$12.00) \$3.95
Good Little Thomas Hardy C. H. Saller
25357 7 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Hardy's Poetry, 1880-1898 Dennis Taylor
27832 9 (\$15.00) \$4.95
The Personal Notebooks of Thomas Hardy Richard H. Taylor (ed.)
23302 8 (\$15.00) \$4.95

ANTHONY TROLLOPE
The Trollope Critic N. John Hall (ed.)
26288 0 (\$20.00) \$6.95
Trollope and his Illustrators N. John Hall
26297 2 (\$20.00) \$6.95
Trollope's Political Novels: Theme and Pattern Juliet McMaster
23860 5 (\$8.95) \$2.95

Byron's Cultural and Political Influence in Nineteenth-Century Europe: A Symposium Paul Graham Trueblood (ed.)
29384 8 (\$17.50) \$5.95
Perspectives on Romanticism: Transformational Analysis David Morse
28296 8 (\$17.00) \$5.95
The Victorian Historical Novel 1840-1880 Andrew Sanders
22093 8 (\$15.00) \$4.95

17th and 18th CENTURY ENGLISH LITERATURE

A Dictionary of Puns in Milton's English Poetry Edward Le Comte
30085 5 (\$17.50) \$5.95
Milton and Sex Edward Le Comte
22617 1 (\$8.95) \$2.95

SHAKESPEARE

A Complete Concordance of Verbal Index to Words, Phrases and Passages in the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare with a Supplementary Concordance to the Poems John Bartlett
04272 1 (\$50.00) \$30.00
The Shakespearean Metaphor: Studies in Language and Form Ralph Berry
23178 7 (\$12.00) \$3.95
Shakespearean Structures Robert B. Heitman
30774 7 (\$17.50) \$5.95
Shakespeare and the Solitary Man Jonathan Dillon
27468 7 (\$17.50) \$5.95
Shakespeare's Comedies of Play J. Dennis Huston
30623 5 (\$20.00) \$5.95
Shakespeare and the Critical Debate: A Guide for Students Raymond Powell
27866 3 (\$10.00) \$2.95

Unfit for Modest Eyes: A Study of Pornographic, Obscene and Bowdler Works Written or Published in England in the Second Half of the Seventeenth Century Roger Thompson
25678 2 (\$12.00) \$3.95
Defoe's Early Life F. B. Pinion
27358 6 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Literary Language from Chaucer to Johnson A. J. Gibert
21704 7 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Dryden's Heroic Plays Derek Hughes
2884 0 (\$15.00) \$4.95

IRISH LITERATURE

The Macmillan Dictionary of Irish Literature Robert Hogan
27065 1 (\$25.00) \$8.95
Beckett and The Voice of Species Eric Levy
0867 7 (\$8.00) \$3.95

James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word Colin McCabe
21848 2 (\$17.50) \$5.95
Somerville and Joyce: A Critical Appreciation Hilary Robinson
08348 (\$13.00) \$5.95

YEATS
A Critical Edition of Yeats's "A Vision" (1925) George Mills Harper & Walter K. A. Hood (eds.)
21298 1 (\$20.00) \$5.95
W. B. Yeats and Irish Politics Mary Thomas
12028 (\$13.00) \$5.95
The Variorum Edition of the Plays of W. B. Yeats Russell K. Alspach and Catherine C. Alspach (eds.)
08532 8 (\$35.00) \$17.50

PHILOSOPHY

The Cosmological Argument From Plato to Leibniz William Lane Craig
27487 9 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Theology and Philosophical Enquiry: An Introduction Vincent Brummer
31030 8 (\$15.00) \$4.95
An Introduction to the Philosophy of Language Bernard Williams
12043 4 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Reincarnation as a Christian Hope Geddes MacGregor
31986 9 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Religion and Rational Choice Shivsh Chandra Thakur
27418 9 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Studies in Language and Reason I. Dilman
28445 3 (\$17.50) \$5.95
The Golden Bough (13 volumes): A Study in Magic and Religion Sir James Frazer
01282 8 (\$225.00) \$125.00
Jesus in the Faith of Christians Hywel D. Lewis
29105 0 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Buddha, Marx and God Trevor Ling
24563 9 (\$8.95) \$2.95
Hannah Arendt and the Search for a New Political Philosophy Bhikhu Parekh
30474 8 (\$20.00) \$5.95

MARX

The Dawn of Capitalism and Communism: A New Study of History Ravenna N. Balra
21845 8 (\$10.00) \$2.95
The Political Ideas of Marx and Engels: Volume 1 Marxism and Totalitarian Democracy, 1818-1880 Richard N. Hunt
18578 1 (\$10.00) \$2.95
Economics and Marxism Karl Kohne, translated by Robert Shaw
27219 8 (\$40.00) \$21.75
Karl Marx and Religion: in Europe & India Trevor Ling
27383 3 (\$10.00) \$2.95
Karl Marx: His Life and Thought David McLellan
12270 4 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Marx Before Marxism David McLellan
27882 8 (\$12.00) \$3.95
Marxism After Marx David McLellan
27816 7 (\$8.95) \$2.95
The Thought of Karl Marx David McLellan
28122 5 (\$15.00) \$4.95

SOVIET AND EAST EUROPEAN STUDIES

Soviet Historians in Crisis, 1928-1932 John Barber
28198 8 (\$15.00) \$4.95
A History of Soviet Russia (14 volumes) E. H. Carr
24218 5 (\$225.00) \$125.00
Marxism and the USSR: The Theory of Proletarian Dictatorship and the Marxist Analysis of Soviet Society Paul Ball
25887 8 (\$12.00) \$3.95
Studies in the Russian Economy before 1914 Olga Crisp
18907 7 (\$10.00) \$2.95
The Industrialization of Soviet Russia: Volume 1 The Socialist Offensive: The Collectivization of Soviet Agriculture, 1928-30 R. W. Davies
28172 0 (\$20.00) \$5.95
The Industrialization of Soviet Russia: Volume 2 The Soviet Collective Farm, 1929-30 R. W. Davies
28172 0 (\$20.00) \$5.95
The Russian Revolution and the Soviet State, 1917-1921 Documents Martin McCulloch
1609 4 (\$10.00) \$2.95

The Crisis of Soviet Industrialization: Selected Essays E. A. Preobrazhensky
28203 5 (\$12.00) \$3.95
The Bolshevik Party in Revolution, 1917-1922: A Study in Organizational Change Robert Service
25740 4 (\$12.00) \$3.95
Opposition in Eastern Europe Rudolf L. Tokes (ed.)
25971 8 (\$12.00) \$3.95
Britain and the Bolshevik Revolution: A Study in the Politics of Diplomacy, 1920-24 Stephen White
26871 9 (\$12.00) \$3.95

HISTORY

South and South East Asia: Problems and Policies 1848-1978 B. N. Pandey
01269 3 (\$15.00) \$4.95
Japan and the Decline of the West in Asia 1894-1945 Richard Storey
08868 8 (\$12.00) \$3.95

MIDDLE EAST

Britain, Egypt and the Middle East John Darwin
27073 8 (\$23.00) \$8.95
The Emergence of the Modern Middle East Albert Hourani
25848 7 (\$25.00) \$8.95
Europe and the Middle East Albert Hourani
25848 9 (\$20.00) \$8.95
Arab Nationalism: A Critical Enquiry Bassam Tibi
23714 5 (\$15.00) \$4.95

WORLD WAR II

The Wehrmacht and German Rearmament Wilhelm Deist
26482 2 (\$20.00) \$8.95
Hitler and the Forgotten Nazis: A History of Austrian National Socialism Bruce F. Pauley
30709 7 (\$20.00) \$8.95
The Pope and the Soviet Union: The International Impact of the Lateran Agreements Peter C. Keni
27774 0 (\$20.00) \$8.95

Chiefdom Politics and Alien Law: Basutoland under Cape Rule 1871-1884 S. B. Buman
28442 8 (\$20.00) \$8.95
British Colonialism in the 19th Century John Darwin
03850 9 (\$20.00) \$8.95
The Rule of Law: Albert Venn Dicey Victorian Jurist Richard A. Cosgrove
30707 0 (\$15.00) \$4.95
From War to Cold War 1942-48 Roy Douglas
28348 9 (\$20.00) \$8.95
World Accumulation 1492-1789 Andre Gunder Frank
2583 4 (\$10.00) \$2.95
The Western Alliance: European-American Relations since 1945 Alfred Grosser
28271 5 (\$12.50) \$3.95
Economy and Society in Baroque Portugal, 1600-1700 Carl A. Hanson
30621 9 (\$20.00) \$8.95
Sport and Society in Modern France Richard Holt
28551 3 (\$20.00) \$8.95
The Social Thought of Bernard Mandeville: Virtue and Commerce in Early Eighteenth Century England Thomas A. Horne
25110 4 (\$10.00) \$2.95

The State and the Emergence of the British Oil Industry Geoffrey Jones
27866 0 (\$20.00) \$8.95
Political Anti-Semitism in England 1918-39 Gilead C. Lutzeler
24251 3 (\$10.00) \$2.95
Women and Work Sheila Lewenhak
2812 3 (\$12.00) \$3.95
British Society and the French Wars 1793-1815 Chiva Emley
24021 8 (\$8.95) \$2.95
The Death of the Past J. H. Plumb
08080 4 (\$8.95) \$2.95
Politics in the Age of Cobden John Pral
22348 7 (\$7.95) \$2.95
New American World: A Documentary History of the North America to 1912 (Five volumes) David B. Quinn (ed.)
28383 9 (\$295.00) \$125.00
British Diplomacy and Swedish Politics, 1758-1773 Michael Roberts
30034 3 (\$20.00) \$8.95
The Soldiers' Strikes of 1919 Andrew Rothstein
27893 0 (\$12.00) \$3.95
Dean Tucker and Eighteenth Century Economic and Political Thought George Shelton
28521 2 (\$20.00) \$8.95
The Search for Wealth and Stability: Essays in Economic History Presented to Michael W. Flinn T. C. Smout (ed.)
23358 7 (\$12.50) \$3.95
The Political Economy of the Raj 1914-1947: The Economics of Decolonization in India B. R. Tomlinson
22361 6 (\$15.00) \$4.95
The Struggle for World Power 1600-1900 William Woodruff
28067 9 (\$20.00) \$8.95
Race, Conflict and the International Order: From Empire to United Nations Hugh Tinker
18684 3 (\$8.95) \$2.95

REFERENCE

The Macmillan Dictionary of Italian Literature Peter Bandiera
28837 7 (\$28.00) \$8.95
Dictionary of Foreign Quotations Robert Collison
27238 2 (\$17.50) \$5.95
History of an Art: Photography Jean-Luc Daval
34440 6 (\$50.00) \$25.00
The Language of Modern Politics Kenneth Hudson
21438 2 (\$7.95) \$2.95
Contemporary Poets (3rd edition) James Vinson (ed.)
21828 4 (\$24.00) \$12.00
International Index of Film Periodicals St. James Press
24784 1 (\$35.00) \$15.00
Twentieth Century Crime and Mystery Writers St. James Press
30107 2 (\$24.00) \$12.00
Twentieth Century Science Fiction Writers St. James Press
31945 1 (\$35.00) \$17.50
Geologists and the History of Geology: an International Bibliography from the Origins to 1978 William Seargent
28383 2 (\$250.00) \$125.00
Sacred Texts of the World: A Universal Anthology Nilan Smit
31080 2 (\$14.95) \$4.95

Those customers wishing to order from B H Blackwell, please mark the number of copies required beside each title above, fill in your name, address and signature below and send to:

B H BLACKWELL LTD, BROAD STREET, OXFORD OX1 3BQ, ENGLAND.
TEL. NO. (01865) 248111

Postage and Packing will be extra.

OR Charge to my Account No. _____

Making mock

Norman McCaig

ROBERT GARIOCH
Complete Poetical Works
Edited by Robin Fulton
327pp. Edinburgh: MacDonald. £12.95.
0904265 935

I suppose I must recognize that Robert Garioch, whose work is so well known and well loved north of the border, is little more than a name to almost all poetry readers south of it, simply because he wrote almost entirely in Scots. So, a few facts. He was born in Edinburgh in 1909 and named Robert Garioch Sutherland, though he became known to his readers as Robert Garioch. He "read English" (in my day we took it) at Edinburgh University and became a teacher in Primary schools, first in Edinburgh or near it and then, after service in the war, from 1946 to 1959 in London, of all places. He loathed teaching (not children) and returned to Edinburgh to work, from 1965, in the School of Scottish Studies as a "lexicographer's orraman", until he died in 1981.

It says something not nice about Scottish publishers that his first substantial volume, the *Selected Poems*, didn't appear till 1966, though his poems were widely known in Scotland through little magazines and through his inimitable reading of them. At many poetry readings (in England, too) I've seen rows of glazed eyes light up when Garioch took the floor.

Why should that be so? It's easy to say that he had an unflagging comic gift - with which he could say very serious things. He wrote in the true vernacular, as opposed to mandarin - no singing robes, no egotistical sublime. He hated the powers that be in the Church, in Parlia-

ment, in the Town Council, in the school - and was always on the side of what we horribly call the underprivileged. And, especially, he had that great gift of seeming to speak directly to the reader, without any distance between them.

You could say all these things about Burns. A difference, of course, is that Burns was a rural poet and Garioch very much an urban one - hence the common linking of his name with that of Robert Fergusson. And indeed he had a subtle and exact ear for Edinburgh Scots - not just the vocabulary, but the rhythms, idioms, syntax and tone, which give the poems their stubborn, natural reality.

She sent me to the dressmaker, that ane,
ny lang-chinned maistress, ken? her that's the
weedic
of Muccio, that dee'd twa month hyane
efir a kick that he got frae a cuddy.

I bet ye'll never guess? Here's wha I'm sayin,
the fuil's in murrin, luiks richt fuddy-duddy,
and keeps, aside whate'er war's the sdaein,
a locket wi his ill-faured gizz, puir bodie.

That's the octet of a sonnet translated from the Italian of Giuseppe Belli (1791-1863), and it comes out as natural as conversation, which the original does, too. Garioch had nothing to learn about the techniques of verse writing, and, in fact, he liked to think of himself as a craftsman, a makar. An important part of Garioch's work is his translations of the author of that sonnet (and of 2,278 others), and this book contains sixty-eight more examples than were in the *Collected Poems*, published before he died. Belli wrote in Romanesco, a dialect of Italian spoken in Rome, as Garioch wrote in a dialect of Scotsolidly, but far from absolutely, based on Edinburgh speech - and good for

Donald Carne-Ross that he directed Garioch's attention to that remarkable poet, for they were very much alike in their temperaments and in their attitudes to the society they lived in. Belli could, I believe, be more bawdy than Garioch (who intended to tackle some of the bawdy sonnets all the same) and more savage. For Garioch, satirist as he was, had too much affection for people to be really ruthless. He was, indeed, a man without malice, never mind hate. His weapon was mockery: real anger does come in, but the "reductive idiom" is his usual weapon, and it works fine.

I mustn't give the impression that Garioch and Belli were just a pair of comics. They had a sharp eye for the more unpleasant foibles of their friends and neighbours as well as a de- testation of those with the pennies and the power; and love, poverty, death, their frequent subjects, aren't to be joked about. Here is a Belli sonnet spoken with Garioch's voice, "The Puir Family" - and there are many others that show the same warm, human understand- ing and sympathy as this one does.

Wheesht nou, mydarling bairnies, bide ye
yir faither's comin suin, jist bide a wee.
Oh, Virgin of the greitin, please help me,
Virgin of waymenting, ye that can da'e!

My haurts, I was that ye cuden ken hou great
my luvie is! Dinnae greit, or I sall dee.
He'll bring us something hame wi him, ye'll see,
and we'll get some breid, and ye will eat...

Whit's that ye're sayin, Joe? jist a wee while,
my son, ye dinnae like the dark ava.
Whit can't dae fir ye, if there's nae yie?

Puir Lalla, whit's the matter? Oh my bairn,
ye're cauld? But dinnae stoun agin the wa',
come and I'll warm ye on yir maminie's airm.

There was, of course, a dark side to Garioch,

and there are many poems in which there is no comic element at all. Perhaps the most ambi- tious are "The Wire", a ghastly parable of con- temporary life clearly based on his experience as a prisoner-of-war, and "The Muir", an ex- traordinary discursive poem some thirteen pages long, in which he struggles against a forlorn and pessimistic view of life and of the sorts of truths science, physics particularly, supposes to be the salvation of everything. Not that Garioch despises such knowledge, but he ends where so many poets end: "Jehovah by the haairt maun aye be socht".

The mood of these poems recurs again and again - the feeling of being trapped, of wanting to break free, to escape from the crushing con- ventions and routines of a power-seeking, phi- listine, do-as-you're-told society where free- dom is one of the least understood of words.

The editor of the *Complete Poetical Works*, Robin Fulton, has included a number of poems not previously collected in book form, found, after Garioch's death, in various notebooks. Some of these, Garioch would have tidied up a bit, or even excluded; but it's good to have them all the same. There are also translations from Greek, Latin, French, Gaelic, Swedish and another Italian (Vittorio Sereni), of such quality that one wishes he'd done more of them. The glossary has been expanded from that in the *Collected Poems*, but could well have been expanded a good deal more, and there are helpful notes on many of the poems.

This is a fine, solid collection with such variety and vivacity in both writing and feel- ing that it will prove to its readers that "the pleasure of poetry" is, after all, not an empty phrase. A splendid book - and beautifully pro- duced as well.

Improving on Broadway

Philip French

BERNARD F. DICK
Hellman in Hollywood
183pp. Associated University Presses. £14.95.
0388631401

Lillian Hellman first went to Hollywood as the wife of the New York Jewish playwright Arthur Kober in 1930, and left two years later as the mistress of the West Coast Catholic novelist Dashiell Hammett. Kober got her a job as a \$50-a-week reader (or story analyst) at MGM, which gave her an education in screen- writing, and he probably taught her far more about dialogue than she has ever acknow- ledged, for though now largely forgotten, his *New Yorker* tales about life with the lower- middle-class Gross family in the Bronx and his plays reveal a remarkable ear for American demotic.

Hammett passed on to her his peculiar com- bination of bloody-minded individualism and left-wing politics, taught her a pared-down style of writing, and provided her with the plot source (*Bad Companions*, William Roug- head's 1931 study of a famous early nineteenth- century Edinburgh libel action) for her first play *The Children's Hour*. He also immortal- ized their relationship (a matter not even touched on in this book) in Nick and Nora Charles, the wise-cracking, hard-drinking hus- band and wife detective team played in a series of *Thin Man* movies by William Powell and Myrna Loy.

The Broadway success of *The Children's Hour* brought Hellman back to Hollywood as a \$2,500 a week writer for Samuel Goldwyn, an independent producer who persisted in engag- ing prestigious authors from other media after many disappointments, that included being let down by Maurice Maeterlinck (the tycoon is said to have fled from the writer's room screaming, "My God, the hero's a bee!") and smothered by Bernard Shaw ("The trouble is, Mr Goldwyn, that you are only interested in art, and I am only interested in money"). Hellman got on well with Goldwyn and perhaps the most instructive aspect of this book is that the films that Hellman adapted from her own and other people's plays were much better than the stage versions. This leads us on to the larger proposition that despite the restrictions of the Hays Office Code and the constraints of the box-office, the product of Hollywood has generally been superior to that of Broadway from the early 1920s to the present-day.

Hellman's first assignment for Goldwyn was a re-make of a successful silent weeper, *Dark Angel*. Bernard F. Dick makes clear that she did a thoroughly professional job on this, pre- paring the way for an association that lasted for a further four pictures over eight years, two of them versions of her stage plays. The first, *The Children's Hour*, filmed as *These Three*, contri- buted to the treasury of Goldwynisms. When one of his anxious executives said: "But Sam, we never get this script past Will Hays, the censors are Lesbians", the mercurial mogul replied: "So what's the problem? - make them Albanians".

These Three, *Dead End* and *The Little Foxes*, directed by William Wyler and photo- graphed by Gregg Toland, are mirror classics. The fourth, *North Star* (1943), a tribute to our wartime Russian allies, brought Hellman's partnership with Goldwyn to an end. Wyler should have directed it, but he went into the Ukraine, took over; the picture was turned into a bowery epic with folk music by Aaron Copland and near-parodic lyrics by Ira Gersh- win. The day *North Star* opened, the early edition of Hearst's *New York Daily Mirror* said it was "a notable tribute to a notable ally". Later in the day a replacement review indicted it as "a cynical bolshevik propaganda". Hellman, tor / his voice, slender along the telephone wire, "End here, it's hopeful", is the advice from a McCough figure in "Poem for hidden women", and while it is mostly resisted here, Dunnmore's endings do betray uncertainty and sometimes incompetence. Many are forced, and epiphanic: "Still the lights splashing look beautiful", or "Your cigarette end dines and brightens." If Dunnmore overcame this, the priority of her poems to the dreadful world and hackneyed title of the book would only be confirmed.

vities Committee. In 1957, the year after the Hungarian Revolution, Goldwyn re-issued *North Star as Armoured Attack* with a com- mentary and additional newsreel footage that turned it into an anti-Russian picture. In 1981, when questioned by Professor Dick, Aaron Copland could remember nothing about his involvement in the film.

After *North Star*, Hellman adapted her 1944 play *The Searching Wind* for Hal Wallis, who produced the film version of her *Watch on the Rhine* that Hammett had adapted under her supervision at Warner Brothers in 1943. Both were attacks on American isolationism that called for action in the anti-fascist struggle. But *The Searching Wind*, being set largely in Europe with a prevaricating American diplo- mat as its weak protagonist and a left-wing journalist as its moral heroine, offered a con- spicuous on the twenty-five years of American foreign policy since the end of the Great War that went far beyond the Popular Front sim- plicities of *Watch on the Rhine*. It disappeared in the slough between World War II and the Cold War, and was her last film work for twenty years.

After refusing to sign a loyalty oath that would have given her an almost unpre- cedentedly lucrative writer-producer contract at Columbia in 1947, and then five years later taking the Fifth Amendment when called be- fore the House Un-American Activities Com- mittee, Hellman became a black-listed victim of McCarthyism. She could never have been quite as desperate as other Hollywood outcasts, and her stories of being reduced to working behind the counter at an unnamed New York department store don't quite ring true. She did translations (and was not above getting a pair of Harvard graduate students, one of them the future critic John Simon, to do some unac- knowledged donkey-work on her version of Anouilh's *The Lark*). Eventually she had a big success with her Broadway play *Toys in the Attic* in 1960, and after a lucrative film version of this, as well as a 1962 re-make of *The Chil- dren's Hour*, Hellman returned to Hollywood in 1966 as author of that hysterical Texas melodrama *The Chase*, a black-edged postcard "from Dallas with Malice", a refracted fable about the Kennedy assassination, that Sam Spiegel produced and Arthur Penn directed.

This was based on a somewhat primitive television play and novel by Horton Foote, and though the movie looks like pure Hellman (small-town gothic *Little Foxes* stuff) Dick has come across an unsigned 1959 screen adapta- tion that is virtually a blueprint for the final film. On the evidence of this he denies true authorship to Hellman. The fact that it bears no signature suggests that Spiegel was once again using a black-listed author: after all Dal- ton Trumbo of the original "Hollywood Ten" had scripted Spiegel's 1951 movie *The Frowler*; *The Bridge on the River Kwai* was the uncred- ited work of Carl Foreman; and the prepara- tory treatment of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* had been done by Michael Wilson, though Robert Bolt took a single credit when *Lawrence of Arabia* appeared on the screen. It is just possi- ble, therefore, that Hellman herself did that 1959 script - this could explain why no one challenged her right to a sole credit when the picture appeared in 1966.

After *The Chase*, from which she dissociated herself (though not to the extent of removing her name from the credits) Miss Hellman turned to autobiography and establishing her- self as the conscience of the American intel- lectual world, and to promoting herself and Hammett as the responsible Scott and Zelda of the Depression Years. Her rather vague, fanciful memoirs were taken as fact, and the chapter "Julia" in *Entertainment*, the central volume of the autobiographical trilogy, was snapped up by Hollywood, and eventually filmed to great acclaim by Fred Zinnemann in 1977, though the movie initially announced, that Nicolas Roeg was to direct from a screenplay by Harold Pinter, might have proved altogether more interesting.

This slick, dreamy movie set the capstone to Hellman's reputation, uniting two of the most self-regarding, feminist presences in the Eng- lish-speaking cinema - Jane Fonda as Lilly, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia. Dick thinks the movie a masterpiece and after eight modest



Hellman arriving in Hollywood in 1935 to work as a screenwriter for Samuel Goldwyn, reproduced from the book reviewed here.

chapters of careful research and analysis of the other Hellman pictures, he breaks loose with a concluding chapter called "The Significance of Julia". It is as weak in the area of conjecture and judgment as his opening chapter is strained in the way it leads into the book through a corridor carpeted with protective academic argument.

One is indebted to him for demonstrating that the name of Miss Hellman's mother, Julia, recurs in her work (for example, a character added to the film of *The Little Foxes*, a major figure in the play *Days to Come*). But many critics, myself included, have expressed certain doubts about the identity and reality of "Julia", Lilly's teenage friend, the rich American socialist who fought the fascists in Austria, was murdered, and brought home to America by

the author. The story seems too much an amal- gam of themes in Hellman's own work and stock situations from Hollywood melodrama of the 1930s and 1940s.

It has now been established to most people's satisfaction - though Hellman has refused to comment on the matter - that the model for Julia was Muriel Gardiner, whose life and European underground activities uniquely match those of Hellman's heroine, except for two factors. The two women never met and Muriel Gardiner survived to write her recent autobiography *Code Name 'Mary': Memoirs of an American Woman in the Austrian Under- ground*. This puts a slightly different complex- ion on Dick's earnest discussion of Julia in the context of Hellman's life and integrity, though it does not necessarily undermine his claim that the film is a turning point in Hollywood's treat- ment of feminine friendship.

Perhaps nothing troubled the standing of Julia so powerfully as Stephen Spender's article on Muriel Gardiner's autobiography in the *London Review of Books* (July 7, 1983) where he revealed that in 1934 he had been Muriel Gardiner's lover in Vienna, and that she has appeared in his *World Within World* as the rich American socialist expatriate "Elizabeth". Spender's book might well have been one of Hellman's sources, for back in 1952, the year she appeared before HUAC, it was a key Cold War text for the Thirties Generation. Spender was drawn into his brief, heterosexual affair while visiting Vienna with his working-class Welsh companion, Jimmy Younger. The parallels between Spender's confessional text and Julia, irresistibly suggest the possibility of an extraordinary Viennese comedy of the 1930s, scripted by Christopher Isherwood in the style of his Austrian movie extravaganza *Prater Violet*, called "Lilly and Julia and Stephen and Jimmy."

Publications from the British Film Institute

Portrait of an Invisible Man: The Working Life of Stewart McAllister, Film Editor, by Dal Vaughan

Stewart McAllister edited Humphrey Jennings' finest wartime documentaries but his contribution has been forgotten. Dal Vaughan reconstructs the fascinating story of McAllister's career and offers a challenging reinterpretation of the British documentary movement.

£4.95 0 85170 1477 paperback

British National Film Catalogue - gives details of all films and videocassettes available for non-theatrical use by subject as well as by title.

Annual subscription £38.00

Sight & Sound - the international film quarterly justly famous for its in-depth coverage of the best of world cinema and television.

Annual subscription £8.15

The British Film Institute produces catalogues, books and magazines on all aspects of film and television. For a complete catalogue of all publications

A New Deal in Entertainment: Warner Brothers in the 1930s by Nick Roddick

Nick Roddick examines the Warner Brothers studio and the films that it produced between the 1929 Wall Street Crash and America's entry into the war in 1941 to show how Warners reflected the immense changes in American society during the 1930s.

Nick Roddick's valuable, richly suggestive study of how the Hollywood system operated in its heyday.

Roddick's book wins out by sheer range of reference and sophistication of analysis.

£11.95 0 85170 125 6 hardback

Monthly Film Bulletin - for month- ly reviews of every feature film entering UK distribution and selected films and television material available only on video.

Annual subscription £9.85

please write to: Sally Watt, The Publications Department, British Film Institute, 81 Dean St, London W1V 6AA.



Roman reminders

Michael Hofmann

DAVID CONSTANTINE
Watching for Dolphins
94pp. £3.95.
0906427 541

NOEL CONNOR and others
Tallia Cumi
Unnumbered pp. £2.95.
0906427 333

HELEN DUNMORE
The Apple Fall
63pp. £3.50.
0906427 436

Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Bloodaxe Books.

Watching for Dolphins, David Constantine's second book of poems, is agreeable, proficient and, at ninety-four pages, rather too long. My immediate response to it was perplexity and alienation. For the "classical mastery" achieved by Constantine, and extolled on the back cover, entails not only a classical manner and choice of subjects, but also an original

creative impulse whose nature is entirely un- modern, if not anti-modern. *Watching for Dol- phins* is as much a book of old poems as a book of new ones.

In saying this, I am not referring primarily to the twenty-three pages of the "Hymns" to De- meter and Aphrodite that bring up the rear of the volume, or to the archness of the "Mis- shapen women of the Fairhope Road Estate" whose breasts "are not discovered through a thin chiton", but to an ostensibly contemporary poem like "Sad Ends", which one could call a piece of Roman satire in English. In it, Con- stantine adopts the persona of a dusty academic praying for a dignified death for him- self - unlike those of some of his colleagues, who perished in the University equivalent to *La Grande Bouffe*:

our loving cup,
The horn of an auroch, carefully raised up
Stepped harmless Lamb; and Molinax,
Surprised by his servant and mollitally clapping to
Burke's *Cornucopia Pornographica*,
Died with a sudden shout.

The jokes are good: the absurdity of the faint

praise of "harmless" and "modestly" in the moment of death; the ghost of a pun on "clap- ping"; the second fatal horn, concealed in "*Cornucopia*". However, the poem's language - it goes on, "Many are/ And various the ways to Hades" - and its superb rhetorical organiza- tion (introduction, exposition, *exempli*, peroration), are an invitation to the reader to re-translate it. For surely it cannot have been composed in the vernacular?

The musty smut of "Priapics" and "Jour- neys" illustrates the same point: a literary car- bon-dating might reveal them to be two thousand years old, and so, in a sense, they are. Even the repeated irreverence of calling Zeus "a big noise" is not a disabused modern opin- ion: it too is antique. Constantine's *Mediterra- nean figures*, his Persephone and his Lazarus, are boldly autonomous. There are very few poems that confront the classical with the modern world, and the most notable of these, signifi- cantly, is the title-poem, in which our time falls to catch sight of that of Dionysos. Other poems may begin brassy with "Listen" or "Children, attend", but in this one, there is no contact and no confidence:

We had not seen the dolphins
But woke, blinking. Eyes cast down
With no admission of disappointment, the company
Disappeared and prepared to land in the city.

The formerly alien construction, "prepared to land in the city", and its clumsy sound - the ridiculous, ungainly walk of the earth-bound albatross - admit Constantine's own dis- appointment. Hence, perhaps, the fixity of his concentration throughout the rest of the volume on the classical world, for which he has forsaken the short and passionate manner of the poems of love and death that began and ended *A Brightness to Cast Shadows*. *Watching for Dolphins* is the work of a poet who is perhaps too much in control of himself, his talent, and his material.

Tallia Cumi is a poet-artist collaboration under the direction of Noel Connor. It includes an eponymous sequence by Constantine (also in his own new book) and some poems by Rodney Pybus, and accompanies them with graphics from Connor and Barry Hirst. The most illuminating and moving thing about it is the way it came about: an unborn child was killed in the womb by a ricocheted bullet in Ulster. To the Belfast artist Connor, this pe-

came a ghost of my conscience and much of my work became memorials to it". When, forty afterwards, he became a father himself, he had a powerful claim on the biblical story of the miracle of the little girl raised from the dead. His bleached, conceptual *pointillism*, with its superb sense of texture, emerges with rather more credit than Hirst's technically initial flower-drawings, the rather cloudy lyricism of Pybus ("Wise artificer of silence, / grasping for the lode of light"), and Constantine's - on this occasion - insufficiently Rilkean endeavours.

Helen Dunmore's first collection of poems at its best when giving unadorned, unpretentious accounts of quotidian experience. Mo- ments from childhood come to the surface un- announced, shorn of the historicizing, of the dating and framing, that it would seem men go in for. A poem such as "Ollie and Charles at St Andrew's Park" is like a private jotting, but it is fresh and satisfying:

Daffodils break in the wintry bushes
and Ollie and Charles in drab parkas
run, letting us wait by the swings.
Under eskimo hoods their hair springs
dun coloured, child-smelling.

The speaker is unwilling to differentiate be- tween the boys - or even to claim one of them as hers. We are left only with their two Chris- tian names, the one complete, the other abbreviated, coalescing oddly with the name of the park. It is an occasion, and presumably a pleasure, from which the watching mothers have been excluded - as they are in the title. The feeling of resentment - or in the above case, the refusal to resent - is an undertone throughout the book, sometimes erupting into humour or aggression, sometimes left as pathos, and sometimes into pretension. "Zella" is a notable tribute to a notable ally", shrill most of the way through, ends with a needless inversion and ellipse: "Her only wit- ness / his voice, slender along the telephone wire." "End here, it's hopeful", is the advice from a McCough figure in "Poem for hidden women", and while it is mostly resisted here, Dunnmore's endings do betray uncertainty and sometimes incompetence. Many are forced, and epiphanic: "Still the lights splashing look beautiful", or "Your cigarette end dines and brightens." If Dunnmore overcame this, the priority of her poems to the dreadful world and hackneyed title of the book would only be confirmed.

Poetry Wales Press

R. S. Thomas, *Selected Poems*
The first selection of Thomas' poetry since 1966, some pieces appearing for the first time in English. Contains critical writings which show Thomas as a poet, theologian and theologian, and provide many insights into the art and intellect of a major modern poet.
pp 170 0 907476 279 Dec. 83. £8.95 hbk

The Art of Seamus Heaney
ed. Tony Curtis. Original essays by Edna Longley, Philip Hobsbaum, Anne Stevenson, Dick Davis, Roland Mathias and the editor, plus the ms. drafts of "North" and bibliography.
"Much the best book written on him." - Irish Times.
Offers many stimulating insights into his art." - Irish Literary Supplement.
pp 152 0 907476 09 0 £8.95 hbk

Fiction as Truth: Selected Literary Writings by Richard Hughes
ed. Richard Poole. Lectures, journalism, reviews and prefaces from his books by Richard Hughes, one of the century's leading novelists and humanists. Includes the background to the first play written for radio (by Hughes), personal recollections of T. E. Lawrence and Dylan Thomas. Extensive bibliography.
pp 174 0 907476 18 X £8.95 hbk
Green Hollows Cottage, Craig-y-Don Road, Ogmore-by-Sea, Mid Glamorgan.
Poetry Wales Press, 100, The Strand, London WC2N 2DQ.

Viewpoint: Hollywood and politics

Richard Grenier

When Raúl Alfonsín was elected the new president of Argentina, the *New York Times*, in a special profile, felt it important to mention that one of his favourite films was Alain Resnais's *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, which the newspaper took as supporting Alfonsín's reported anti-military, and potentially anti-American, sentiments. When President François Mitterrand of France had a special screening of Costa-Gavras's *Missing*—which in complete contradiction to the findings of the US Senate's Church Committee concluded that the United States had staged the Pinochet coup in Chile—it was considered, at least in Washington, an event of large political significance. When Andrzej Wajda's *Man of Iron* opened in Warsaw with the cinema at its height, mobs stormed the cinema to see this celebration of the free trade-union movement. When Solidarity was crushed, Wajda's next film, *Danton*, became another major political event, this time in Paris, with experts poring over the movie to discover its comment on events in Poland. Did Danton represent Lech Walesa? Was Jaruzelski Robespierre?

Ralph Nader made *Gandhi* his film *friche* under the curious misapprehension that Gandhi's refusal to pay the Salt Tax was a "consumer issue". Richard Nixon was celebrated for his devotion to *Patton*, the filmed biography of the general who commanded the US Third Army in its breakthrough in Normandy (although Nixon also liked *The Sound of Music*). Charles de

Gaulle's favourite film was widely advertised to be *Le Ciel et la Boue*, a movie entirely consonant with *une politique de grandeur*.

I myself once made the diplomatic mistake of reporting on the front page of the *New York Times Book Review* that Henry Kissinger's preferred movie was Hitchcock's *Psycho*, which earned me dinner, and a good-natured scolding by Dr Kissinger, who realized that, films being taken very seriously these days, a major statesman could not allow himself to express capricious preferences. On reflection, he had decided that his favourites were *Citizen Kane* and Marcel Carné's *Les Enfants du Paradis*.

And so it goes. In a development that would have astonished the denizens of the early Hollywood—whose film-makers felt painfully inferior both socially and artistically to the giants of Broadway and the West End and whose boarding-houses hung out signs reading "NO DOGS OR ACTORS"—the movies have become the "class act" of the mass-entertainment world. Everyone (who counts) in America has decided that both Broadway and television are now "cultural wastelands", while those who grew up in a literary civilization can only regret the decline in the public prestige of the country's leading novelists. This is not always the novelists' own fault, but is partly a simple matter of figures.

The rule of thumb in the US is that a "best-seller" is a book which sells 100,000 copies in the trade edition. But if two times 100,000 people went to see a movie, it would bring in only some \$165,000 to the producer. And if the overseas returns were of the same order this might rise to \$330,000, while the production cost of the average movie in Hollywood today is \$10 million—thirty times this. Proportionally speaking, the relationship of scale between the publishing and movie industries might not have changed radically over the years, but the Scott Fitzgeralds, Ernest Hemingways, William Faulkners and John Steinbecks of the period

who doesn't want to use a film to make his "statement", to deal with some social problem, to improve the world. The whole thing has become so closely tied to politics, that, given a movie's "lead time", watching Hollywood's production is almost like reading some kind of political opinion poll. The same wave of nationalism that carried Ronald Reagan into office gave movie-goers Clint Eastwood's fiercely anti-Soviet *Firefox* and Sylvester Stallone's pro-Vietnam Green Beret *First Blood*. But Republican set-backs in the off-year election of November, 1982, gave the green light to the Democratic opposition.

Unlike Eastwood and Stallone, most Hollywood people are liberal Democrats. It has been observed by quite a few political commentators that the Democratic party has been "re-McGovernized" (after George McGovern who carried only one state out of fifty running against Richard Nixon in 1972). Judging by this autumn's major releases, Hollywood Democrats have been more re-McGovernized than the party at large. In the past few weeks, Hollywood has released as humiliating a series of commercial failures as it has seen in quite a while—each a high-minded, politically "committed" film.

Sidney Lumet's *Daniel* sets out to prove that Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were innocent of espionage on behalf of the Soviet Union. *Hannah K.* (Costa-Gavras, Jill Clayburgh) portrays a Palestinian Arab as a sort of Gandhi. *The Deal of the Century* (Chevy Chase) demonstrates that war broke out in the Third World nations because Western arms mer-

chants from the US, Britain, France and the USSR is not mentioned). Under *Fire* (Jack Hackman, Nick Nolte) shows American nationalists, the heroes, deliberately fattening up from Nicaragua so that the Sandinistas, the good guys, will win. *Beyond the Limit* (Robert Gere, Michael Caine), based on Graham Greene's *The Honorary Consul*, dwells on the Christian virtues of Latin-American terrorists who attempt to kidnap a US ambassador. *Testament*, directed by Jane Alexander, shows the inhabitants of a small Californian town slowly die from radiation poisoning following nuclear war.

The case has been made, although the impact of a well-crafted movie will always be vastly greater than that of a novel of comparable quality, that this hyper-politicization of not actually originate in the cinema but the films, at least in America, are merely following a road already taken by the novel. It is Kramer, for seventeen years at critic of the *New York Times* and now editor of *The New Yorker*, has expressed the view that one of the main reasons for the immense boom in visual arts during his period at the *Theater* was the over-politicization of American life. People were simply fleeing.

But will they flee the movies? Or will the movies pull back? If so, pull back to star Republican movies, or actually non-political movies? The latter is hard to imagine. Here to me I haven't seen an ambitious, non-political American movie for a long, long time.

The Renoir years

David Coward

RAYMOND CHIRAT
Le cinéma français des années 30
128pp. Paris: Hatier 49 fr.

RAYMOND CHIRAT
15 ans d'années trente: Le cinéma des Français.
1929-1944
384pp. Paris: Stock. 98 fr.
2234016436

The casual insomniac who catches the late night film offering on television may be forgiven for thinking that 1930s cinema is all two-tone shoes, brilliant hair, homages, *femmes fatales*, lounge lizards, garters and walls (whatever happened to walls?). For French films, add accordions, matelot jerseys, concierges with canaries, bombarded bosoms, fat men munching, open-tourists whizzing down popular-lined roads and a deal of shrill singing about "la vie-e". Preserved in celluloid, ageless and dated, here are dishearteningly resurrectorable spectacles, a threat to the tidiness of historical synthesis.

These two histories come at a time of nostalgia for the 1930s in France and their approach and conclusions are broadly similar. Neither is concerned with aesthetic appreciation, value judgments or cinematic techniques. Raymond Chirat examines cinema as a reflection of society and relates categories of film to specific events and social movements. J-P Jeancolas's longer study fits in the economic background to the industry, shows how sensitively films responded to the changing social and political climate, and argues quite reasonably that wartime French cinema was very much a continuation of the 1930s, carries the analysis to 1944. Between them they provide a solidly documented sociology of what both regard as the "age of Renoir".

They begin in 1929 with the annihilation of silent films by sound. Hollywood still dominated European screens but the advent of the talkies ruined its old international market. Directors like Autant-Lara and stars like Chevalier were imported to California, where French-language films were made for the French market. When French taste proved resistant to the subjects and slick treatment which were good box-office in the States, Paramount sent Robert Kane to Hollywood where multiple language versions were made. With the introduction of dubbing in 1932, Paramount closed down its Paris opera-

tions and like the other studios settled for export. France saw plenty of *Diary*, *Gaiety* and *Astaire*, but while Hollywood remained popular, the home-grown product prospered. Chirat estimates that between 1929 and 1939, 1,305 French feature films were made—about not all of them in France: 11 per cent were shot in Germany. By 1934, both the *Public* and *Gaumont* groups were in trouble and the necessary financial arrangements let in the necessary genuine independent producer like Maurice Pagnol but also a shoal of speculators and one or two co-operatives. The October 1934 and the *Ciné-Liberté* collective produced, on either side of the Front Populaire, a kind of social cinema of which *La Marseillaise*, funded by public subscription, is a good example. After 1940, film-makers understandably began to stiffen national pride by oblique references to courage and pride were few and feeble.

The first wave of films were generally drawn heavily on popular novels and books. By 1933, when the aesthetic movements about the merits of images and points were settled and the "canned theory" temporarily suspended, the recession of the 1930s and the detection of expressionism in the general disquiet just as relief was found in *opérettes*, the forces of *Bobino* and jaunty "films de caserne", which favoured a guarded antisemitism. Escapism was the order of the day but though it took care to undermine the army. Adolescence was a veridical. The Mid was exploited. Hollywood was caught on. As the fascist clouds gathered, they were remembered—Russian subjects, *troikas* and *balalaikas*—and in the 1930s *Toni* showed the plight of the workers and *Le crime de M. Lange* the socialist horizons. "Poetic realism" was forced after Abyssinia and Spain with crime and impossible loves—like *La vie*. Before and after Munich, a cinema about war communicated peace. Lessons from the 1914-18 conflict were drawn. France's colonial empire shored up France's colonial empire. A great deal to create a renaissance of a France under siege but with culture, army and her traditional values. *Clair*, *Renoir*, *Duvivier* came, the survivors to tread a dangerous line between collaboration and opposition.

The well-stocked larder

Andrew Hislop

RICHARD ROUD
A Passion for Films: Henri Langlois and the Cinéma-thèque Française
218pp. Secker and Warburg. £9.95.
0406428318

Henry Langlois, the erratic, obsessed genius behind the celebrated film library, the Cinéma-thèque Française, was a thin man who became a fat man. The photographs in Richard Roud's affectionate, intriguing biography of him give almost no indication of an intermediary state in his metamorphosis. The thin frame of the gaunt young film enthusiast is suddenly replaced by the benign, expansive bulk of the father-figure of the post-war generation of French directors.

Many have speculated about the reasons for Langlois's physical transformation. Roud quotes Auden on the fat male wishing to withdraw from sexual competition. Langlois's own explanation, a characteristic mixture of generosity tempered by idiosyncrasy and implausibility, is that it was a chivalrous gesture towards his companion and collaborator, Mary Meerson, the Marlene Dietrich-like widow of the set-designer Lazare Meerson: "After the war Mary began to put on weight, and so I decided to do the same to keep her company." At least it was a better solution than being at daggers drawn with Mary over food—her rows with Lazare were so violent that their Mongolian butler on one occasion discreetly removed the knives from the table when she stormed in late for a dinner party.

Once, when still slim, Langlois was in such pain after eating a dozen portions of ice-cream that the mother of the Italian film director Luigi Comencini laid him down on his back on his kitchen table and ironed his stomach. After he had become fat, however, those who wished to put him into shape did not always find him so malleable. He refused even to stand up, let alone leave the Cinéma-thèque, to be measured for the suit Pierre Cardin made for him to wear when he received his special Oscar in 1974 for his invaluable services to the cinema.

But the difficulty in getting him to move when being sized up for a midnight-blue tuxedo was nothing compared with the problems encountered by the French government when, thinking they had his measure, they removed him in February 1968 from the secretary-generalship of the Cinéma-thèque. (The minister directly responsible was André Malraux, who, being not only a literary speculator on museums real and imaginary but also an ancient resistant against arbitrary oppression, should have known better.)

The Langlois affair had implications far beyond the cinema. As François Truffaut points out in his entertaining introduction to *A Passion for Films*, it was a "trailer" to the "main feature", the May '68 riots. It showed how the do-Gaullist government could get its nose bloodied when it acted automatically without due consideration of public reaction. The "wilderness" with which the State first clamped down on Langlois's obsession with film—he was given zero in his baccalaureat literature paper for comparing Molière with Charlie Chaplin—could not be so easily repeated.

Langlois was no socialist, let alone a revolutionary. He was a master of intrigue, but one more adept at imagining plots against him than conceiving stratagems in his favour. (He and Mary Meerson once convinced themselves that the Jewish-Argentinian film-maker, Nelly Loewy, was spying on the Cinéma-thèque for the Vatican.) His triumphant tactic after his removal was not to call his supporters out on the streets but to say nothing. They came out on their own accord, prepared to shed their blood for their more reflective "leader". "While the Children of the Cinéma-thèque were getting themselves hit on the head by the C.R.S. in the streets of Paris," Truffaut writes, "Henry did his time in his apartment on the rue de Valenciennes, or arranging to be a fortune teller, the only ones coming to him who were capable of predicting his fate—more than 100 years in the future—were the people around him."

distinguished cast of cultural figures outside the cinema (including Beckett, Picasso, Sartre, Ernst, Anouilh, Aragon) who backed him, was the arrival of the US Cavalry in the last reel. (It was an appropriate intervention since the Cinéma-thèque had been so instrumental in getting people, including the Americans, to take Hollywood films seriously.) A representative of the American film companies told Malraux that they would not co-operate with the Cinéma-thèque unless Langlois was reinstated. The government withdrew—its funds as well as its control—and the Cinéma-thèque reverted to being the *de facto* personal fief of Langlois.

The controversy had raised fundamental issues about the creation and preservation of a cinema "culture". Some collectors hoard things, only to hide them away; they are preserved but left to be forgotten. Others keep things alive and make them a part of their culture's collective memory by using them, even though doing so might risk their destruction. Film libraries have been based on both principles. The British Film Institute's archives, inaugurated in 1935, did not, except on very rare occasions, show any films until after the war. Langlois, however, was quintessentially the second kind of collector. He had an insatiable appetite for amassing films (the Cinéma-thèque, founded in 1935, had over 50,000 by the time of his death in 1977)—but in order to show them. He described his role in the cinema modestly and in appropriate culinary terms: "I have not helped, I have not taught. I have put food on the table and they (filmmakers) have taken the food and eaten, and then gone on to eat more and more food. This is my work, to show films, to save and to show films, nothing more."

But by preserving and showing films he did much more: he created a cinematic collective memory which influenced a whole generation of filmmakers and, in particular, the "New Wave" French directors who were reared under his wing: Truffaut, Godard, Rohmer, Rivette, Chabrol. The films shown at the Cinéma-thèque were often not the ones advertised and foreign cinema was frequently made more obscure by the lack of subtitles—though this did make the audience concentrate more on visual techniques. But it was all nourishing food and food which sometimes could only be found at his table since he did not follow fashionable trends in the cinema. His championing of Howard Hawks meant that Paris



Detail from Karsh's portrait of Sophia Loren with her son Eduardo in 1981, reproduced from Karsh: A fifty year retrospective by Yousif Karsh (176 duotone, 12 colour illustrations, Secker and Warburg. £27.50, 0 436 23105 0).

was the only place in the 1940s and 1950s where you could see most of his films. And, at one time, almost everyone, except Langlois, had forgotten about the unforgettable Louise Brooks.

Langlois was also prepared to export food to the undernourished in other countries—especially if he could get some of their specialities in return. Programme planners of the National Film Theatre in London often found it easier to get films from him than from the National Film Archive run by Ernest Lindgren who, according to one planner, "never wanted to show his films except when he was absolutely forced at gun point to bring one up". And Langlois and Mary Meerson often berated foreigners for not recognizing their own country's cinematic prophets. Mary Meerson once even tried to educate the director Karl Reisz about unappreciated British films by showing him (without realizing it) his own first film.

Langlois's methods, however, had their drawbacks. Some films were damaged by being shown too often or not being kept in the right conditions, but, as he never kept proper re-

cords, it is impossible to know how many; and his detractors exaggerated the damage. A particular problem for film libraries is that for the first fifty years of the cinema films were made of highly inflammable nitrate cellulose stock which is liable to become unstable and explode. Langlois, of course, loved nitrate, just as the arch preserver Lindgren loathed it. "For him", according to Kenneth Anger, "it was a living, breathing thing that could die of neglect." His "airing" of his films might have got rid of certain gases but it was not necessarily the safest of ways to preserve them; however, it was less dangerous than leaving films, as happened one day, in a courtyard of the Cinéma-thèque on a hot day. A number of films were lost in the ensuing fire.

Langlois was perhaps too prepared to slip, or at least negotiate, with the devil during the war. He could be unreasonable and exasperating, absurdly paranoid and superstitious. But he gave all his energy and all the money he earned to his beloved cause. On the day he died he was working by candlelight because his electricity had been cut off for non-payment.

Encounter therapy

Michael Wood

FEDERICO FELLINI
Moraldo in the City and A Journey with Anita
Edited and translated by John C. Stubbs
170pp. University of Illinois Press. £8.50.
025201023 X

"Life in spite of everything", a character thinks in one of those two unflinched screenplays. It is what a Fellini character ought to think, and it is recurring sentiment in Fellini's work, and a recurring sentiment in the rather soupy enthusiasm of his admirers. "Life in spite of everything", with its inexhaustible, unfathomable treasure of encounters... In the context of the screenplay, though, and in the best of Fellini's films, this bland assertion has the force of a discovery. Busy, swirling life continues, not because Fellini wants it to or thinks it ought to, but because it does. It returns like a tide to catch stranded dissenters and doubters. Fellini's energy, his restless imagination, offer a real, if unintellectual answer to the stoppings and startings of his intellect.

Moraldo in the City was written in 1954, and intended as a sequel to *Viellesse*. Moraldo, one of the gang of provincial young men in that film, has moved to Rome. He tries to place an article in the newspapers, hangs out with a poet and a painter, puts in a little time as gladiator in the Colosseum. But the incredible always happens, as the script says. He meets a lovely, respectable girl, gets a steady office job, and walks out on them both, because he can't bear the security, the warm, certain, small future yawning before him. He ends up alone, on the outskirts of the city, then cheered by the morning faces of the people around him.

The script suggests Moraldo's world for us, which is the world of so many Fellini figures: streets in the changing light, restaurants, buildings and fountains, parties turning to debris and despair. "It is a depressing Sunday afternoon. The streets of the Prati quarter of Rome are deserted. They reflect blazing sunlight onto the closed store fronts. Near a movie theater stands Moraldo, waiting...". "Later as the first white light of morning enters through the dirty window, Moraldo wakes up. Around him are the awkwardly stretched out bodies of wheezing sleepers. In the cemetery light, amid clay figures and breads of paper, the sleepers seem to be cadavers."

But if parties provoke thoughts of the morgue, a funeral, in the other screenplay, can take place in bright sunlight, and seem "like a festival". The contrast looks a bit facile, but I don't think Fellini is just juggling paradoxes. He is evoking a process, or perhaps a frame of mind, in which things do topple over into their opposites, into the counterfactuals they are hiding all the time. For there is also, of course, death in spite of everything. The end of his friend, the poet, brings hospitals and unanswered questions hurrying into Moraldo's bothered mind. Is this what he is giving up respectability for? To be the sort of disorderly failure the poet was, to die like this?

Death is even more central in the other screenplay, *A Journey with Anita*, written in 1957, and already quite close in mood to *La Dolce Vita* (1960). Guido is a successful writer, living in Rome. Moraldo, fifteen or twenty years older than he is, is a wealthy married but entertained by his wife's amiable mistress, Anita, who was to have been played by Sophia Loren. Guido's father is dying (and later dies)

and Guido travels with Anita to his coastal home town, an obvious translation of Fellini's own Rimini. He learns a lot about himself and his memories, and his fame and the movement of time, and knows now that you really can't go home again: Anita, who comes more and more to represent life itself, forgiving, surprising, persevering, leaves him too, and he learns to accept that. To know what you want, in these zones of Fellini's imagination, is to know you can't have it. There is a reality in the past, Guido sees, it is "still living". But it is no longer his reality: "He has a world of culture, art, consciousness, and even anguish that he can't abandon for a world, however marvellous, that must now be left behind."

There is a slightly dated flavour to the screenplays, as if these heroes, with their carefully distanced angst, belong a touch too exclusively to the age of drooping cigarettes, raincoats and moody existentialism. But there is a charm in this effect, and the freedom these characters were seeking crosses the decades easily enough—if only because we are still looking for it.

The published texts read well, and their editor and translator has provided a helpful key to the scenes Fellini later picked up in *La Dolce Vita*, *8½*, *Roma* and *Amarcord*. But the interest of these stories is not that of a quarry, or even of some sort of missing pieces in the Fellini puzzle. Their interest lies in their *signature*, in the ease with which they permit us to imagine the films Fellini would have made. That is a tribute, of course, to the films he has made; but it is also a reminder that films are not born on the screen; they need to be seen in the mind before they can be shot in space. Here we see Fellini seeing.

BEST OF British

Cinema and Society 1930-1970

Both reflect and influence the society in which they are made. *Best of British* penetrates more deeply than ever before this close relationship between cinema and society in Britain, and examines ten major feature films. The most ardent film buffs will find new light shed on classic films they thought they knew intimately.

176 pages, photographs £12.50
(0 631 13018 7)

The Film in History

Restaging the Past
PIERRE SORLIN

"Historians and students of cinema will find much to debate in this pioneering work; conceptually and methodologically more sophisticated than most of the efforts the former have so far made to come to terms with the fiction film."

Times Literary Supplement
240 pages, photographs £14.95
hardback £14.95 (0 631 19510 6)
paperback £5.95 (0 631 13055 1)

Basil Blackwell

INTERNATIONAL FILM GUIDE

The 1983 edition is out this week and is vital for film-lovers, historians, and anyone involved with cinema. It covers over 30 countries, plus extensive surveys of British film. Edited by Peter Cowie.

The screen as mirror

Paul Smith

JEFFREY RICHARDS and ANTHONY ALDGE
Best of British: Cinema and Society 1930-1970
170pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £12.50.
0631 130187

Historians interested in the uses of film evidence are moving away from the scrutiny of newswire and documentary to that of the fiction film. The fiction or feature film is collectively produced for mass-consumption; it is what most people go to the cinema to see. Hence it seems to have special promise as an index of and influence upon the values and assumptions of its time. The avowed object in these studies of ten British films, from *Sanders of the River* (1935) to *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946), is to write "contextual cinematic history", looking not only at "what the film is saying" but at its genesis as a commercial product, at the social and political background to it, and at its reception by the public.

The purpose is admirable and the problems are daunting. Jeffrey Richards's introduction handily sets out what needs to be done but does not altogether face the difficulties inherent in doing it. His approach to the question of "what the film is saying" explicitly sets aside recent fashions in film theory, but it is not clear that the authors have any systematic method of film analysis to apply in their place. What the film "says" has in the main to be taken to be what is in the script. The "story" is the message and its principal means of communication, the visuals are secondary to it and only casually discussed, and concentration on the more or less explicit excludes speculation about the subliminal. One does not have to be a structuralist or a semiotologist to wonder whether that is all there is to it. Historians have to stick to the evidence.

The next problem about "contextual

cinematic history" is that of establishing the context and the threads of relation between it and the films. Richards and Aldgate are following in the wake of O'Connor and Jackson's *American History/American Film*, rightly seen as a promising example of the application of empirical historical method to the assimilation of film into social and cultural history, but they are doing so apparently without the full resources available to their American pathfinders. Richard asserts that "the materials exist" for what he thinks historians ought to do but "lie unused", except in isolated cases like Charles Barr's study of Ealing Studios. Yet he and his co-author often seem to be scratching around for evidence, for example in an area crucial to their conception of what film represents, that of production. Where historians of Hollywood are now exploiting, say, the Twentieth-Century Fox archive or the Howard Hawks collection, Richards and Aldgate appear to have examined no studio records or producers' or directors' papers and give no indication whether such material is extant or accessible. Interviews are not used to fill the gaps, though they may be an unrewarding source, to judge by the two that are cited, with Ian Dalrymple and Roy Boulting, neither of whom seems to have said much. What little we do learn about the commercial matrix from which these celluloid gambles on public taste or attempts on public sentiment emerged derives mainly from memoirs and biographies, with some help from the records of the British Board of Film Censors. The one hint of revelation, when Richards shows that it is quite likely that in *Sanders of the River* Alexander Korda, as well as filing yet another set of imperial naturalization papers, was currying favour with the government via the egregiously Joseph Ball, comes from Neville Chamberlain's correspondence. The context of public reception is still scantier. It means little more than a round-up of

being pursued by reference to history. The films discussed are "chosen to represent subjects important to contemporary historians" and to illustrate the preoccupations of their time. No further criteria of selection are elaborated, and we end up with a somewhat random scatter which excludes the continuous tracing of topics and themes and the extended development of argument in favour of a string of isolated samples linked only by a common scheme of treatment. When an interesting point appears – and there are several – there is no chance of exploring it. Building on the work of Cook and Stevenson, Aldgate suggests, apropos of *South Riding*, that it makes poor sense to castigate British films of the 1930s for failing to reflect harsh social realities and conflicts (even to the extent that the censor permitted), when reality was pleasant enough for much of the population and there was an

underlying social cohesion that the cinema quite fairly reflected as well as sought to strengthen. Right or wrong, this is a proposition worth looking at in relation to a representative range of 1930s films, just as Jeffrey Richards's extension of Barr's tentative reading of *The Ladykillers* in terms of the stifling by native conservatism of the post-war Labour government offers a line of enquiry which might be pursued through a series of 1950s features, but the format adopted here allows no such sustained analysis. The book's anxiety to find a sensible and profitable way of drawing on fiction film for the writing of history is very much to be welcomed, but if its aim is to demonstrate a method, there is little method on show; if it is to exhibit the richness of the source material, its selection is too limited; if it is to conduct historical argument, its scheme is too fragmentary.

Getting moving

Stephen Mills

JOHN BARNES
The Rise of the Cinema in Great Britain: The Beginnings of the Cinema in England 1894-1901
Volume 2, Jubilee Year 1897
272pp. Bishopsgate Press. £16.50.
0900873 515

"All the best kinetograph films are 'made in France'... a case which shouts aloud for reform, and there is no doubt it will get it very shortly." This rallying cry to English photographers was issued in Diamond Jubilee year by the writer and, later, producer, Cecil M. Hepworth. If effort is a measure of "reform" then his call was clearly heeded, for the year 1897, which is the subject of John Barnes's book, saw unprecedented cinematic activity in Britain.

While British technical efficiency improved rapidly, the French kept their edge. For one thing they had a head start in the nineteenth-century equivalent of video nasties. "It has come to our knowledge," observed *The British Journal of Photography*, "that animated photographs of a by no means objectionable kind are available in certain quarters". Those imports bore lurid titles like *A Bride Unraveling*, *A French Lady's Bath*, and *The Temptation of St Anthony*, an irreverent number in which the hapless saint keeps finding his crucifix turning into a nude and ample full-frontal lady. Such diversions were said to be "immensely popular" in Paris, but in Britain they met with sombre reflections on the role of nudity in art. It was all right, apparently, provided it was not on the move.

With these strictures, avoiding moving objects might have become a speciality of the British movie pioneers. Indeed, while, in France, Georges Méliès was producing extraordinary little docu-dramas about the Cretaceous war and Messrs Lumière had amassed a catalogue of 300 hyperactive titles, Robert Paul, the founding father of English cinema, sent his cameraman off to film the Great Pyramids. Within months, however, movement was all the rage and the French comedies were being rivalled by, for instance, riveting sequences of the undistinguished actor Tom Green making grimaces and by films like *The Savage-Maker* which showed cats and dogs entering a machine at one end and emerging as sausages from the other. Even more popular were the "actualities", not only the "interminable street scenes" which Hepworth quickly came to complain about, but shots of the Derby, the University Boat Race and, of course, of football. According to Barnes, probably the very first football film was of a corner-kick staged by G. A. Smith between his gardeners at St Anne's Well, Brighton.

Live-action documentary soon revealed its occupational hazards. One photographer, trying to capture the end of a horse race from the Epsom Downs Hotel, had his equipment smashed by an irate Countess Starny. She apparently resented his presence on the balcony and although he had paid for his vantage point, the aristocratic displeasure was duly upheld by the local magistrate. But most people

loved the new medium and film sequences were shown in nearly every English town during the year. In fact, there was so much enthusiasm that Paul, who with Birt Acres had built the first British cine camera after the arrival of the Edison Kinetoscope in October 1894, was able to declare a profit for 1896-7 of £12,000 15s and 4d.

There was a rush to design new machines and to adapt old ones, many of them combining the operations of camera, printer and projector. Mr Barnes examines each invention, dividing his attention between the four cities, London, Brighton, Bradford and, to a lesser extent, Leeds, where the leading engineers were concentrated. Like the Lumière Tripgraph, which was billed in the *West End* as "Macrocosm of Manifold Marvels", his new crop of Cinematographs, Moto-Photographs, Kineoscopes and Cieroscopes, as they were variously called, all promised reliability and rock-steady frame lines.

Most of them, though, seem to have suffered from eye-splitting flicker. To counteract this, one enterprising French company, L. Gaumont et Cie of Paris, introduced "La Gaité", a sort of fun which was to be waved gently before the eyes while watching the screen. Capping French inventiveness with Yorkshire wit, R. J. Appleton, one of the leading Bradford movie moguls, produced his "Kinetograph scope". *Amateur Photographer* revealed that this device was nothing other than the viewer's hand, moved across his eyes "quickly but steadily" from left to right. The *AP* report concluded wisely with the hope "that variations of the prescribed movement will not be indulged in".

The main event of the year, was, of course, a focus for all this ingenuity, was, of course, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. On June 22, all along the route of the Queen's procession, dozens of ungainly cameras were pointed into action by photographers from the Continent and America as well as all the leading British companies – Paul, Acres, the Post and Sons, Philipp Wolff, J. Wrench and Sons, and R. J. Appleton. This latter gentleman particularly distinguished himself since his hastily tallied a priceless moment when the Queen, raising her parasol and smiling, proved that she could, after all, be amused. He also caught to have his footage processed and on to view in Bradford that same evening.

John Barnes has organized and documented the year's cinematic events with great care, making extensive reference to contemporary journals like *The Era*, *Opinion*, *Graphic*, *Journal* and *Photograph*, as well as to newspaper letters and advertisements. He has also, in future volumes, to follow the story of the end of Queen Victoria's reign, in the case of a gap which has so far existed in the ten history of British film will be effectively closed. If Barnes's own prose is beautiful, plain dull; his eye for the appropriate and amusing quotation should save the book from obscurity.

Edited by David Wilson, with an introduction by Bevis Hillier, *Projecting Britain: Studios Film Posters 1896-1929* (BFI Publications £7.95 0 85 170 122 1) documents a collection of posters from the 1940s and reproduces each one.

Degeneracy incarnate

Geoffrey Nowell-Smith

RICHARD KOSZARSKI
The Man You Loved to Hate: Erich von Stroheim and Hollywood
343pp. Oxford University Press. £7.95.
019 5033795

Erich "von" Stroheim was born Erich Oswald Stroheim in Vienna on September 22, 1885, to middle-class Jewish parents who had recently emigrated to the city. On November 25, 1909, he stepped off the boat in New York sporting the name of Erich Oswald Hans Carl Murin von Stroheim, replete with claims to a distinguished civil and military career in the Imperial service. Having assumed this identity he was never able to shake it off, but he was so successful as an impersonator that the less glamorous truth was not discovered until after his death in 1957. It seems likely that he came to half-believe his own story – although, as Richard Koszarski relates in this new biography, he did have to invent some new lies to prevent his Catholic wife from meeting his parents in Vienna. Meanwhile the "von" stuck, so closely that his friends tended to call him Von rather than Erich. In many American books, this one included, he is called von Stroheim and indexed under V, although in European usage this is incorrect even for names entitled to the prefix.

The great tradition

Colin MacCabe

JEAN-LOUP BOURGET
Le cinéma américain 1895-1980: De Griffith à Cimino
343pp. Paris: Presses Universitaires de France.
2131834875

To write a history of Hollywood is to invite ridicule and criticism. It seems a straightforward way of treating the most popular art form of the twentieth century in a mere 200 pages. It would indeed be easy to take issue with Jean-Loup Bourget's very definition of American cinema. It is not only that Bourget simply identifies American cinema with Hollywood, more importantly he remains resolutely committed to the notion of the American film as an art form which transcends the very different forms of production and distribution which have constituted the history of Hollywood. And yet, the book is, in its own terms, extremely successful, and demonstrates the need for such a book in English to supplement the film guides which abstract both directors and films from any social or historical context.

It is in this context which is the concern of the book to trace the development of Hollywood and its relation to the major political, social and cultural movements of twentieth-century America. Thus the history of Hollywood is presented against the backdrop of the history of America. Thumb-nail sketches of the crucial aesthetic and ideological debates of each decade are followed by a description of the major genres and films. This procedure, which could so easily fall into a very crude reductively telling narrative, is genuinely illuminating in the history of the cinema or the meaning of any particular film can be exhausted by social or cultural history, but he does show that any history of a film which ignores such historical considerations is likely to be impoverished and

At the same time, the book offers few surprises. The 1930s are dominated by the Depression and the New Deal; the 1940s by film noir and war both hot and cold; the earlier trends, in future volumes, to follow the story of the construction of the American dream, a specific form stresses Griffith's contribution and the importing of European influences (Stroheim, Eisenstein, Sternberg). However, if the book is genuinely original, it is never merely re-asserting what others and Bourget covers a great deal of ground without the text ever degenerating into a list. The weakest sections are those with the decades since the 1950s. At present there is no historical or critical con-

Having acquired his first new identity, Stroheim set out for the West and for Hollywood, where he underwent further transfiguration. He became an actor and performed a variety of roles as an all-purpose evil Teuton and – later – acted as the representative of an unsuspected seamy side of Ruritania. It was these roles that earned him the sobriquet, assiduously promoted by the studios, of "the man you love to hate". In 1919 he began to direct films, starting in two of them himself. His love-hate relationship with studios and public became more complex and intense. Every project he started mushroomed to extravagant proportions and had to be viciously cut back again. Even Irving Thalberg could not tame him. But again and again he was allowed to start work, and his very extravagance was turned by publicity departments into a selling point for the film – as was the likelihood that the film would be as hateful as the stage persona of its maker.

Hardly a single film of his survives today in a form approaching the one he had intended to give to it. His films were butchered by studio hacks (*Greed*, the most famous, was cut from forty-five reels to ten); or else he found his projects aborted before completion (as happened with the extraordinary *Queen Kelly*). The real mystery (and tragedy) of Erich von Stroheim lies here – not in the banalities of his assumed persona and name, but in the fact that



Greta Garbo and Erich von Stroheim in *As You Desire Me* (1932), directed by George Fitzmaurice and based on a play by Pirandello.

it is now impossible to summon up the evidence with which to determine whether he was the great artist he set out to be or just a mad "artisticator" who drove his friends and colleagues to distraction and nearly drove a major studio to bankruptcy.

Mr Koszarski has evaluated all the known evidence and unearthed evidence previously unknown. *The Man You Loved to Hate* is, near enough, a definitive biography, though the author does not claim it as such and there will doubtless be people who will still want to contest his version of events. It is a sympathetic and even affectionate account, particularly where it comes to the conflicts between Von and the studios. But as the narrative proceeds and disaster is piled upon disaster, issues are raised which seem to require more careful scrutiny than a biographical and chronological approach allows, for example, difficulties which occur owing to the sociological anomaly of a film director's position both as an "artist" and as a company employee. In general "artists" are allowed to have extravagant imaginations, provided this extravagance is materially confined to not too many pages of paper or square feet of canvas (which they pay for themselves). But when the extravagance can only express itself in material realization, and this realization involves the signing of company cheques to obtain the services of builders and carpenters, to expose miles of film stock, to keep hundreds of extras working through the night, and when all this money has to be borrowed from a bank and then "realized" in its turn at the box-office, what status can artists be allowed to have? Stroheim, it seems, needed – or claimed he needed – not only to realize certain effects but to realize the conditions which would produce those effects. To make his actors sweat he had to make them sweat,

and he transported them hundreds of miles, to Death Valley where they sweated in temperatures of 130 degrees Fahrenheit. This devotion to "realism" was supported, apparently, by belief in the philosophy of Naturalism – not just the aesthetic, but the whole spectrum of ideas about the determining power of heredity and environment, including a more than implicit racism. This is something we need to pause over longer than Koszarski allows us to do. Why should such ideas have effect, and effect on a man whose own life seemed designed to disprove them, in that he had successfully discarded his heredity and was only play-acting the "degenerate" aristocrat that he presented in his life and his films? In discussing the films, too, or what is left of them, the author makes a number of tantalizing observations that one would like to see developed. Particularly interesting is the way that the films are shown to portray doppelgangers, where sometimes two characters can be as it were positive and negative images of each other, and sometimes one character splits into two opposing sides. Without the completed films to refer to it is difficult to speculate on how important this is as a feature of Stroheim's work. It is even more difficult to relate it coherently to the man and his various real or imagined personas, and it may be that Koszarski was right not to venture too far into such speculation, fascinating though it would be. Perhaps, too, many readers may prefer not to get sucked into the maelstrom of Stroheim's tragic failures and to remember him for roles which gave him dignity and success. In 1937 he played the German aristocrat von Rauffenstein in Renoir's *La Grande Illusion* and with very modest means – a single geranium – was able to establish an echo of an authorial presence within Renoir's film which he had never achieved in his own.

The cutting-room gnome

Eric Rhode

DAI VAUGHAN
Portrait of an Invisible Man: The working life of Stewart McAllister, film editor
210pp. BFI Publishing. £4.95.
0851 701477

Stewart McAllister was a film editor of exceptional acuity – "a perfectionist", claimed Harry Watt, who worked with him on *Target for Tonight*. The son of a well-to-do chocolate manufacturer, McAllister studied to be a painter at the Glasgow School of Art. He became a close friend of Norman McLaren, a cartoon film maker of sparkling originality, and together they explored the possibility of using film as *matière*. Once they dabbed oil paint onto the celluloid itself, the result, a frenzy of moving blots. Dai Vaughan thinks this sort of experiment encouraged McAllister to take risks in film editing, to attempt the unusual, memorable, image, or bold, irrational juxtaposition worthy of Eisenstein.

McAllister joined the GPO Film Unit in the late 1930s, and so became acquainted with, and a friend of, the Unit's leading light, John Gielgud. In the sense that he put himself on being enlightened, he was naturally a retiring son of man. He lived in the cutting-room, working by night, sleeping by day, a gnome, a curiosity, curled up on the floor, his head pillowed on two tins of film. He died, in 1962, at the age of forty-eight. Dai Vaughan quotes friends who think he was burnt out but why, no one is sure.

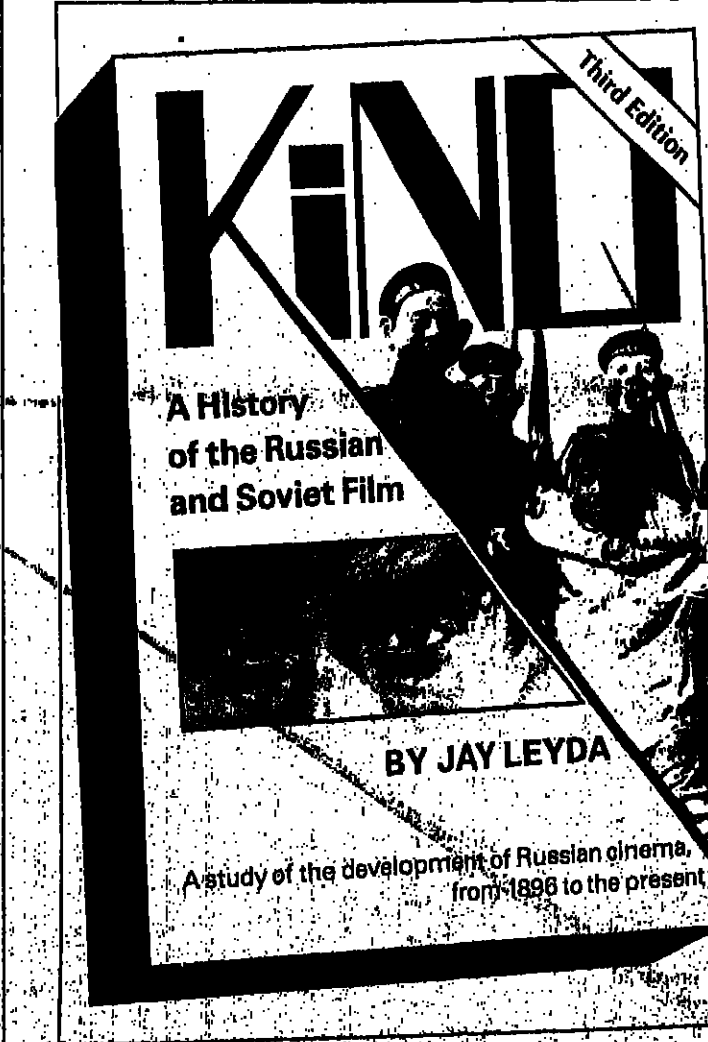
He had violent, abstracted yearnings for girls who declined to respond. He was a defeated bachelor. He was passionate about his craft and quite lost in it. For most of the time, he had no interest in reputation or self-advancement. Vaughan, a film editor himself, has McAllister's love for the hermetic, insular process of putting together a film. He is excited by the idea of a group of people working together in isolation, whether in the GPO sorting out of *Night Mail*, or in the embattled night-flicked 1940s of *Four Men in a Boat*.

Listen to Britain, or in the Pinewood cutting rooms during the Blitz, surrounded by barbed wire and an impossible system of passes. He describes McAllister, at work, carousing bits of film, re-playing them ceaselessly on his Moviola, keeping them as unviolated fragments until the last moment, when he would brilliantly tessellate them.

Cutting-room camaraderie, like war-time camaraderie, is based on often having a shared enemy. The equivalent of the Axis in this case were film directors, film critics and producers who made money. Vaughan shares this hostility. He is critical of Jennings in many ways; and often his criticisms are misinformed (as in his belief that Jennings was rich). He insists – unconvincingly – that a cinema of technicians must be opposed to individualism and to the idea of the artist. He recognizes that Jennings had an interest in European as well as in British culture, and he does not like it.

But, fortunately Vaughan allows praise to seep in. He writes enthusiastically about *Listen to Britain* and defends *A Diary for Timothy* against some lengthy analyses of detractors, even though McAllister had no part in its making. *Portrait of an Invisible Man* reads as though it began as a eulogy of Jennings, but then moved into the more potential stance of pitting McAllister against Jennings on the grounds that McAllister's public reputation was somewhat flattered by Jennings. There is no clear evidence for this. On the contrary, Jennings insisted that McAllister share equal credits with him on *Listen to Britain*.

This is not the principal issue. Jennings' reputation remains untouched and indeed enhanced by the presence of McAllister. Dai Vaughan has done some impressive research into his subject and illuminated a corner of film history. His account of the breeding working conditions of the GPO and (later Crown) Film Units explains some of the significance of the Unit's work. If Jennings was prepared to stay with the Unit for 28 weeks, writes a government administrator in 1938, "he is not only a great asset now, but he will be a great asset in the future".



'Certainly the most important appraisal of Russian film ever made in book form.'

Theatre Arts

'Exceedingly interesting, authoritative and well-documented.'

The Times Literary Supplement

'The only work to give such a full and fluent survey of that great area of film production which had been both a stimulus and an enigma to the rest of the world.'

The New York Times Book Review

August 1983 513pp
0 04 791039 9 Paperback £7.95

Prices correct at time of going to press
George Allen & Unwin (Publishers) Ltd
PO Box 18, Park Lane
Hemel Hempstead, Herts, HP2 4TE

COMMENTARY

Schizoid schemers

Peter Kemp

SHAKESPEARE
Macbeth
BBC2

The weirdest thing about Jack Gold's *Macbeth* isn't the three sisters but the gulf between the central performances and the rest of the production. In most ways, the play receives intelligently traditional treatment. Visually, Gold works tactfully and powerfully to highlight the pervading imagery. Blood spouts and cakes effectively. Mist and darkness thicken an atmosphere of uncertainty and evil. The sets have the slab-like simplicity of the play's structure: Dunsinane is a chunky assemblage of grim walls, forbidding corridors and few loopholes; the witches convene near a cromlech – and, when crouched motionless in their grey rags, look like eerie prehistoric boulders. Massive and murky, the settings are solidly in keeping with the play: as are most of the performances. *Macbeth* doesn't allow much scope for a wide span of characterization, but here the subsidiary roles all show considerable strength – and not only in the rendering of lines. Besides delivering their speeches with vigorous authenticity, thanes and hired assassins alike bring plenty of convincing toughness to the play's physical struggles. There is, too, a nicely inventive treatment of the hearing of Birnam Wood to Dunsinane: spring-like green light just flickers over the army supposedly carrying branches, giving an effect of freshly sprouting life.

This strategic handling of the Birnam branches is typical of the production's general character of the visually bizarre. Banquo's ghost never materializes: Macbeth does indeed, as the camera emphasizes, look out at a forest of faces. As the army moves on, the queen and starting, mesmerized, into it, as the witches ventriloquize spirit voices. This generally cautious treatment of the occult makes the witches' preparation of their voodoo ragout seem particularly outlandish: as if demonstrating a recipe, they carefully display each ingredient. "Ellet of a fenny snake",

"Liver of blaspheming Jew" – before popping it in the pot.

This eccentricity looms small, however, compared with that of the main performances. Apparently seeing Macbeth as schizophrenic, Nicol Williamson employs two different vocal registers for him – a ringing, resonant tone for public utterance, and a hoarse, introverted mutter for private disturbance. Increasingly exaggerated, this split-level approach eventually breaks up the character, as well as the sense of numerous lines. In particular, Macbeth's final scenes – all greish howls and rapid simian gibber – are drastically reduced to sound and fury, signifying nothing.

With the casting of Jane Lapotaire as Lady Macbeth, further damage is done. An actress who – in voice, looks and technique – is most suited to mannered comedy, she gives a fatally lightweight performance. The "fiendlike queen" becomes a girlish figure crooning "My husband!" in tones that would do credit to a Barbara Cartland heroine. Among many eccentricities, her response to the news of the witches' prophecy and Duncan's approach is especially memorable. Macbeth's prediction that his letter "will make joyful my wife's hearing" can seldom have received more striking vindication. Clutching the exciting scrap of parchment to her on a couch, panting, writhing, splay-legged and kneading her "woman's breasts", Lapotaire gasps out, "Unsex me here" in the throes of an orgasm. Only in the sleep-walking scene does she turn her ingenuity to bringing out what's in the play instead of superimposing things alien to it: in a neatly chilling touch, she uses the conventional outstretched-arm posture of the sleep-walker to portray Lady Macbeth pushing her rigid, tainted hands as far from her as possible.

Elsewhere, the play is treated with shrewd respect – apart from a few instances of tampering with the text. A couple of scenes with Lennox and the doctor are omitted. As a result, there are some minor gaps and a regrettable major one: the omission of Malcolm's speech describing Edward the Confessor curing the King's evil – a passage that, in its calculated contrast of the benign English monarch with the malignant usurper across the border, is surely too significant to be dispensed with.



"Negro holding a bow" and "Man's head", two drawings by Giovanni Battista Piranesi reproduced in Masterpieces of Eighteenth-Century Venetian Drawing (214pp. Thames and Hudson. £8.95. 030027319).

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 149
Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than December 9. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct.

Entries, marked "Author, Author 149" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX.

1 I remember that my mother, during one of her rare visits to England, brought me a little jacket in scarlet cloth from Schiaparelli. It seemed to me quite plain and uninteresting except for the label in its lining, and I longed to put this on the outside so that people would know where it came from.

2 Let the old Muse loosen her stays
Or give me a new Muse with stockings and suspenders
Smile like a cat,
With little eyelashes and finger-nails of carmine.

3 She shook back her shining hair. For this evening she had managed to borrow the Schiaparelli dress. It was made of taffeta, with small side panniers stuck out with cleverly curved pads over the hips. It was coloured dark blue, green, orange and white in a floral pattern as from the Pacific Islands.

Competition No 145
Winner: Tony Lurcock
Answers:

1 Nicholas was not to be of the party; he was in disgrace. Only that morning he had refused to eat his wholesome bread-and-milk on the seemingly filthy grounds that there was a frog in it... The dramatic part of the incident was that there really was a frog in Nicholas's basin of bread-and-milk; he had put it there himself, so he felt entitled to know something about it.
Saki, "The Lumber Room".

2 "There's the boy was the best of 'em at first though you can't understand what he do say, speaking as they do where he come from. Nasty unfriendly way he had but he didn't do much that you could call harm not till he'd seen me kill the goose..."
Evelyn Waugh, *Put Out More Flags*.

3 B – at that time was a young plug-ugly of some nine summers, in appearance a miniature edition of his father and in soul and temperament a combination of Dead End Kid and army mule; a fretted hard-boiled character with a sardonic eye and a mouth which, when not occupied in eating, had a cynical twist to it...
P. G. Wodehouse, *Nothing Serious*: "Rodney Has a Relapse".

Difficulties of the Kafkaesque

Sir, – Your correspondent I. E. Jones (October 28) asks: "How can anyone possibly, in 1983, know better than Max Brod?" The answer is: anyone can know by consulting the documentary evidence conveniently set out in Jost Schillemeit's critical edition. This includes (a) a passage from the letter to Felice Bauer, dated November 11, 1912, in which Kafka himself suggests the title *Der verschollene*, of which Mr Jones objects; and (b) the diary entry of December 31, 1914, which clearly shows that Kafka had adopted that title for the unfinished novel later brought out by Brod under the title *Amerika*.

J. A. Underwood (November 4) explains why he believed to be a puzzling omission in his translation of *Die Verwandlung* by showing that he has not omitted but misunderstood. Kafka writes: "Abser der Prokurist hatte sich schon bei den ersten Worten Gregors abgewendet, und nur über die zuckende Schiller hinweg sah er mit aufgeworfenen Lippen nach Gregor zurück." Mr Underwood translates: "But the chief clerk had turned away with a shrug at Gregory's first words, although he continued to look back at Gregory over his shoulder with pursed lips." But "zuckende Schiller" is not an equivalent of "Achselzucken". A shrug is part of a sequence of physical descriptions that suggest shock and fear without naming them. (The Mills translate: "over one twitching shoulder.") A few sentences before, Gregor's mother was endowed with one of the traditional emblems of fear – hair standing on end – when she caught her first sight of her transformed son. "Mit voll der Nacht, bei noch

aufgelöstem, hoch sich strübenden Haare" (my italics). Mr Underwood's translation misses that too: "with her hair still undone and tousled from the night". Whether, in the other passage, to which Mr Underwood's letter refers, Kafka's "aufrecht" is adequately comprehended in his "stood", I leave others to judge.

The letter from Roy Oliver (October 28) confirms the point I tried to make with my quotation from Borges: that few interpretations of Kafka's many-sided and mysterious work can ever be fully "disposed of" by subsequent critics. Such interpretations will crop up again in fresh contexts, where they may shed light, not only on Kafka, but also on the personality structure and (where appropriate) the literary work of the interpreter. I fully share Mr Oliver's conviction that Kafka's Jewish heritage and his fascination by *gematria* have helped to make his writings what they are; my objection to theological and cabalistic interpretations of his fiction is not that they are insufficiently rationalistic, but that they are unduly narrowing and reductive. But the process of assimilating and interpreting Kafka's work continues, and we can now look forward to Mr Oliver's promised exegesis in the expectation that it may add a fresh nuance to those British notions of the Kafkaesque which my review tried to describe.

S. S. PRAWER
The Queen's College, Oxford.

The symposium on South African writers mentioned by Dan Jacobson in his article (September 16) will be published in the first half of 1984 by Natal University Press in association with Ad Donker and will be called *Momentum: On Recent Southern African Writing*.

Terminal longing

Frank Williams

Nostalgia
Lumiere Cinema

In recent weeks the work of three of the Soviet Union's leading directors – Lyubimov, Paradjanov and, most recently, Tarkovsky – has been showing in London practically simultaneously. Not that this could be said to be a representative taste of the average Muscovite's cultural diet. Paradjanov's *Colour of Pomegranates* (reviewed in the *TLS*, August 27, 1982) has long since been banned from Soviet screens; to get a ticket for Lyubimov's Taganka Theatre you almost need friends in the Politburo; Tarkovsky's films are given a highly restricted distribution. Immensely prestigious, the impact of these directors on the Soviet public is carefully controlled, while their every move is watched with equal care by the intelligentsia. For example, the recent speculation surrounding Lyubimov generated huge interest in Moscow. Was he requesting political asylum or waso'the? Lyubimov matters. So, of course, does Tarkovsky, and he also is in London at the moment. However, whereas Lyubimov agonized publicly over the banning of his production of *Boris Godunov* and in a broadcast to his fellow-countrymen demanded its reinstatement in the Taganka's repertory, Tarkovsky calmly staged the operatic version of his self-same play and kept his head well down, except to say, again in a Russian-language broadcast, that he hopes to make a film of *Hamlet* – in the West. The London release of Tarkovsky's new film *Nostalgia*, then, is very apropos.

Nostalgia, an Italian television-Soviet co-production filmed largely on location in Italy, picked up a clutch of prizes at Cannes, including the Grand Prize for Creative Cinema. Admired for its cinematic qualities, *Nostalgia* is set in that instantly recognizable, uneasy Tarkovskian world of silences, half-light, misted landscapes and still interiors, where the camera can remain motionless for minutes on end. In his previous work, particularly *Mirror* and *Stalker*, Tarkovsky's talent for the creation of atmosphere and imagery was allied to an ability to tap the emotional undercurrents at work in Soviet society. His was a liberating influence. Working outside the Soviet Union, however, he has been cut off from that source and the result is a laboured reflection on a theme that comes dangerously close to self-parody.

The central character is a Soviet poet, Gorchakov (Oleg Yankovsky), travelling in Italy to research the biography of an eighteenth-century Russian self musician. Escorted by a beautiful interpreter, Eugenia (Domiziana Giordano), he arrives at a village with an ancient thermal bath in the piazza. Gorchakov is thoroughly miserable, discusses irritably the inability of literature to transcend frontiers and is baffled by his escort's attempts to seduce him. Unlike almost any other Soviet citizen one can think of, Gorchakov finds Italy a torment to be endured, though in this he shares the emotions of the subject of his autobiography. He, too, could not live without Russia, and returned to serfdom and to suicide. What his hero is suffering from, Tarkovsky has said, can hardly be conveyed by the Western notion of nostalgia: "It is the experience of separation from my country... It removes strength from the spirit, the capacity to work the expectation that it may add a fresh nuance to those British notions of the Kafkaesque which my review tried to describe."

For a Russian temperament it is a real torment, and it can even be fatal. What we are witnessing, then, is a classic case of terminal illness. Russian "looka po rodine" or longing for the motherland, seen in terms that are not at all Soviet. At a key moment Gorchakov gets drunk. Standing in the flooded ruins of a church, he tells a little girl a joke. In Russian, the old Moscow street about a man pulled out of a sinking pond who promptly turns out to be a benefactor: the pond may have been stinking and filthy, but for him it was life. In his dreams he sees a rural Russia with a venerable wooden house. But his longing is not universal, for a lost authenticity of houses is Constable. Print-runs for some of

gather in a Tuscan church to pray to the Madonna of Childbirth.

The only kindred spirit Gorchakov encounters is Domenico (Erland Josephson), so convinced of imminent world catastrophe that he had shut himself up with his family for seven years. The villagers regard him as deranged and thwart his attempts to cross the thermal pool carrying a lighted candle, his act of faith. Gorchakov agrees to do it for him. Domenico is a familiar type, a "yurodiviy" or Holy Fool, akin to the poet as a bearer of inconvenient truths and as an exemplar of Faith, and it is Gorchakov, inevitably, who forces the relationship which is to end fatally for each. Domenico sets himself alight after appealing for an end to human folly from the statue of Marcus Aurelius in Rome. Gorchakov, unaware of Domenico's grim end, carries the candle across the hot pool only to collapse of heart failure. Each keeps faith. The closing shot is of the ruins of a great Gothic cathedral rising out of the ground to tower over the body of Gorchakov lying in front of his Russian wooden house.

It is a bold image, though trivialized by the addition of falling snow, tying together the tangled skein of associations. It has particular potency if one is inclined to read into the film resonances of contemporary Russian nationalism.

As a film-maker Tarkovsky has always been determinedly apolitical. He has never joined in the ideological cheer-leading expected of Soviet cinematographers, but equally, he has never given any encouragement to efforts in the West to read his films as veiled critiques of the Soviet system. His stock response when challenged is to declare that he does not deal in allegories, that he says what he says, no more and no less, thus leaving his audience to watch and to puzzle. With *Nostalgia*, however, he has strayed out onto political ground. Whether he likes it or not the major issue in Russian culture and intellectual life today is emigration, either temporary, as with Tarkovsky, or under pressure from the authorities, as with Vladimir, or by defection, like Oleg Bitov. Tarkovsky's response in *Nostalgia* is far from sure-footed. Does he seriously believe that Western and Russian minds are closed off from each other, and that it is Western minds, materialistic, substituting sexual for spiritual intercourse, that are to blame? Is he trying to advocate, as Soloukhin, one of the most prominent Russian nationalists, did recently on the pages of *Literaturnaya gazeta*, that Russian writers can only create adequately on their native soil? Is he suggesting that the only adequate Christianity is that of Catholic/Orthodox peasants? One can only hope he recovers his balance with *Hamlet*, which he directed on the stage in Moscow a few years ago.

Alternative persuasions

David Berry

The Socialist Book Fair

Over 2,000 people attended the seventh annual Socialist Book Fair in Covent Garden on November 4 and 5. As in previous years, only more so, the fair had greater significance for literary than for leftist circles. "We see this as an 'alternative' rather than a 'socialist' book fair," remarked the sales manager of Granada, which occupied one of more than 100 stands. It is the only time during the year that the range of British alternative publishing – including books on ecology/radical politics, gay, black and Third World subjects – gathers under one roof. Granada was not the only unlikely socialist scouring the stands for potential bestsellers: others included Macmillan, HMSO, Blackwells, OUP and CUP.

Radical bookshops in the United Kingdom now have a collective turnover of more than four million pounds a year, and in many towns are the only outlets for certain types of fiction and poetry as well as for radical political texts. Publishers like Pluto Press now publish fifty-five titles a year, and with an annual turnover of £750,000 are close to such long-established houses as Constable. Print-runs for some of

COMMENTARY

Hearing and not hearing

April FitzLyon

MODEST MUSSORGSKY
Boris Godunov
Royal Opera House

The omens before this new production of *Boris Godunov* were mixed. On the one hand, it seemed an exciting idea to invite the Soviet film director, Andrei Tarkovsky (whose films include *Solaris*, *Stalker*, *The Mirror*, and *Nostalgia* – which is reviewed on this page), known for his highly original and imaginative work, to produce *Boris*; on the other hand, Tarkovsky, whose first opera production this is, made it clear during an interview at Riverside Studios in October that he dislikes opera, and finds it "unbelievably unnatural". He went on to say: "I reject opera in the psychological and dramatic sense, and yet I do everything in my production [of *Boris*] to develop these aspects. In short, I am caught in a trap." What, in fact, we get at Covent Garden is a quite good, but entirely conventional production, which shows little trace of Tarkovsky's work in the cinema or, indeed, of his contempt for opera – on the contrary, his approach is positively reverential. He is perhaps inhibited by the awe-inspiring combination – for Russians – of Pushkin and Mussorgsky.

The star of this production is certainly not Tarkovsky, but Claudio Abbado who, conducting with a thrilling blend of passion and intelligence, makes the evening into an electrifying musical experience, and urges the chorus and orchestra on to perform feats of which we had not dreamed them to be capable. Although David Lloyd-Jones's complete edition of the opera, purged of Rimsky-Korsakov's emendations, has been heard before, Abbado's performance is a revelation even to the converted.

The designer, Nicholas Dvigoubsky, another Russian, has devised a permanent set for the opera. A ramp in the centre of the stage leads up to a fortress gate, a half-built Marble Arch; on either side of the ramp are sunken Mappin Terraces, often filled with shadowy figures (presumably representing the Russian people) at the most unlikely moments, such as during the Polish scene. This unchanging set helps to speed up the production, and works well enough during the crowd scenes, which are effective, in the Bolshoi manner; but it is less happy for the intimate scenes, such as Pimen's cell or the Tsar's room in the Kremlin. In the Polish scenes, anyway very tasteless, with garish colour, stereotyped ballet, and statues which sit down when they are in the way of the dancers, the set does not provide the necessary

contrast between Holy Russia and the decadent West.

But, as Tarkovsky rather surprisingly said at the Riverside: "You must close your eyes and listen to the music"; and as the singing is of an almost universally high standard, this is no hardship. And what of Boris who, despite the fact that he is only on stage for about twenty-five minutes, must be considered second only in importance to that anti-hero, the Russian people? Robert Lloyd is not yet quite a great Boris, that takes time to achieve; but he is very good, and the potential is there. Vocally impressive, dramatically he is rather low-key, and excites our pity more than our terror; this approach is very effective, and a welcome change from some over-the-top performances of the past. Although, according to Lloyd (in an interview in the *Observer*) "Tarkovsky frequently uses images of Stalin to suggest how Boris is feeling", this Boris is not Stalin, nor should he be. Boris's salient characteristics are that he is troubled by conscience and loves his children – traits which, as far as we know, Stalin did not share. And Lloyd, presumably again quoting Tarkovsky, is wrong when he says that the false Dmitry is "really a Lech Walesa figure, challenging the authority of Russia". This remark says more about Tarkovsky than about the opera, for Dmitry, unlike Lech Walesa, has no idealism whatever, and his motives are entirely selfish. To be fair, this aspect of Dmitry is more stressed by Pushkin than by Mussorgsky.

Special praise must be given to Victor Borovskiy, the Russian language coach. He was faced with a difficult task, since not a single member of the cast is Russian, and he has achieved remarkable results. Quite a number of key phrases and words are comprehensible: some of Boris's words, including his dying words; the Simpleton; some of Fyodor's words; and Gwynne Howell not only sings Pimen's long aria with great sensitivity, but also so that Pushkin's famous lines can be understood. Yet, few people in the audience can understand them. As a full appreciation of the opera depends, in *Boris* more than in any other opera except *Pelléas*, on an understanding of the words, and as an all-important element of Mussorgsky's style is that his music follows the natural cadences of speech and of the sense of the words, it must be admitted that when the opera is sung by a non-Russian cast in garbled Russian to an English audience, an enormous amount is lost. One wonders what exactly an English audience gets out of it. On this occasion it gets a rather old-fashioned grand opera spectacle, more suited to Meyerbeer than to Mussorgsky, some excellent singing and acting and, thanks to Abbado, an unforgettable musical experience.

Letters

finds itself. It is perhaps for that reason that "The White Mythology" is the "centrepiece" of *Madrigals*. In any case, it is arguable that this essay is the first new thing to be said on the subject since Coleridge, and for that reason should not be set aside with a casual token of refutation. (By the by, if Descartes's "natural light" is not a metaphor, what is it?)

Third, Professor Danto cites Derrida's remark that philosophy is to be considered "as a particular literary genre". But Derrida himself is quoting, and the remark should not be taken at face value. Derrida does not think that philosophy is a literary genre in the sense that there is a genus of texts (called "literature") of which philosophical works (along with novels, lyrics, epics, etc) are species. On the contrary he has argued that it is impossible to distinguish and clearly demarcate different genres of writing. What we ordinarily regard as philosophy and what we ordinarily call literature are linked by their common textuality and their reciprocal intertextuality. In a word, by their common submission to the workings of writing and their common involvement in all the problems and procedures of writing. It does not follow, therefore, as Danto implies, that to read philosophy as literature is to discount its concern with truth, or that the interest of a philosophical text evaporates once its claim to tell the truth has been disturbed by deconstructive analysis. It is indeed just that claim to tell the truth and the preoccupation with truth which are most interesting to a deconstructive reader of philosophical texts. And it is the complicity of philosophy and literature that makes literary texts interesting to deconstructive philosophers.

Finally, Professor Danto laments what he

calls "the alarming comportment of the literary Derrideanists" and opines (page 1036) that "the literati have... gone mad on Derrida". This has become a ritual complaint, intoned by "clear-headed" philosophers and self-appointed guardians of literary humanism on all public occasions. It is perhaps inappropriate to ask for documentation – who are these terrorists and madmen? – and for definition – what exactly do you mean by "madness" and what kind of comportment would not frighten you? – but it may not be idle to desire a bit of aid and d. It is true that "Derrida himself is a pharmakon" – if by "Derrida himself" we mean a series of texts and not the person – simply because "Derrida" (in that sense) is writing, and writing (one suspects) is the madness that terrifies (especially) the philosopher who is told that what he does is writing. But the text that may be simply false and wrong, as Danto does not think, is Derrida's text. The latter prize of literary study precisely where it was at the moment of salvation? Soteriology aside, no one (critic or philosopher) who was deeply involved with the New Criticism earlier in this century and with the structuralism that succeeded it could possibly think that Derrida's texts have left things just as they were. Critics have not been invited to rule the world – not even the academic world – but their enterprise has certainly been shaken up and their estimate of themselves irreparably revised.

I hope that these are substantive questions and not just quibbles. At the same time I do not wish them to belie my appreciation for the overall objectivity and perceptiveness of Professor Danto's review.

LOUIS H. MACKAY
Department of Philosophy, The University of Texas at Austin, Austin, Texas

publishers that there is a gay market for quality books. A few years ago many commercial publishers would have laughed at the notion of an independent feminist imprint, whereas this year Routledge had their Pandora imprint on display to compete with Virago *et al*. Is it possible that they will soon set up gay imprints too?

The switch towards more general books, exemplified by Pluto's decision to publish thrillers, goes together with a drift away from books on radical theory. For a Socialist Book Fair, there were few new books on politics for the general reader. This has implications for general publishing: if left-wing readers are not buying many political books, then it is unlikely that these are being bought by people on the right and in the centre. It is a publishing cliché that the left buys books. And the point has serious implications, too, for radical publishing. If the expansion of such publishers in the 1970s was a reminder of the success of Gollancz's Left Book Club and the Penguin Specials almost half a century ago, then it is well to remember also that after only a few years the market for political books from the left collapsed, and the lists disappeared or were absorbed into the mainstream. If history repeats itself in the 1980s it would be good for general publishing but would deprive the book buyer of an explicitly radical alternative.

The jet-propelled millionaire

Douglas Johnson

PIERRE ASSOULINE
Monsieur Dassault
380pp. Paris: Balland. 79fr.
271580467

Naturally, this is a success story. The thirteen-year-old Marcel Bloch, at the Lycée Condorcet in Paris, drew strange shapes which looked like giant birds with engines attached to them. In 1910, at the age of eighteen, when a student at the École Brigueur for engineers, he saw Laminbert's plane after it had just flown round the Eiffel Tower and became passionately interested in aircraft. More than seventy years later, under the name of Marcel Dassault – which he had adopted after the Second World War – it was he who controlled and dominated the French aeronautical industry. He was, and remains, a multi-millionaire whose empire extends to much more than aircraft, into the press, banks, property, electronics, the cinema, an agricultural and forestry company, even a vineyard (Château-Dassault). The number of companies and sub-companies which he controls is such as to defy any simple evaluation. It is said that there are only two men in the world who know the extent of his stock-holdings.

Dassault is the richest man in France, and while the Gaullists ruled the Fifth Republic there was a tendency to refer to him as "le milliardaire du régime". The story goes that as he walks up the Champs Élysées on a Sunday he will stop in front of a newspaper stall and buy a copy of his own magazine, *Jours de France*, pointing out as he does so that the magazine is not well displayed, and asking for a rearrangement so that it will be seen to better advantage. Then he will pay with a 500-franc note and not wait for the change. With money he can do anything, he is reputed to say.

But, as Pierre Assoulène's excellent biography points out, things were not always easy. Dassault has also experienced his share of disappointments and difficulties. The first aeroplane he produced with his earliest associates, Potez and Coroller, began to come from the assembly lines at Angers on November 11, in 1918, the day of the armistice. He was told that the ending of the war meant that no one had any use for aeroplanes and he therefore turned to his father-in-law's business, to property speculation and even, for a time, to motor-cars ("Bloch carrosserie grand sport"). When, in 1929, he determined to return to aircraft, he found that others had got in before him (including his former associate, Potez). It was a market dominated by intrigue, politics and technical uncertainties. Dassault was not alone in this. Many other men, and notably Raymond Lemaire, had to wait for a long time before they could sign the agreement with the Prime Minister, he is supposed to have given 500 francs to the attendants who opened the doors for him. Indeed, at one point it looked as if Dassault might give the same sum to Pierre Mauroy himself. That, he simply said to the Prime Minister, "vous avez été très gentil pour moi", a remark which Mauroy has never understood. Was it genuine? Was it sarcastic? As one expects with multi-millionaires, Dassault is enigmatic and eccentric, though never allowing either characteristic to affect his wealth or his power. He dislikes publicity, but from time to time he backs shyly into the limelight, as when he takes a whole page in a news-

paper in order to explain, in dialogue form, his ideas upon some subject of general interest. These "Chroniques du Café du Commerce" must be the most expensive editorials now published in France. (They have recently been adapted into a play by a young dramatist with a sense of humour; it is not yet known whether or not Dassault has claimed his author's rights.)

It is true that fortune favoured Marcel Bloch. His father, Adolphe, was a highly respected general practitioner from Strasbourg, who lived and worked in the ninth arrondissement. His mother was from a renowned Jewish family, the Alatini, and through her relations he knew the Camondo, and through them, the Rothschilds, the Foulds, the Worms de Romilly, the Cahens d'Anvers and other aristocrats of the Jewish community. He was brought up in an atmosphere of intelligent conversation: one brother became a general and another a surgeon. He married the Hirsch-Minkès, from a family that was well known around the faubourg Saint-Antoine and in the furniture business.

But, as Pierre Assoulène's excellent biography points out, things were not always easy. Dassault has also experienced his share of disappointments and difficulties. The first aeroplane he produced with his earliest associates, Potez and Coroller, began to come from the assembly lines at Angers on November 11, in 1918, the day of the armistice. He was told that the ending of the war meant that no one had any use for aeroplanes and he therefore turned to his father-in-law's business, to property speculation and even, for a time, to motor-cars ("Bloch carrosserie grand sport"). When, in 1929, he determined to return to aircraft, he found that others had got in before him (including his former associate, Potez). It was a market dominated by intrigue, politics and technical uncertainties. Dassault was not alone in this. Many other men, and notably Raymond Lemaire, had to wait for a long time before they could sign the agreement with the Prime Minister, he is supposed to have given 500 francs to the attendants who opened the doors for him. Indeed, at one point it looked as if Dassault might give the same sum to Pierre Mauroy himself. That, he simply said to the Prime Minister, "vous avez été très gentil pour moi", a remark which Mauroy has never understood. Was it genuine? Was it sarcastic? As one expects with multi-millionaires, Dassault is enigmatic and eccentric, though never allowing either characteristic to affect his wealth or his power. He dislikes publicity, but from time to time he backs shyly into the lime-

light, as when he takes a whole page in a news-
civil authorities was by offering to manufacture them at record speed, his planes acquired a bad reputation. The Blochs became known as "flying coffins". The trade unionists who worked for him, led by Lucien Ledru, published a report, criticizing the organization of his factories and the efficiency of his design and production. It became common to attack Bloch as someone who was making a great deal of money for himself and providing the country with unsatisfactory aircraft, and the defeat of 1940 was seen by some as confirming these allegations. If France had been badly prepared for war the fault was to be found among such people as Bloch. Antisemitic newspapers de-

manded that he should pay the full penalty for having speculated at the cost of French security, and for having sabotaged the French war effort. It was not necessary to try him, wrote *Le Piliot*, all that was needed was a stake, a ditch and ten good bullets.

Bloch did not know whom he should fear most, the Germans or the French collaborators, but he retained a naïve confidence in French justice, even when he was arrested and interned by Vichy in October 1940. In March 1944, it was the Gestapo that arrested him and sent him to Drancy, whence, as the Allies advanced across France, he was transferred to Buchenwald. There he remained for nearly eight months. Towards the end of his imprisonment it was suggested to him that he should assist the Germans in their search for new designs of aircraft. He turned to those Frenchmen who had emerged as leaders in the camp. Should he accept? They told him that to do so would be an act of treason, and undertook to protect him while he remained at Buchenwald. It was probably thanks to men such as the communists Marcel Paul and Colonel Manhès that he was still alive when the Americans liberated the camp.

Bloch was driven to Strasbourg. There he took a plane to Paris (according to his biographer, this was the first time that the famous aircraft manufacturer had ever flown). Within a matter of hours, and still wearing the striped uniform of Buchenwald, he was back at his drawing-board, and within months, Bloch-Dassault was back in production. A few years more and he was once again at the centre of controversy, and it was said that he was receiving too favourable treatment from the state. After he had joined the Gaullists and become a Gaullist deputy, it seemed that the Fifth Republic had become dependent upon the man who was responsible for making the Mystère and the Mirage. In 1964 an opposition deputy claimed that the situation had become intolerable. The deputy was François Mitterrand.

It was therefore natural that the Socialist victory of 1981 should bring about the nationalization of Dassault. This was not at first seen by Dassault himself as a catastrophe, since an earlier nationalization in 1936 had left him in full charge of his factories and provided him with a large indemnity, so enabling him to set up a number of private businesses which worked with the state-owned firm. But any hope that this arrangement would be repeated in 1981 was quickly dashed. Although Dassault retains a privileged position within his former empire, and although the idea of complete nationalization was abandoned in favour of the state acquiring a majority holding, he apparently emerged the poorer by millions of francs.

M Assoulène tells us that in this biography he has received no help from Dassault himself. He has had to rely on information which Dassault has given in several interviews, and on conversations with a number of his friends and associates, notably Collero, Marcel Paul and Lucien Ledru. For the 1930s he has researched in a number of archives, but Assoulène is the first to admit that there will be a great deal more to say when Dassault's private papers are available to historians. From this book we learn nothing about his post-1945 political contacts, with de Gaulle for example, or with René Mayer, and little enough about his contacts in the 1920s (except for a stray reference to the deputy René Binet and to a mysterious Alphandéry, actually a well-known family from eastern France).

What is not clear is Assoulène's own attitude to his subject. He repeats the stories that Dassault's enemies used to tell about him, such as that when he visited the workshops of his rivals he would wear crepe soles so that samples of the materials used would stick to his feet, and that inside the overcoat which he constantly wore there was a set of rulers with which he could take rapid and secret measurements. When he walked around his own establishments, in the inter-war period, if he saw a workman whom he didn't like the look of, the unfortunate was supposedly sacked immediately, and we are told here that even today, at *Jours de France*, a journalist or printer who is bearded or who sports over-prominent moustaches, is likely to suffer from the disapproval of a *patron* who remains a patriarch.

More seriously perhaps, Assoulène conspicuously avoids describing Dassault over his failures with certain prototype aeroplanes, over the financial exploitation of his position after the 1936 nationalization, over his insistence upon making himself indispensable to the state. Assoulène cultivates, rather than terminates, certain mysteries that surround Dassault, such as the strange and criminal behaviour of his accountant Vathaire (which almost became "une affaire Vathairegate"). He only expresses unqualified admiration when he is writing about the war and the occupation, when Dassault shared the experience of many Jews ("on bloque les coffres, on coffre les Bloch", as Tristan Bernard put it). Otherwise Assoulène sees Dassault as someone who has accomplished a great deal in his effort simply to avoid being bored. One wonders whether this makes for an adequate understanding of a remarkable entrepreneur who, in his person, has assured the continuity of the notoriously backward France of the 1920s with the much-maligned technological marvels of the 1980s.

He may have been small, but he trained his body to the point where he achieved circus agility on a trapeze, and he was an excellent wrestler. Under his original name of Julien-Marie Viaud, he had a most distinguished career as a naval officer, and he must have been the only member of the Académie Française to have also been appointed, six months after his election, to command a gunboat. He may have been small, but he trained his body to the point where he achieved circus agility on a trapeze, and he was an excellent wrestler. Under his original name of Julien-Marie Viaud, he had a most distinguished career as a naval officer, and he must have been the only member of the Académie Française to have also been appointed, six months after his election, to command a gunboat. He may have been small, but he trained his body to the point where he achieved circus agility on a trapeze, and he was an excellent wrestler. Under his original name of Julien-Marie Viaud, he had a most distinguished career as a naval officer, and he must have been the only member of the Académie Française to have also been appointed, six months after his election, to command a gunboat.

The seducer in built-up shoes

Philip Thody

LESLEY BLANCH
Pierre Loti: Portrait of an Escapist
336pp. Collins. £12.50.
0002116499

While there is nothing inherently comic about a very short man with a rather big nose, anyone who wears hidden high heels to make himself look taller invites hilarity, especially when these have the effect of obliging him to enter a Parisian saloon almost on his knees. Loti himself, Lesley Blanch writes, seldom found life amusing, and his extraordinary sex-life was clearly a compensation for his many minor miseries. But while it may be true, as this new and very full biography tells us, that it was "the very elements of stealth, danger and tradition which had been the essence of his adventure with Aziyade", and which led him to risk all the legendary miseries threatening those who take their mistresses from a Turkish harem, there is an outside view of Loti during this period of his life which suggests that he found it more of a strain than the books admit. The British ambassador in Constantinople, Lady Layard, described him as "a dear little man, though nervous and given to biting his nails". It is of course an illusion to imagine that great seducers look like Alain Delon or Robert Redford. Loti ran true to form in the respect of

being, as Blanch tells us, "egocentric and no Adonis", as well as in his extensive use of cosmetics to try and make himself more attractive. The explanation for his many sexual conquests was given to Blanch by "a very old lady at Hendaye, who, nudging a hundred, was still elegant and perfectly able to recall Loti". She put it all down to "the way in which those eyes of his undressed you", a remark which made Blanch realize "what prolonged pleasure this must have represented for all concerned in the days of stretched petticoats, lace-trimmed corsets, filled drawers, black stockings and garters... layer on layer of anticipated voluptuousness". Phrases like this make one realize that the man whom Blanch also refers to as "Lovely Loti" has been fortunate in his biographer, since she also seems quite happy to accept the vision of the sexes embodied in so much of Loti's work. "Aziyade", she writes without apparent pause, "who became the embodiment of Loti's oriental mirage, was of that race of women whose destiny was to be a man's pleasure".

Yet if Loti had, as another of his female admirers recalled, "a special way of kissing one's hand, as if he wished to draw out one's very soul", there were other aspects of his personality and delectation which made him less vulnerable to Lovelace's remark in *Orléans*: "Préface blonde", that "kissing your hand may make you feel like a million dollars, but a diamond and sapphire bracelet lasts for ever".

He may have been small, but he trained his body to the point where he achieved circus agility on a trapeze, and he was an excellent wrestler. Under his original name of Julien-Marie Viaud, he had a most distinguished career as a naval officer, and he must have been the only member of the Académie Française to have also been appointed, six months after his election, to command a gunboat. He may have been small, but he trained his body to the point where he achieved circus agility on a trapeze, and he was an excellent wrestler. Under his original name of Julien-Marie Viaud, he had a most distinguished career as a naval officer, and he must have been the only member of the Académie Française to have also been appointed, six months after his election, to command a gunboat. He may have been small, but he trained his body to the point where he achieved circus agility on a trapeze, and he was an excellent wrestler. Under his original name of Julien-Marie Viaud, he had a most distinguished career as a naval officer, and he must have been the only member of the Académie Française to have also been appointed, six months after his election, to command a gunboat.

or with the women who thought that the harem wasn't exactly the fairest way of arranging relationships between the sexes. Yet it would seem, although Blanch does not tell us much about the people who read his books, that it was his rather limited world-view which explained a certain amount of his appeal. With Loti, you knew where you were – in an exotic abroad – and she admits to sharing his work that his travel books are better than his novels. But since her intention is primarily to write the life of a man who moved from the most austere and claustrophobic of Huguenot family backgrounds to become the great best-selling author of sexual romances, she does not go into the reasons either for his immense popularity or for his equally dramatic decline.

This is surely a pity, since Loti's life, for all his literary success, was an unhappy one, with his constant search for a lost love, his apparent inability to keep friends, his barely repressed homosexuality – if anyone doubts that this was the way his imagination worked, they should look at the extremely competent drawings of a young man with which he supplemented his travel journals – his obsessive fear of death, and his total inability to treat other people as equals. This excellent biography reads for much of the time like a very good novel about an interestingly unhappy man. It is partly because there is relatively little in it about Loti's books, but also because its author has such a genuine sympathy with her subject.

In the mind's eye

Thomas Nagel

COLIN MCGINN
The Subjective View: Secondary Qualities and Indexical Thoughts
164pp. Oxford University Press. £11 (paperback, £5.95).
019 824696 X

Perception is inevitably coloured by the point of view and sensory constitution of the perceiver, and the world it reveals is described partly in terms of secondary qualities like sound, smell, or colour, and indexicals like "this", "here", "now", and "I". At the same time we perceive primary qualities like shape, size and motion which are independent of our minds. In *The Subjective View* Colin McGinn examines the relation between these two aspects of the physical world, their inseparability in perception and their separability in thought. Our direct apprehension of the world involves a particular perspective that is ineliminable, but this does not infect all our ideas with subjectivity. We also have a conception of reality that is independent of any perspective, a conception in which neither indexicals nor secondary qualities figure. Indexicals are discussed throughout, and there are some interesting remarks about value at the end, but I shall concentrate on McGinn's treatment of secondary qualities.

He maintains, convincingly, that it is an *a priori* truth about any secondary quality that it is a secondary quality and not mind-independent. What makes things red is simply that they look red; what makes them sweet is that they taste sweet; that is what we mean by "red", "sweet", etc. Science has therefore not revealed, as some philosophers think, that contrary to common belief physical objects don't really have colours and tastes. There is no conflict between the physical conception of objects in terms of mind-independent primary qualities and the ascription to those same objects of secondary qualities which are essentially relative to the human perspective. Only a naïve philosophical view inconsistent with our ordin-

On getting to know

Paul Snowdon

D. W. HAMLYN
Perception, Learning and the Self: Essays in the Philosophy of Psychology
311pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £14.95.
07108 92644

In *Perception, Learning and the Self* D. W. Hamlyn has brought together sixteen of his post-1970 papers, adding an Introduction which points up a deep unifying theme. The papers are divided into three groups; the first four essays deal with perception, the next six deal with learning and knowledge; and the final group concentrate on a cluster of important psychological notions, such as self-deception, self-knowledge and love.

The sub-title is appropriate in at least two ways. First, if by the philosophy of psychology we understand, not a subject distinct from psychology itself, but rather the relatively non-experimental part of that subject, Hamlyn's sense in which the philosophy of a subject comprises its leading ideas, its basic assumptions: Hamlyn says that the unifying theme of the essays is their demonstration of the inadequacy of the "information-processing model for cognitive psychology". This model, he claims, is adopted by many students of cognition but it needs to be deposed; cognitive psychology needs a new philosophy.

When Hamlyn is discussing what role inference can be said to play in perception, or whether appeal to the notion of conditioning is explanatory, or whether there are certain types of beliefs a person must have about an item he loves, his treatment is clear, penetrating and solid. From these, I, at least, learnt a lot. However, it also seems reasonable to feel certain reservations both about those essays that contain more abstract analytical claims, and about the unifying theme.

A recurring motif in Hamlyn's *a priori* analysis of the requirements for the presence of knowledge or understanding is that the knower

any concepts would hold those properties to be absolute. Indexical properties and secondary qualities constitute "a subjective grid contributed by the mind" to the world of appearance, and do not purport to fit what is objectively present in the world independently of the mind.

McGinn denies that the property of being red can be identified with a physical property (even if there were a single one) that causes things to appear red to us under normal circumstances. Redness isn't an objective physical property at all, but a perceiver-relative one. Though this seems right, his specific analysis of the relativity is not plausible. He holds that being red consists in looking red to perceivers under normal conditions; (for our word "red" the perceivers are human beings). But nothing can have that disposition if there are no such perceivers, and nothing had it before there were any perceivers. It follows that if we did not exist or were all blind, rubies would not be red – and that they weren't red before the appearance of sentient beings. McGinn accepts this conclusion (with signs of uneasiness) because he sees no other alternative to the position that red is a physical property.

But there is an alternative. Redness might be what could be called a *disposition in reality*: the property that anything (actual or possible) has if and only if it is such that it would look red to us in the actual world – the world as it actually is. Rubies have always had this property and would have it even if we were all blind or physiologically altered, or even if there had never been any sentient beings – so on this account they would still be red under such conditions. The analysis would therefore avoid McGinn's break with ordinary language with respect to counterfactual situations. (It is not the same as Kripke's view that a disposition is used to fix the reference of "redness" to a physical property that causes things actually to appear red to us. There may be no one such physical property, and anyway there may be possible kinds of red things that don't appear in this world at all.)

perception and understanding, which no one hesitates about applying. There are, second, notions like that of unconscious intentions, which have their opponents but which Hamlyn argues can be made sense of. And, third, there are some notions – Hamlyn instances that of the *development* of reasoning ability – which, although in use, he alleges to be unsatisfactory. In all these cases Hamlyn can be viewed as asking a question of the form he claims all philosophical questions fall under, namely, "How (if at all) is so and so possible?" Among the conclusions he reaches are these: that only agents can be perceivers; that only creatures in social relations with other psychologically endowed subjects can have knowledge; and that we can only fully understand a person with whom we stand in a personal relation. Hamlyn's view is that these are *a priori* truths, recognizable by reflection on the concepts in question.

The second sense in which Hamlyn's essays deal with the philosophy of psychology is the sense in which the philosophy of a subject comprises its leading ideas, its basic assumptions: Hamlyn says that the unifying theme of the essays is their demonstration of the inadequacy of the "information-processing model for cognitive psychology". This model, he claims, is adopted by many students of cognition but it needs to be deposed; cognitive psychology needs a new philosophy.

When Hamlyn is discussing what role inference can be said to play in perception, or whether appeal to the notion of conditioning is explanatory, or whether there are certain types of beliefs a person must have about an item he loves, his treatment is clear, penetrating and solid. From these, I, at least, learnt a lot. However, it also seems reasonable to feel certain reservations both about those essays that contain more abstract analytical claims, and about the unifying theme.

A recurring motif in Hamlyn's *a priori* analysis of the requirements for the presence of knowledge or understanding is that the knower

If this is right then the subjective grid imposed on the world by perceiver-relative secondary qualities is imposed on all possible worlds that we can conceive, not only on the actual world or other possible worlds in which we or beings like us exist. The same is true of indexicals. I can say, pointing to Gibraltar, "That rock would be here now even if conscious life had never evolved."

McGinn holds that there are laws of subjectivity which govern what is possible and what is necessary in a first-person perspective. While some of his examples – "I am here now", "I am not you", etc. – are plonking, others are more substantial. The old puzzle about why nothing can be both red and green all over is treated in terms of subjective necessity. Nothing can simultaneously look both red and green to the same perceiver – we cannot imagine what it would be like – and since what normally looks red is red and what normally looks green is green, nothing can be both red and green. It is also true, of course, that nothing can look both round and square, but that is because nothing can be both round and square (a necessity of ontology, not of phenomenology), and because of some non-trivial fact about the representation of shape in visual experience. Not every geometrical impossibility entails a corresponding phenomenological impossibility – the drawings of Escher provide numerous counterexamples.

Another law of subjectivity, emphasized by Berkeley, is that there cannot be perception of primary qualities without perception of secondary qualities – for example we can't see shape without seeing colour. This seems to be true, but is it a necessary truth? In considering it, McGinn blurs the distinction between secondary quality impressions and perception of the secondary qualities of objects. Perhaps colour experiences are necessary to the visual perception of shape; but what if the colour impressions produced by objects weren't regular enough to allow us ever to ascribe a true colour to an object, as opposed to our current impression of it? Whatever its form, the inseparability is difficult to account for. McGinn tenta-

tively suggests an explanation in terms of the intentionality of perception: "Perception results from the coming together of a prior mental constitution and an objectively determined world; secondary qualities are what cross the interface. The subjective component of perceptual content establishes an internal relation between outer and inner; the objective component cannot do this on its own, because it relates wholly to what is outer." This feels right, even if it is obscure.

Rejecting Berkeley's use of the inseparability thesis to support idealism, McGinn maintains that we can conceive of primary qualities apart from secondary qualities even if we cannot perceive the one without the other. An imagist theory of concepts is wrong. This means that the purely objective or absolute conception of the world (free of both secondary and indexical properties) is not a perceptual picture and the scientific standpoint is not even a possible perceptual standpoint. The world as it is in itself, nonsubjectively and nonrelatively, cannot be perceived by anyone, and an imagist theory of concepts is wrong.

McGinn adds that for this reason a being who had no perceptual experiences and thought only about objective reality (if it were possible) would not have the kind of subjectivity that creates special difficulties for physicalism. This seems doubtful. Even if such a being ascribed no subjective properties to the world in thought, it would still have to have those thoughts in some subjective form, either symbolic or pictorial, to be a mind at all. Otherwise what would make it true that the being was thinking eg. about the structure of the solar system? Intentionality requires subjectivity in thought as it does in perception – even if not in its objects.

The preface acknowledges that *The Subjective View* has the style "of an extended article; unself-contained, exploratory, inconclusive". It really could have cooked a bit longer. Nevertheless it's stimulating to think about, because it presents important problems with clarity, concision and philosophical immediacy.

These remarks were designed to illustrate the less than convincing nature of one of Hamlyn's bolder analytical claims. The overall unifying theme, the attack on the "information-processing model", suffers from the absence of any full account of what exactly that model implies, and so of what exactly should count against it. Thus Hamlyn claims that perception involves what might be called a sensory, aesthetic element, and that this is a difficulty for the model. But why suppose that these elements cannot be profitably characterized within such a model?

It is valuable, however, to have D. W. Hamlyn's essays collected together. Their range is impressive, and they contain much to interest, and to infuriate, workers in a variety of philosophical areas.

The CRITICAL REVIEW

Literature, Philosophy, History
XXV – 1983

"Making Sense of Lives"

Mortality & Morality (Keith Campbell)
Johnson's "De Levet" (John Willshire)
Agents & Lives: Making Moral Sense of People (S. L. Goldberg)
Hardy: "Poems of 1912-3" (P. Shrubbs)
Hardy's Poetry and Self-Unseeing (Jane Adamson)
Gladstone on Gladstone: A Chapter of Autobiography (D. M. Schreuder)
Dryden & Other Selves (Nicholas Jose)
Integrity & Self-Deception (Rbt. Brown)
Jane Austen's Free Enquiry: Mansfield Park (Robin Grove)

– 64 p. –

History of Ideas Unit
Research School of Social Studies
Australian National University
GPO Box 4, Canberra, 2601, Australia
(149)

The way of attrition

Edward N. Luttwak

NIGEL HAMILTON
Monty: Master of the Battlefield 1942-1944
842pp. Hamish Hamilton. £8.95.
0241 111048

The story of Hamilton and Montgomery is by now well known, certainly to the readers of the former's *Monty: The Making of a General 1887-1942* (1981): the twelve-year-old boy befriended by the world-famous but lonely Field-Marshal grows up to become his official biographer. In this, the second volume of the biography, Nigel Hamilton insists that his aim is the truth, not hagiography, but plainly he is still bedazzled by that first boyish encounter, and infinitely proud of the intimate friendship that lasted until Montgomery's death. In a preface note, he sees fit to quote a 1970 letter from Montgomery which begins "Nigel my dear", and maintains a very personal tone ("You and I have been through a great deal together. . . . You can unbend your soul to me, and I will listen with love. . . ."), before ending with the (characteristically) incongruous juxtaposition:

With all my love,
Montgomery of Alamein

The second volume repeats the stylistic vices of the first: the hagiographic undertones persist and so does the jarring intimacy with which the writer treats his subject's personal life (Montgomery is not so much criticized as actually scolded for mishandling his son's schooling - a son who is now the author's friend). Also abundant once again are the long, rambling quotations, where a few words would do. When it comes to substance it is not the hagiographer we encounter but rather the lawyer: while perfectly ready to criticize Montgomery's vanity, Mr Hamilton presents an uncompromising brief for his client on each controversial military decision. Montgomery is always right; his own

decisions which are foolhardy. His own operational pace is right; it is the others who have unrealistic daydreams about speedy advances that are in fact impossible.

Remarkably, the lawyer's brief covers even the crossing into Italy, when Montgomery insisted on elaborate preparations and much shipping, even though the two-mile width of the straits made it more of a river-crossing than a true amphibious landing - the crucial difference being that artillery on the Sicilian side could provide all necessary fire support on the Calabrian side, thereby eliminating the greatest logistic obstacle to any amphibian operation (artillery and mortar ammunition accounts for the bulk of the tonnage). And Hamilton is just as insistent in justifying Montgomery's artillery barrage against the city of Reggio Calabria in the landing zone - which was predictably empty of Germans. When a reconnaissance party reported back that no

opposition was to be expected, Montgomery sent five more parties; when these failed to report back in time, Montgomery proceeded with the barrage he had planned all along, for which the artillery of three divisions, eighty medium guns and forty-eight heavies had been assembled.

Hamilton is even prepared to defend the agonizing slowness of Montgomery's advance up the boot of Italy towards Salerno, where Clark's landing was in trouble from the start. Montgomery's Eighth Army landed on September 3 and Clark went in on September 9, on the calculation that in six days the British advance would be threatening the southern flank of any German resistance against his forces (whose landing zone was hemmed in by mountains). As it was, Montgomery kept worrying about the danger of a German counter-offensive against him and kept pausing to consolidate even though he was only meeting the most feeble resistance. As a result, the German flank at Salerno was not endangered at all for two full weeks, and Clark's landing remained in acute danger all the while. But even here Hamilton admits no criticism of his hero.

The ease with which Hamilton's work can be criticized does not define its value, however. The general reader should find the book very satisfying: it is as easy to read as the average bestseller, and far more educative than most. First, the author's privileged access to all of Montgomery's unpublished papers has been well used; we are given a richly detailed account of Montgomery's view of events. Hamilton's reconstructions of Montgomery's "decision-making horizon" at each juncture seem most persuasive. The author's habit of inserting brief "retrospectives" in his description of how things stood at each remove entails repetition that could easily have been tiresome but here the device works very well. We constantly see the events of 1942-44 in the context of the earlier years of failure, as Montgomery certainly saw them, rather than in retrospect.

Second, the book defines very precisely the scope and limits of Montgomery's generalship. Hamilton concedes that his hero was no strategist, and provides full evidence for his verdict. In fact Montgomery could scarcely understand the war he was fighting at the higher levels of strategy, where the claims of several theatres had to be balanced and where the

scope and limits of Montgomery's generalship. Hamilton concedes that his hero was no strategist, and provides full evidence for his verdict. In fact Montgomery could scarcely understand the war he was fighting at the higher levels of strategy, where the claims of several theatres had to be balanced and where the

forces in contention belonged to diverse nations. But he had a very clear appreciation of theatre strategy, where opposed forces face one another within a given geographic area. Of course Rommel was even less strategic than Montgomery: had Rommel been competent at the level of theatre strategy, he could not have enthusiastically advocated the invasion of the Nile Valley, a venture that remained throughout a logistic impossibility.

But Rommel was much more than merely competent at the next level of warfare in the strategic hierarchy, the operational level (Liddell Hart's "grand tactics"), which stands above the tactical and below the strategic, and where the actions of diverse forces interact, offering scope for large-scale stratagems of high-risk but high "pay-off" warfare. Montgomery virtually ignored the operational level - which was only natural given his emphasis on attritional warfare. When victory is to be achieved by attrition, ie, by the cumulative destruction of the enemy's forces, the aim of planning and command is to muster the greatest possible quantum of firepower and then to apply it with maximum efficiency. Everything that manoeuvre requires, from deception to obtain surprise to the circumventing action that is supposed to disrupt the enemy's plans and forces, inevitably conflicts with the orderly gathering of resources and their straightforwardly efficient application upon the enemy.

Montgomery's strong bias in favour of attrition diminished his operational scope in corresponding degree, to yield highly organized, rigidly pre-planned operations of low risk but equally of low pay-off. The fundamental difference between the two styles of war that happened to collide in the Western desert emerges most clearly when we compare the attitude of the two commanders towards uncertainty. For Montgomery uncertainty was the great evil; to be reduced as much as possible by the abundant use of resources, by very detailed advance planning and strict command discipline. His plan was to win his battle while sleeping in his caravan, relying on the thoroughness of his preparations and on detailed advanced planning. Obviously this method of command meant that no advantage could be taken of war's fleeting opportunities, while only a net superiority in resources could provide protection from war's sudden dangers. For Rommel, the "fog of war" was a most valuable resource, to be maximized by deception and fast movement, in order to set the stage for the opportunistic manoeuvre that would disrupt the plans and the very structure of the enemy forces.

It was at the next level down, at the level of tactics, that Montgomery's talents were really outstanding. He was clearly an excellent tactician, able to make the most of each type of forces available to him (even if he could not make the most of their combination - an operational ability rather than a tactical one). While other British senior officers simply left tactics to their subordinates and the latter's

interpretations of the manuals, and while too many American generals virtually ignored the possible rewards of tactical ingenuity (though some were highly effective at the operational level), Montgomery worked hard to devise the right tactics for each encounter, and then made sure that they were promulgated to his forces. His other great talent, as a trainer of troops and finally armies, was obviously complementary: after developing the tactics, Montgomery would institute efficient schemes to train the forces to implement those tactics.

This of course was merely one aspect of Montgomery's all-round ability as a manager, which not even his harshest critics have tried to deny. There was no casual country-house informality in Montgomery's management: under him, tasks were rationally allocated, schedules were kept tight and much attention was paid to organizational questions. (It was not just personal ambition that motivated Montgomery's long and futile struggle to obtain the command of all land forces in the Western theatre after Normandy: the manager in him was violently offended by the essential unsoundness of a structure which had Eisenhower as the supreme in charge of all questions, with no officer below him in command of all the land forces.)

In the end, however, it was his leadership that made Montgomery. The funny hats and schoolboy jokes, the constant visits to the troops, the jeep-bonnet speeches and the cigarette hand-outs were only the highly visible tip of the iceberg. It was not mere techniques of showmanship that inspired so much loyalty (which still endures, as Nigel Hamilton shows) but rather the widespread and very accurate belief of soldiers and junior officers that Montgomery was most profoundly concerned with their welfare. The same over-cautious methods of war which his more dashing contemporaries and most military historians find so unimpressive, and which undoubtedly delayed the Allied victory, also provided the best assurance to his soldiers that their lives would not be needlessly risked. Montgomery was willing to waste time and ammunition, he was willing to sanction great bombardments scarcely needed (Reggio and Caen notably), but he was exceedingly careful with the lives of his own men. The same ruthlessness in firing unsatisfactory officers which made him so unpopular in the officer echelons of the British army was also a clear signal to the mass below that no solidarity of rank and no old-boy affiliations would save them in the hands of incompetent.

There was in fact a sort of class bias in reverse in Montgomery's attitude. He liked and even respected the common man while being suspicious of the character and abilities of those who ranked above him. That, clearly, was the tacit message that Montgomery's showmanship carried to the troops: by wearing his funny clothes he was dissociating himself from the conventional hierarchy in order to communicate with them more easily. They understood and reciprocated in full measure.

of them, these wars are, in fact, General Hackett's weakest point; he has very little idea what the true character, either of the American Civil War or the First World War, really was.

Yet it is personal experience and feeling that fitfully illuminate his pages, nowhere better, I think, than in this passage:

Some men are dissatisfied if they become too separated from the earth upon which they live, and what happens on and round it. I realized myself as a young officer that I should not have been content doing anything for a living in which it was never important to me what time the sun rose, dawn, dusk, moonset, and moonrise, what the wind does, the shape and size of woodland, marsh and hill, currents and eddies, the flow of rivers and the form of clouds, whether the leaf is on the tree or the branches are bare; the seasons, the weather and the stars - these are important of compelling importance in the lives of soldiers, and of men, some of more importance to women than to men. So, too, at all times and above all

POSTAGE INLAND 16p ABROAD 21p

SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY PERMIT NO. 3225
SUBSCRIPTIONS (US & CANADA ONLY) TO THE
MILITARY HISTORY CLASSICS
STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10022

Revelations of excess

William Griffin

ALAN FANTHAM
Seneca's Tragedies: A Literary Introduction
with Text, Translation, and Commentary
Edw. Childford: Princeton University Press.
£11.
060 0551 X

No classical author has enjoyed a greater improvement in reputation at the hands of recent scholars than Seneca. If a single reason had to be given, it would surely be that, in comparison with the last century and the opening years of this, we are less easily shocked by him. We are more familiar with hypocrisy and complacency under despotism; we are more accustomed to the violent and the gruesome in literature.

Yet matters are not so simple. If there has been some sympathetic interest in Seneca the philosopher and martyr of Nero, some attempt to counter earlier censures of the affected style and unsystematic thought of Seneca the philosopher, writers in English have worked hardest to rehabilitate Seneca the tragedian. For if we cannot comfort ourselves with rhetoric on the page, we accept it again in the theatre; and if we like explicit moralizing, we enjoy revelations of moral excess, especially when they exploit literary classics through allusion, personification and pastiche. Not that Seneca's tragedies are being studied in isolation from his prose works. Indeed, so far from feeling the anomaly that led readers from late antiquity through the nineteenth century to deny that Seneca could be the author of both, modern scholars have shown that the plays exhibit the philosophical notions, architectonic freedom and rhetorical style as the moral essays.

Alan Fantham's excellent study of the tragedies introduces the reader to the best of modern work on Senecan tragedy, showing how the new approaches can be used to illuminate a particular play. Though a text and prose translation are provided, the text is, as the author says, derivative and conservative, rather than inspired. (It is, however, a treat to be informed from the "theses" and "thous" of available English versions.) The heart of the book is in the introduction and commentary, which present a learned literary history with perceptiveness and indeed provided with translations of key passages cited in the discussion. Yet the detailed study, with its abundance also of annotated Greek and its technical discussion of metre and textual transmission, is a work for scholarly readers familiar with the classical languages.

A commentary of this sort should be built to do and is not therefore the best vehicle for personal theories. This one manages to raise the major problems, offering firm directions when the author feels strongly but sometimes expounding and criticizing differently.

The current burning question of Senecan tragedy is: were the tragedies written for the stage or for recitation? Both practices are argued for the early Empire. Fantham starts with the arguments of Zwierlein, the most recent advocate of recitation in recent years. He showed how difficult it would be to stage Seneca's plays, stressing such features as the changes of time and place, the uncertainty of the chorus and the tendency for the play to be vividly described at the same time and in the same place. She indicates the arguments often advanced: and points out to list the difficulties that the plays pose for recitation, such as "unannounced entrances and exits, unidentified speakers, and the most satisfactory medium for the presentation of a Senecan tragedy is the play or passage from them alone or together with others, he thought primarily in terms of publication for the reader. The tragedy of Seneca's *Medea* is in any case hard to stage, and the question of whether hearing

or reading was the prime form of impact he envisaged. Seneca intended his violent and passionate language and his macabre physical descriptions to replace, not accompany, seeing the action on the stage.

Fantham follows recent criticism in crediting Seneca with considerable originality. After a thorough review of what is known about the Greek and Latin literary treatments of the final destruction of Troy, she concludes that he did not rely on any one literary model. Rather he drew on his knowledge of the tradition, adapting and attempting to surpass his greatest predecessors, the classical Greek tragedians, the Augustan dramatists and his beloved Virgil and Ovid. It takes as much faith to sustain this view as the reverse, given the loss of so much dramatic literature, but the hypothesis has merit: it encourages us to examine the plays as a whole, and discourages us from explaining every inconsistency in the action by assuming that the poet has contaminated separate sources.

Recent studies have rightly emphasized the novel structure Seneca has devised in order to accommodate in one play the twin themes he took from two Euripidean dramas: the killing of Polyxena from the *Hecuba*, and that of Astyanax from the *Trojan Women*. The mourning *Hecuba* dominates the beginning and end of the play. The decision about Polyxena precedes that about Astyanax but the decisions are carried out in the reverse order. This chiasmic symmetry involves delaying Polyxena's doom from Act 2, when Achilles' ghost demands her as his bride, until Act 4; Fantham points out that it creates problems that Seneca has not solved. Thus Andromache's knowledge of the ghostly demand comes and goes during Act 3 with the rhetoric of the moment. The use of Helen as the messenger who reveals the doom of Polyxena is noted as another of Seneca's most interesting inventions, but Fantham's view that she has been chosen merely as an antithetical figure to the pure and chaste victim does not do full justice to Seneca's conception. As Andromache hints at 1.927, Helen is the female counterpart of Odysseus, who announces the decision about Astyanax: each disclaims personal responsibility for the act; each employs deceit, Odysseus in tricking Andromache into revealing her son's hiding-place, Helen in pretending at first that Polyxena is to have a living bridegroom. Thus there is no inconsistency of characterization, but rather the reverse, when Helen at once bemoans the loss of Paris and speaks of her years in Troy as captivity. Crooked arguments are just what we should expect from Helen, the master of wiles, who destroyed Paris through marriage just as Odysseus destroyed Troy through the festive wooden horse. Seneca appropriately makes her disown her guilt, both past and present.

Fantham's treatment of the theme of death in *Troades* and its relation to Seneca's views in his essays is highly illuminating, though she perhaps works too hard to rationalize the existence of the philosophical chorus (ll. 371 ff), after rightly deeming it an "editorial intrusion" by the playwright. Fantham rightly notes Seneca's lack of interest in the question of burial, remarking, "Instead of the Greek reverence for the dead he offers us admiration for the dying." Yet Seneca's Polyxena, for all her Stoic fearlessness in the face of death, is not free of the baser passions: the messenger speaks with approval of the silent anger and defiance of her end. As Fantham writes, "We cannot schematize the Seneca's drama to match his objective philosophy, precisely because the imaginative artist in him admired and delighted in portraying passions contrary to his own moral theory."

Herein may lie the answer to a question the author poses but does not answer: given that Seneca was moved to write by a combination of aesthetic and philosophical motives, given that he felt a writer's urge to create characters, why did he choose drama? Was he just more cautious than his nephew Lucan who was to brave comparison with Virgil? Or did he wish to demonstrate his knowledge of human psychology in all its variety and excesses without comment or explanation? When moved to analyse, castigate and exhort, he wrote in the first person. Judgment by implication he left to others.



Women at a Fountain House: black-figured Hydria of about 520-510 BC, reproduced from Images of Women in Antiquity, edited by Averil Cameron and Annette Kuhrt (323pp, Croom Helm, £15.95, paperback, £8.95, 0709907419).

L'état, c'est moi

Robin Seager

ARTHUR KEAVENEY
Sulla: The Last Republican
243pp. Croom Helm. £16.95.
07099 15071

Sulla has always been one of the most enigmatic and controversial of the great men of the Roman republic. The ancient tradition was totally dominated by Sulla's own version of events, and for a long time the learned world was content to accept his valuation of himself and his enemies. After all, he believed in law and order, in government by the noble-and-rich-therefore-good, and in keeping the lowly-and-poor-therefore-wicked in their place, so he must have been a Good Thing, even if there remained a nagging suspicion that he was also, when given his head, a Bad Man. But recently Sulla has been fiercely attacked and an attempt made to rehabilitate his opponents and victims. Perhaps inevitably this welcome new book tries to redress the balance in Sulla's favour, perhaps inevitably it sometimes goes too far. But it is concise and readable, while its arguments and conclusions are based on a formidable series of detailed studies, several still unpublished but generously made available to me by their author.

Arthur Keaveney's treatment of Sulla's early career and his chequered relationship with Marius is largely sound, with a proper insistence on the importance of his hero's role in the negotiations which brought Jugurtha into Roman hands and the magnitude of his achievement in Cilicia. The only serious weakness is a certain inconsistency about the amount of support, if any, enjoyed by Marius in the senate, based on a confusion between the attitudes of the nobles and the rank-and-file members. The reconstruction of the complex events of the crucial year 88 is also mostly plausible, and it is fair to stress that Sulpicius and Marius double-crossed Sulla. But Sulla's treacherous response to the second embassy from the senate puts him firmly on the same moral level as his opponents. Of course he claimed to be acting in the interests of the state, and may well have believed it, but so did they - so did all parties in any civil upheaval at Rome. Nor is it clear that the people was under any less pressure to pass Sulla's laws after his seizure of Rome than it had been to pass those of Sulpicius a little earlier. The account of developments in 87 and of politics during the Mithradatic war is perhaps too hard on Cinna and Carbo (though how can we ever know now?), surely too charitable to Sulla for his failure to deal with Mithradates once and for all.

There is, however, much that is admirable. The analysis of the identity and attitudes of Sulla's supporters is revealing: a mixture of career soldiers, refugees from Cinna, and later renegade Cinnatists, some moved only by self-interest, others by moral considerations and a desire to defend the authority of the senate. Once the crisis was over and normal govern-

ment restored, this heterogeneous group not surprisingly disintegrated as its members pursued their several goals: the "Sullan oligarchy" after Sulla's death is an invention of modern scholarship. Excellent too is the exposition of the importance of religion to Sulla and the role of individual deities in shaping his actions. Venus played a critical part in his defence of the legitimacy of his position in the East; so too did his coins, which are acutely interpreted here. Another topic that is well handled is that of Sulla's dealings with the Italians, both during the civil war and afterwards. Throughout Italy there was much division of opinion, not only between regions but also within individual communities, as events during the proscriptions were to show. Sulla's settlements were dictated at least in part by economic considerations and not all appear to have been punitive in character.

Like Livy and other ancients who largely swallowed Sulla's own story, Keaveney draws the line at the proscriptions. Sulla's identification of his personal interests with those of the state had always been extreme, but now it went beyond all reason. By no stretch of the imagination could his treatment of, eg, Censorinus, Pomponius or Caesar be justified on grounds of public interest, and indeed there is no mention of the state in Sulla's notorious epitaph. Though Sulla laid down his dictatorship when he thought he had finished his work, he never retired from public life, intending still to exercise his *auctoritas* when it was needed. His death did much to hasten the undermining of his constitution by depriving of effective leadership those who wanted, for whatever reason, to preserve it intact.

After reading this book I feel I understand Sulla better. I also still find him interesting. The one by no means follows from the other, and Keaveney deserves praise on both counts.

A Holy Tradition of Working

Passages from the writings of

ERIC GILL

This important publication will make it possible for the current reassessment of Gill's significance as an artist to be extended to his writings. The passages are arranged under 14 subjects, including: First Things; What is Man?; The Four Causes; What is Art?; Beauty; Imagination; Aesthetic Pleasure; Slavery and Freedom; Work and Responsibility; Tools or Machines?; Man and Manufacture; Property, Ownership and Holy Poverty; etc, offering a concise yet comprehensive exposition of Gill's thinking on the nature and meaning of human creativity.

(ISBN 0 903880 30 X)
150 pp hardback £8.95 (p & p £1)

Golgonooza Press, 3 Cambridge Drive
Ipswich, Suffolk IP2 9EP
or from your bookseller

(108)

John Terraine

JOHN HACKETT
The Profession of Arms
209pp. Sidwick and Jackson. £12.95.
02455551

The *Profession of Arms* is a more or less up-to-date and lavishly illustrated version of the best-known lectures which General Sir John Hackett delivered in 1962. The formula does not really work. The numerous illustrations (thirty-two pages in colour) are excellent as almost all of them are, do not march happily alongside a condensed, allusive, generalized text appropriate to a lecture hall. It is a combination which prompts immediate comparison with, say, Montgomery's *A History of Warfare*, and the comparison is distinctly damaging. Even the *Monty*, an essay on leadership, only serves to remind us that Montgomery wrote a whole book under that title, equally idiosyncratic but containing far more material. The best parts of this book are those in which the author draws on his own army experience. This

may be said to have begun, he tells us, when, as an Oxford undergraduate in 1932, he announced that "since a second world war was inevitable he would take a regular commission, because he found it harder to be killed by a professional than as an amateur making, for example, about discipline, and the inevitably delicate matter of relations between soldiers and the fresh young officer, he says that the latter 'has to be made to remember that only a person of liberal mind is entitled to exercise coercion over others in a society of free men'".

There is the equally delicate (nowadays) duality of "officer and gentleman": here, according to Hackett, "the problem is to retain group coherences and a rational pattern of discipline and command without relying on moribund features in the social structure".

What is it, asks Hackett, that sets the profession of arms apart from all others? More than anything else, it is what I call the unlimited liability clause in a soldier's contract. When men are unprepared for this, and it is invoked, the results can be disturbing. The nature of his contract sets the man at arms apart. The contract itself, he later remarks, is unlike other

the soldier offers not merely his work and his talent, but his life, and this is what distances him from civil values.

The essential basis of the military life is the ordered application of force under an unlimited liability. It is the unlimited liability, which sets the man who embraces this life apart. He will be (or should be) always a citizen. So long as he serves, he will never be a civilian.

All these are good points, and there are many more; but all suffer from being given too little space for exposition and illustration.

It is in the lengthy historical section that the book is weakest. Hackett makes no attempt to trace the origin of his profession; the first separation of men for the sole purpose of war from the total mankind which had to be ready at any time to conduct it. His starting-point is Sparta, a freak militarist society in an already sophisticated era. We thus miss the interesting inter-play of citizen-soldiers and professional soldiers which lasted many centuries in Europe, was only briefly displaced by all-professional armies, and returned with the mass armies used in the wars fought since the Industrial Revolution. Although he took part in one

of them, these wars are, in fact, General Hackett's weakest point; he has very little idea what the true character, either of the American Civil War or the First World War, really was.

Yet it is personal experience and feeling that fitfully illuminate his pages, nowhere better, I think, than in this passage:

Some men are dissatisfied if they become too separated from the earth upon which they live, and what happens on and round it. I realized myself as a young officer that I should not have been content doing anything for a living in which it was never important to me what time the sun rose, dawn, dusk, moonset, and moonrise, what the wind does, the shape and size of woodland, marsh and hill, currents and eddies, the flow of rivers and the form of clouds, whether the leaf is on the tree or the branches are bare; the seasons, the weather and the stars - these are important of compelling importance in the lives of soldiers, and of men, some of more importance to women than to men. So, too, at all times and above all

POSTAGE INLAND 16p ABROAD 21p

SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY PERMIT NO. 3225
SUBSCRIPTIONS (US & CANADA ONLY) TO THE
MILITARY HISTORY CLASSICS
STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10022

"Ecclesiastes," on Luther as a churchman more convincingly developed by Rothfischer and Lewis Spitz in two essays which offer parallel interpretations; Fischer answers Gerlach's question about subjectivity through a presentation of Luther's doctrine of Church; and Spitz advances the thesis that, he did as professor and reformer he did as ecclesiast, a member of the Church. The unexpected conclusion of Ursula Knapp, one of

Counter-Reformation rabbi

In Bohemia and Moravia, the appearance of John Huss aroused wide sympathy among Jews. A rabbi wrote in 1470:

A development of the highest consequence, brought about by Rabbi Avigdor Kara who lived in Prague, the capital of Bohemia. The King [the land] [Wenceslas IV] took a liking to him and grew into a feeling of intense love, until he learned from him to acknowledge the true monotheism of the Jewish faith. Shortly afterwards he passed away. As leader he [the King] had appointed a man named *Heinrich Leine*. John Huss, a pure Hebrew, a servant of God, came to Prague.

Byron L. Sherwin has written the first book on Loew in English, and it is very useful. He attempts to portray him as a mystic—a Kabbalist, deeply influenced by the *Zohar*, the classic Kabbalistic text compiled by Moses de León in Spain at the end of the thirteenth century. Undoubtedly Loew had strong mystical leanings, but he does not belong to one stream only. He combines heterogeneous, and sometimes contradictory, systems. No consistent mystical doctrine, though, he does have a consistent

We have here pre-echoes of Herzel.

Loew expressed himself sharply against the casuistic method of studying the Talmud, demanded a return to the plain analysis of text. In this he was far ahead of his time. His final attack on that method came from the Gaon of Wilno at the end of the eighteenth century. Whether Loew was a social disbeliever as Sherwin claims, or simply a critic of the Jewish establishment, as the late, brilliant Israeli historian H. H. Ben-Sasson maintained, is a matter of personal judgment. To me it seems that Byron L. Sherwin judges too much from present-day controversies between orthodox, conservative and reform Judaism in America onto sixteenth-century Prague.

Half mystic and half rationalist, as he is, Loew was it is no accident that his disciple, David Ganz, was the first Jew to write a book in Hebrew on Copernicus (1612), and that he became an intimate friend of Tycho Brahe and Johannes Kepler. Mysticism was not, as we would want hand in the

WRITERS AND THE CINEMA-A SYMPOSIUM

**Women
and
Film**
Both sides of
the camera
by **SAUN KAPLAN**

Another kind of advantage that I have gained through films has been in the editing room, where I have learned a whole new method of narration by watching scenes being moved to and fro in various juxtapositions, and time-schemes manipulated through flashbacks and flash-forwards. It has been a two-way traffic for me – what I have learned in films I have put back into my books, and what I have learned about characterization, relationships, happenings, and everything else that goes into writing fiction I've put to use in writing films. I can't think what it would have been like for me to have had one and not the other. I've needed both to keep going – I mean imaginatively as well as financially.

Most directors will concede that film making is a co-operative process, that dozens of people are involved, and that the notion of a single author is little more than a convenient fiction. The most important contributors are the director, the writer, the cinematographer, the actors, the designer or art director and the editor. Of these I would consider the first three as central to the creative process, the authority of the actors being somewhat undermined by the piecemeal nature of film-making. It seems quite possible to imagine a film culture in which the director is not the key figure in the triumvirate. Writer and cameraman could combine into a powerful collaboration, for example, leaving the director with the essential duties of man-management. Or writer and director could work together to attempt to satisfy the image-making imperatives of the cinematographer. Or again, director and cameraman might work to realize as best they could the ideas of the writer. None of these is necessarily more desirable than any other. For all these, and many other working combinations to flourish would be infinitely preferable to the present grip directors have, or are considered to have, on film-making. In fact many films, especially low-budget, independent productions, are shaped by creative

Editorial: Ann Howell and Graham Fuller
Consultant Editor: Arnold Fisher

It is a great pleasure to announce a new book editor and managing editor for the *Journal of American Studies*. Ann Howell and Graham Fuller have been working together for some time on a number of projects, and their collaboration has been very successful. They have a long and distinguished record of scholarship and editing, and their appointment to these positions is a great asset to the *Journal*.

Ann Howell is a professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley, and has published a number of books and articles on American literature and culture. Graham Fuller is a professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley, and has published a number of books and articles on American literature and culture. They have both been active in the American Studies community for many years, and their appointment to these positions is a great asset to the *Journal*.

The *Journal of American Studies* is a leading journal in the field of American Studies, and we are very pleased to have Ann Howell and Graham Fuller as our new book editor and managing editor. We look forward to their continued leadership and scholarship.

Yours faithfully,
The Editors

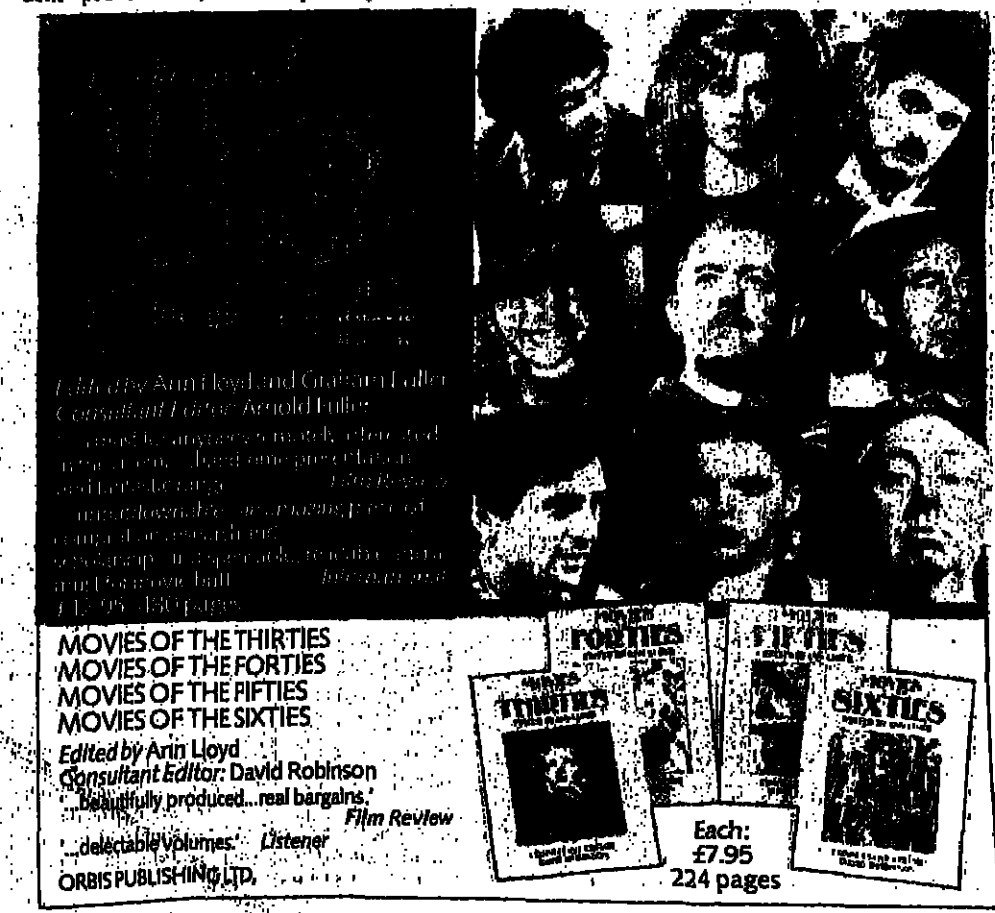
Almost everyone knows the horrible joke about the Polish (Irish, Canadian etc.) actress who wanted to make it in the movies. She slept with the writer. Poor girl, she should be forgiven for thinking that the guy who makes the whole thing take up and writes it down is important. Years later, when she finally makes it, she might look up from her line of coke and wonder what could be done to improve his lot. I would suggest the following: if the writer is to remain involved with the film after completing the script, he should insist on being paid for pre-production work with the director, for sitting in on casting sessions and so on. If he



Through a critique of Hollywood's 'classical period' (1930-60), and a contemporary Hollywood film, *Looking for Mr. Gooden*, followed by an analysis of the work that women film-makers have recently produced in response to Hollywood's patriarchal images, Ann Kaplan surveys the distance feminist film theory has travelled since 1970.

Paperback 0 416 31750 2 £6.95 288 pages

METHUEN
11 New Fetter Lane, London EC4P 4EE



Nicholas Mosley

The new edition of Lenny Lipton's idiosyncratic and informative *Independent Filmmaking* (435pp, Orbis, Paperback, £ 85613, \$75.9), is a completely revised and updated version of the original by which first appeared in 1972. Intended as a guide to the technical aspects of film-making, the book, which now includes a section on video for the film-maker, has detailed chapters on format, the camera, the shooting, splicing and editing, sound, magnetic recording, the sound track and laboratory's role. There is also a chapter on general information on budgeting, distribution, income tax, script-writing, profes-

The seventh edition of *Halliwel's Fishing Companion*, edited by Leslie Halliwell, recently appeared in paperback (895pp, Canada, £5.95, 0 586 08399 5). It now has a thousand new entries and many old items have been revised.

Piers Paul Read

I am at present at work on a script of my most recent novel, *The Villa Gollwyn*, and am conscious of having learned two lessons from the admission of a *Married Man*. The first

S. Schoenbaum

So it isn't surprising that Kowalski should be almost unregarded, although one of our most talented screenwriters, in different genres. Towne turned out a novelistic complexity and richness — and greater lucidity than *The Big Sleep* — in Polanski's *Chinatown* (1974), with its Land imagery in a parched Los Angeles and its sinister hanky-panky going to the pretty reserves. The next year,

WRITERS AND THE CINEMA-A SYMPOSIUM

We owe some of our best screenplays to the directors. John Huston began his film career as a script writer for Warner Brothers, so it isn't surprising that for his first film he fashioned his own screenplay of Dashiell Hammett's *Mulholland Falcon*. The film is one of the select few — *Citizen Kane* and *Casablanca* belong in this category — that I make a point of seeing whenever I get a chance. We remember by name Joel Cairo, played by Peter Lorre, a famous actor in his own right, and Casper Gutman, the fat man, played by Sidney Greenstreet. Audiences are more likely (I suspect) to know Wilmer the gusset than Eliza Cook, Jr., the fine actor who portrays him. It is unusual for the subsidiary parts in a film to remain so fresh in memory. From as early on as *The Killing* (1956), his first commercial feature film, Stanley Kubrick has done his own screenplays or collaborated on them; always, that is, except for *Spartacus*, the direction of which he inherited, and *Lolita*, which Nabokov himself did. For *The Shining*, based on Stephen King's ham-fisted best seller,

The cause of criticism

Dilys Powell

...of the figures on the screen—he was elegant, a draftsman than Michael in today's *Punch*, but in his day deeply cherished. The names are singled out not necessarily as serious critics (like Carolingians they saw the joke), but as writers who planned opinions—something to be valued pre-war, and early post-war days: a period when there was a general conviction that serious could write about the cinema, all was

It ain't necessarily so; Louis Malle's *M. de M.* Dinner with Andre' is all language, yet it is still film – and congenial. As regards Shakespeare, would anyone really wish to be without Kozintsev's *Lear*, or his *Hamlet*? Or Olivier's *Henry V*, despite the fact that he had to abandon half of Shakespeare's text? Or Orson Welles's *Falstaff* (*Chimes at Midnight*), with Margaret Rutherford unforgettable as Mistress Quickly, just about the best medieval battle I've ever seen on film (Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky* excepted, but that was in another country), and numerous other felicities?

had to do was tell the story. Only occasionally did some true writer from outside the lists of the journalists take a hand. With delight one recalls that Graham Greene, film writer as well as novelist, was once a film critic.

By the late 1930s and the war years, then, film critics were a recognizable species: recognized but not always revered. Drama critics of course remained respected, even if some member of their profession, James Agate for instance, turned his attention to the screen and wrote about films. And film critics, though they might be accepted, had to be curbed. Before the war one would sometimes hear reports of embargoes, of doors closed on critics, especially by the powerful American distributors. In 1941 I wrote in unfriendly terms of a film much valued by its makers and indeed by a great number of other people: *Gone with the Wind*. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's London representative wrote to me to protest his letter had an or-else tone. I saw no reason, then, and see no reason now, to change my mind. The Critics' Circle is not a trade union; obviously nobody was going to strike for it. A tiresome, opinionated member – a newcomer too. Anyway, striking is useless in a profession where it is thought that anybody can do the job. But *The Sunday Times* backed its critics. For nearly a year – in fact until my predecessor at *The Sunday Times* (it was Sydney Carroll, then translated to higher position) persuaded the company to relent, no review of MGM productions appeared in the paper. Nobodies apologized.

In the mid-1940s there was a far more resounding altercation; this time the BBC was involved in the screen wars. It had regular film critics, who, at the time, spoke for ten minutes before the lunch-time news on Sundays. Agatha Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer took umbrage at some attack; the offending critic was E. Arnold Robinson. MGM wrote to the BBC in terms which indeed led to there being an action for libel. She won; but MGM appealed to the House of Lords, and this time they sided; she lost. The affair was news; critics gave evidence for her, and the Academy Cinema held in her benefit a performance of a film with Arnold Magnani. And although E. Arnold Robinson was defeated her action did serve to the cause of film criticism. Anyway, no further threat from the United States or anywhere else are to be feared.

Still, the position of the British film critic in the 1940s. The distinction between reviewer and critic has often been stressed; the dependence of the former on the latter has been overlooked. A British reviewer beginning

New York high-school English teacher, accompanied by his large ginger cat Tonto (Mazursky's equivalent of the Fool) visiting each of Harry's three children in turn. Is it really Lear? Read Mazursky and Josh Greenfield's novelization of the film, and you'll see that it is. "King Lear!" Harry exclaims at one point. "He gave up his real estate, too. And what did they do to him? They foreclosed. That's life." A really splendid film is the great Kurosawa's version of *Macbeth*, *Kumonosu-Djo*, released as *Throne of Blood*, with its Forest Spirit spinning her thread in her hut, the moving wood, and the hero-villain dying in a hail of arrows. A quartet of writers, including the director, fashioned the screenplay. That's Japan, that's Hollywood. Sometimes it works sometimes it doesn't. This time it does.

Leonardo Sciascia

As a boy I loved the cinema. Between 1930 and 1940 I saw at least one film a day, sometimes two even. I think my early affection for the cinema shows in my books, in my way of telling stories. Latterly, I have grown less and less fond of it; over the past five or six years I don't think I have seen more than ten films. I have always loved what one might call "invented creative cinema that is not based on books. A

the end of the 1930s had to hammer things out for himself. There was no body of connected criticism to give him the historical background he needed. It was difficult for him to draw up his own historical records; revivals were scarce; there was no National Film Theatre to help him. The film societies were his only resort. One went round muttering names to oneself. The major works of D. W. Griffith had seen as a child, but without understanding them; now what about the Russians? *The General Line*, now, one said, I must see. *The General Line*. I remember the difficulty I had in getting a sight of *The Battleship Potemkin*.

But there was one blessing. In 1928 Paul Rotha, still a very young man, had produced a book called *The Film Till Now*. Its bias was towards the Russian and the German silent cinema. It was hostile, at that time, understandably, to the talkies. But its historical survey was invaluable to the struggling re-

Roths was to be an eminent member of Britain's documentary movement. His book (which has been several times revised and reissued) appeared at about the time of the emergence of the movement; it was followed by collections of critical work by other documentary film-makers. John Grierson for one, inspirer, pamphleteer, was a stirring commentator on the fiction cinema. Naturally again that in the early 1930s, with the Soviet cinema making its first impact on Western Europe, he should devote his attention to the Russians to the detriment of less startling directors. In 1930 he would say that Hitchcock was a first-rate maker of unimportant films. Interesting also to note the reactions of the other camp: Philip Guedalla, at the time chairman of the British Council, remarked that the documentary group made films about glue-factories 'photographed upside down'. Nevertheless the documentary influence was to benefit the British cinema, especially the cinema of war and battle. It was powerful in *Next of Kin*; it can be recognized even in *Which Way We Serve*.

By the 1950s the British isolation — and perhaps insulation — which outward-looking critics from the documentary group had done much to counter (think of Basil Wright and his fine critical and historical survey, *The Long View*) was over; the revelations of the post-war decades were all the more surprising for the deprivations which had preceded them. Within a few years critics from this country who had been denied the huge backlog of European cinema, were flocking to Continental festivals; they came back with news of directors previously unheard of. The film

Mozart is not a musician but music itself so René Clair is not a film director but film personified. As far as films that are made from books are concerned, I have come to hold the view that it is possible to make a good film from a mediocre book, even from a terrible book, but that a great book can only become a mediocre, if not terrible, film. Although I hold this view, I exempt from it films made from my own books: it would be masochistic to say that I find them good; and presumptuous (as well as running the risk of being unjust) to say that they are bad.

When giving up one of my own books to the cinema (five have been filmed so far) I have never worried about how unfaithful the film version may be to the original. The book is one thing; the film, one hopes, another. And I say "one hopes" because only by being unfaithful to the text, by betraying it and turning it into something else, can a good director make a good film. This is why – out of respect for directors and for films – I have never had anything to do myself with the filming. I have only worked once in the cinema; with the director Florestano Vancini on the film *Bronze, storia di un massacro*. This was based on archival research rather than on a book (even if Giovanni Verga did write a story on the affair in question). It is a good film, but few people have seen it: it was thought to portray Garibaldi in a bad light. And it is proverbial in Italy that one must never speak ill of Garibaldi.

followed the news. There was cinema not simply from France, which we thought we knew; and the Scandinavian countries, which the new imports showed we certainly didn't know; not only from Italy, which now presented a face sometimes darker, sometimes more mysterious than had been suspected: there were films from Hungary and Poland and Greece; Argentina sent its surprises, Japan opened a new world to us. There was a reciprocal movement: directors and stars from unfamiliar countries visited Britain; right-wing London newspapers sent their reviewers to the Moscow film festival. The British newspaper writer became a citizen of world-cinema. America was within reach; one looked back almost with disbelief to a day when it was miraculous to lay hands on a copy of Lev Jacobs's *The Rise of the American Film*. For the wealth of critical writing was available. One still clung to the handful of books on American, French, German, which had sustained one through the lean years. But now the shelves were crammed; new acquisitions looked to far horizons. We were no longer outsiders. With delighted astonishment we saw the film reviewer of *The Times* — and he is a critic of notable erudition — playing a part in Hungarian film.

Listening to strange tongues, reading translations of dialogue, the critic was at once excited and sated. Time perhaps, for a correction; and the universities, which have so fondly fostered the cinema, stepped in again. A group of enthusiasts at Oxford produced a slightly ferocious magazine, *Sequence*; it reminded of the endless vitality of the American cinema. The group included two names which would be familiar later on to everyone in this country: interested in the cinema: Lindsay Anderson, audacious film-director and theatre-producer, and Penelope Houston, editor of the British Film Institute's *Sight and Sound*. The magazine did more than reiterate in its reviewing the virtues of the American cinema; it pointed out that cinema should not be treated as a branch of the stage or an offshoot of the novel; it should be judged by its own standards. Obviously enough; some of us even tried for a week or two to follow the advice. But the cinematic habits returned; perhaps we still do not know enough about the movies. Nevertheless, in the last few years the film criticism of this country has made vast strides; we have benefited from the riches of material released since the end of the war, benefited by the new opportunities for travel, learnt more about the technique and the creative processes of making a film.

كتاب من الادب

Most important of all the arts

Kevin Brownlow

JAY LEYDA
Kino: A History of the Russian and Soviet Film
Third Edition
513pp, Allen and Unwin. £7.95.
0 04 791039 9

This is not a new book, but a reprint of a classic film history to which the author, Jay Leyda, has added extra material. When the book first appeared, in 1960, I remember being overwhelmed by its scholarship. And that was not entirely a compliment. Historians of film are as prone as any others to the temptation of cramming in everything they have learned, no matter how hard that makes it for the reader. Leyda's book, full of unpronounceable names and obscure events, remained for me an invaluable reference work on the Russian cinema, but not something I wanted to read from cover to cover.

Only now do I realize what I've missed. *Kino* is a riveting and highly dramatic story. In the early part, episode after episode cries out for a film of its own. One section, about the crooked financier Cibrario, who pretended to find finance for Soviet films in America and vanished with the money, has already been filmed by Jack Gold as *Thank You, Comrades*.

The Russians saw moving pictures soon after the rest of Europe, and in May 1896, the Lumière people opened the first Russian cinema. Their programme included the famous scene of a train arriving at a station. The critic Vladimir Stasov described it in romantic Russian terms: "the thing isn't perfect yet... but how can the idlers speak against this magnificent achievement? When a whole train flies from the distance, tearing aslant through the picture, what comes to mind is that same image from *Anna Karenina* - it's almost unimaginable."

Tolstoy was still alive in the first decade of the cinema, but sadly he hated photography. He was not alone. The first film which Drankov captured, with the aid of Tolstoy's wife, Sonya, caused a furore as soon as they were shown. This "wild beast in a zoo" glaring from the screen could not possibly be Tolstoy, exclaimed his admirers. "We have been deceived by some made-up actor."

Leyda tells of Drankov stalking Tolstoy at dawn in the grounds of Yasnaya Polyana. Overcome by scruples, he asked the old man for permission. In benevolent mood, Tolstoy agreed. Drankov was so overwhelmed that he tripped over his tripod; the camera fell to the ground and the film rolled out of the magazine. He burst into tears. Tolstoy took pity on him and allowed him to film him on another occasion. He even acted as consultant for a film about the peasants which, as soon as he was dead, appeared as "written and directed personally by Tolstoy". The Russians were as careless with their early films as everyone else, and by 1928 only about 200 feet (three minutes) of all this footage survived; a plan to make a documentary about Tolstoy was shelved.

Maxim Gorky had a more direct method with intrusive cinematographers; he beat them up or tried to bribe them to leave him alone. Yet he had a high opinion of the new invention, and predicted a wide use for it.

But how great was the struggle, compared to the excitement of serious energy that it requires? In the early days of the cinema, the struggle was for the nervous strain involved in the operation of the camera. The first films were made by a group of young men, the *Kino-Pravda* group, who were not only young but also very strong and healthy. The cinematograph gave you all these - cultivating the nerves on one hand and chilling them on the other. The things for such strange, fantastic sensations as it gives will grow even greater, and we will be increasingly able and less willing to grasp the everyday impressions of ordinary life.

An interchange between France and Russia has existed from the days of Catherine the Great, so it was hardly surprising that the French provided most of the films shown in Russia in the early years. Even the Tsar became a movie fan. "The little films were manna from a French heaven," says Leyda. Plenty of Russian subjects were produced by the French, including *Mutiny in Odessa*, a reconstruction

of the *Potemkin* incident, but one subject that was strictly forbidden was the French revolution. Later, the French moved into Russia - technicians, directors, scenarists - and began a series of Russian pictures. One director was said to have learned only two Russian words - "pig" and "hurry" - and ignored the inspiration of the Russian theatre, which he seldom bothered to attend.

Stanislavsky's feeling about the cinema never went beyond tolerance, but in 1913 he said, "I have been what you might call an 'antagonist'... but recently I begin to sense a possible superiority of cinema to theatre." Yet in 1915, when he heard that two of his players had appeared in a film, he refused to speak to them for six months.

The Russian cinema improved greatly during these years, and developed a character of its own. A group of talented film-makers and players came to the fore, including Ivan Mosjoukine and Alexander Volkoff, making their most rewarding productions at a time when Trotsky was playing bit parts at the Vitagraph studio in Flatbush, NY.

With the October revolution, the Russian film industry moved south and made films as far from harsh reality as possible. Leyda describes a marvellously cinematic incident when some of these "White" Russians were filming a ball scene for *Lord Darnley* in Yalta. Suddenly, the door burst open and three armed Bolsheviks marched into the studio, demanding to know the reason for the "White guard" uniforms. The director explained, and the officer was so charmed that he asked if he could remain during the filming, as he was absolutely fascinated by the cinema... These "White" Russians were eventually forced to flee from Odessa to Constantinople, whence they made their way to France. They reinvigorated the French industry, which had been shattered by the war, and they produced some of its greatest silent films. Many Russians, including Volkoff, helped Abel Gance make his masterpiece, *Napoleon*.

The Bolsheviks had far more important concerns than the cinema. They were determined to make them from the start. The Revolution, the Allied Intervention and the Civil War left the most appalling conditions, and some of the early Soviet films were the result of astonishing courage and enthusiasm. Dziga-Vertov turned out his *Kino-Pravda* from a dark, damp basement full of holes, with large, hungry rats scuttling over his feet. Makeshift studios had no heating, cast and crew often had no food. The fact that for some years the results were negligible is hardly surprising. But Lenin said, "For us, the cinema is the most important of all the arts." It was up to the Soviet film-makers to make that statement come true.

The workers would have agreed with Lenin, for they loved films - American films. Not even the Revolution could stop them being shown. One Moscow cinema was devoted entirely to the films of Clara Kimball Young. However irritated they may have been that the workers wept tears over Baby Peggy, the Bolsheviks realized they could never hope to imitate Hollywood productions. The new men of the film industry had to create a new language. A young Red Army artist called Eisenstein abandoned his career of engineering, and a chemist called Pudovkin, stunned by D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance*, decided to devote his life to this new art. These men learned all they could from Hollywood films, and from the great masterpieces of Abel Gance. And they developed a style of montage - the collision of opposites, or streams of consciousness - which revolutionized film technique.

Their films - *Battleship Potemkin*, *Mother* - may not have replaced Baby Peggy or Clara Kimball Young in the affections of the workers, but they astounded audiences in the rest of the world, and they became classics of the screen. It is their powerful images that have given us our picture of the Russian Revolution.

Soviet sound films never recaptured the fervour of the silents, although some superb pictures still came through. And Leyda enhances his narrative of the 1930s by stepping into it himself, and becoming a student of Eisenstein. He relates the sad story of Eisenstein's troubles with the authorities, and how they prevented

him from directing films. The Soviet industry was not so different from our own, it seems. Here, if you fail to satisfy the financiers, you don't work. There, if you fail to satisfy the political committees, you don't work. There is little point in getting worked up about the appalling treatment of Eisenstein - he was treated just as shabbily in Hollywood, and one could list far too many similar cases of genius suppressed in the West: von Stroheim, for instance, or D. W. Griffith, or Abel Gance.

Jay Leyda provides a new chapter, "Looking Back", which conveys an anger at the behaviour of the regime that does not exist in the earlier chapters. While Soviet films cannot be separated from Soviet politics, the book is better for the dry approach. Books of criticism of American films have sometimes conveyed the

With a detached gaze

James Kirkup

AKIRA KUROSAWA
Something Like an Autobiography
Translated by Audie Book
205pp, New York: Random House. \$6.95.
039471439 3

In his revealing "Notes on Filmmaking" at the end of *Something Like an Autobiography*, Kurosawa makes this remarkable statement:

"During the shooting of a scene the director's eye has to catch even the minutest detail. But this does not mean glaring concentratedly at the set. While the cameras are rolling, I rarely look directly at the actors, but focus my gaze somewhere else. By doing this I sense instantly when something isn't right. Watching something does not mean fixing your gaze on it, but being aware of it in a natural way. I believe this is what the medieval Noh playwright and theorist Zeami meant by 'watching with a detached gaze'."

It is encouraging to find a film director taking advice from Zeami's *Kadencho*, especially when he is as "short-tempered and obstinate" as Kurosawa claims to be. Audie Book, in the preface to her excellent translation, remarks:

"I had heard stories about his 'imperial' manner, his severe demands and difficult temper. I had heard about drinking problems, a suicide attempt, rumors of emotional disturbances in the late sixties, isolation from all but a few trusted associates and a contempt for the ways of the world."

Fortunately for her, and for us, the reality was not at all like the legend. That reference to Zeami would be enough to redeem any reputation, however exaggerated, and it tells us a great deal, not only about Kurosawa's way of making films, but also about how he wrote this frank, funny and often deeply moving account of his life up to the creation of what probably still remains his greatest and best-known work, *Rashomon*, in 1950.

Reading this autobiography, we often think of it in cinematic terms, as it were from the director's point of view. Again and again, Kurosawa produces vivid description that might have been taken from one of his own films, or from the works of his venerated masters Ozu, Mizoguchi, Yamamoto Kajiro and Naruse Mikio.

Yet he began this book with the utmost reluctance. It is a very Japanese trait (and often a crippling fault) not to want to do something before someone else has done it and Kurosawa only agreed to write his autobiography when he heard that Jean Renoir had written his life story in *My Life and My Films*, from which he quotes admiringly.

The book begins with babyhood, with little Akira rocking and splashing in a womb-like washtub that suddenly overturns; a swivelling oil-lamp above the overturned tub is another seminal image for this "strange baby", as his oldest sister called him. Such highly visual babyhood memories remain "resplending out-of-focus bits of film footage". All through his school days, he was weak, timid and a "cry-baby", as he calls himself. He was lucky to have one or two good teachers, one of whom encouraged his early attempts at painting, and the influence of the early enthusiasm for drawing and painting on his film work is obvious.

Kurosawa's father often took his children to early silent movies - Chaplin and William S. Hart were his first screen idols - and also to the traditional story-tellers in the Tokyo variety

houses round Kagurazaka: some of those traditional story-telling devices occur in *Rashomon* and other Kurosawa films. The young Kurosawa was not a brilliant scholar, and there are some telling moments when he fails exams and encounters family shock and rejection at something every Japanese fears - not making it to the top. He is literary rather than scientific, cannot write numbers properly, cannot drive a car, cannot even operate an ordinary still camera.

The most extraordinary chapters in this book are those in which Kurosawa remembers the Great Kanto Earthquake of September 1, 1923; three chapters of vivid cinematographic detail about the catastrophe and its aftermath. But the main interest is Kurosawa's gradual development as a film-maker, beginning as a "disciple" of Yamamoto Kajiro, whom he refers to with that reverence Japanese students often feel all their lives for their *sensei*. It is a story of struggles and disappointments, not the least of them being dangerous encounters with the censorship boards - both Japanese and American - during and after the Second World War. The Japanese authorities were both prying and rabidly chauvinistic; to them a kiss or the showing of a girl's knees in a movie was condemned out of hand as "British-American looking". Nevertheless, though many of his scripts were shelved, Kurosawa managed to make *Sugata Sanshiro*, the first of what was to be a brilliant series of sword-fighting epic films, in 1942. It was released, after much trouble, in 1943. It was an immediate hit, and thus the way was paved towards Kurosawa's later post-war success, largely dependent upon his inspired direction of a great natural actor, Toshiro Mifune, who was discovered by Tsuchiya Senkichi and Yamamoto Kajiro. He first acted for Kurosawa in *Drunken Angel*, with another great player, Shimura Takashi. It was Shimura who played the woodcutter to Mifune's samurai in *Rashomon*. The revolutionary shooting work, by Miyagawa Kuzo, involved shooting directly into the sun, reminiscent of that first shock of tumbling out of the bathtub and the brilliance of the swinging light.

My own preference is for Kurosawa's movies on contemporary themes, in the style of Ozu or Naruse, like the memorable one on the so-called "atomic allergy" of the Japanese, starring Mifune. In a remarkable characterization. By comparison Kurosawa's latest prize-winning film, *Kagemusha*, seems overwrought and repetitive.

Kurosawa is pessimistic about the state of contemporary Japanese cinema, in which the destructive ogre is television. He compares himself today to a salmon that cannot climb back upstream to lay its eggs because the river is polluted; so the great director "has trouble" making his films. He ends up by complaining. But it is with a certain sense of relief that one hears that Kurosawa's ambitious plans to film a version of *King Lear* in Hokkaido, entitled *Ran* (riot, revolution, turbulence) had to be abandoned because of lack of financial support from the French sponsors. His version of *Shogun*, entitled *Castle of Spiders*, is overrated, and most Shakespearean films, and even those that this setback will force Kurosawa to return to the realities of present-day life in Japan, about which he could make a devastatingly satirical yet poignant movie.

Gazes at the stars

Adam Mars-Jones

JAMES HILL
Rita Hayworth: A Memoir
238pp, Robson Books. £8.50.
08651239 8

CHARLES HIGHAM and ROY MOSELEY
Merle: A Biography of Merle Oberon
228pp, New English Library. £8.96.
04306009 8

GARY CAREY
Katharine Hepburn: A Biography
244pp, Robson Books. £8.95.
08651210 X

RENE MAYER SELZNICK
A Private View
384pp, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £9.95.
02977824 0

ALEXANDER WALKER
Joan Crawford: The Ultimate Star
192pp, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £12.50.
02977821 69

Broadway corrupts. Hollywood corrupts absolutely. That seems to be the moral of this crop of showbiz books; and chief among those corrupted, of course, are those who write about Hollywood and Broadway. James Hill for one, in his memoir of his wife Rita Hayworth, never comes within miles of writing a real book; his prose could only work as the voice-over of a film noir. Take this for instance: "If I forgot to mention her name before, it's because once I told you about her eyes, I knew you'd already have guessed. Try that in your Bogey voice, and it's not half bad. But as an account of two real people meeting, it's a non-starter, particularly in a book that takes good care to have Rita Hayworth's name all over the cover, in larger type than the author's."

If there is such a thing as a hard-boiled gem, this memoir is full of them. "... If it hadn't been for those martinis, I'd have fallen for her..." behind every successful man there is a woman holding him back. "James Hill's memoir is the record straight, but to reveal 'her'... a celluloid vamp, but... a warm, sensitive, strong, wickedly humorous and frequently misunderstood woman". The project misfires partly because of his tough-guy prose (his preferred adjective is "nifty"), and partly because, to judge by this book, he is an eerily accurate person. He misunderstood his wife throughout their association; when she said she wanted to stop making movies, that she was annoyed by her image as the Love Goddess, he took her to mean (in the teeth of the evidence) that she wanted to make comedies - with him producing, naturally. The Rita Hayworth who emerges from this memoir is in many ways a pathetic figure, manipulated by everyone in sight. She was, admittedly, all but blind without her glasses, but she put them on to answer the phone - a reflex on which James Hill relied when she failed to recognize him on a second meeting. He phoned the hotel switchboard, and got them to call back; she put on her glasses, and she finally recognized him. She may not have been stupid, but she was no thinker, and her meetings with, say, Utrillo and Castro read like fiction. She emerges as a sleek robot, a zombie of cheese-

and she was not alone. "Merle Oberon could hardly have been more different: she went to great lengths to hang on to her femininity. She invented a Tasmanian origin for herself, so as to disguise her Indian background, which became embarrassing when she wished to honour her glamorous daughter, who was undergoing agonizing treatments ('chemotherapy') to restore her complexion after an outbreak of pustules, brought on by the make-up."

The difficulty of writing her biography is that she was at least three Merle Oberons; the one who survives on celluloid, the one who was wished in her lifetime to present herself in a particular way, and the "real" person. The biography seeks to retrieve. Authors like Charles Higham and Roy Moseley adopt the expedient of ignoring the differences between the various personae. They start off with a paragraph from the *Thagavata Gita* ("I the Supreme Lord am in all things, but not in any of them. O son of Kunti, I the

radiance in moon and sun..."), but by introduction time they are flying less high. "She was passionate and intense in her love relationships", they write, "but she knew nothing of kinkiness." I the sapidity of waters, I who know nothing of kinkiness... Higham and Moseley supply the prurience lacking in their subject; every character who appears in their pages is assessed as a sexual performer. Leslie Howard gets a rave review, though for some reason no sources are given: "This seemingly sexless creature of stage and screen was a stud in private beside whom legendary screen lovers like Clark Gable, John Gilbert or John Barrymore were mere Peter Pans..." When Merle Oberon arranges a séance to contact the spirit of a dead lover, the authors go still more rampantly over the top: "As she embraced the large, heavy, sweet-faced woman with the curly grey hair and the three strands of pearls, as she kissed her on the lips, she felt the soft heavy body dissolve into the strong, muscular frame of the man who had died..." With biographies like this, who needs novelettes? What with sleazy editorializing and a wretched style, ugly speculation and dismal psychology, *Merle* has something for everyone. The photographs are out of sequence and inadequately captioned.

Even Katharine Hepburn, whose quoted comments are frank to the point of abrasiveness, can't avoid being distorted by her biographer. Anyone who can admit that in her early career she fought for parts "just to take them from someone who needed them" deserves better than this pious memorial. At one point Gary Carey quotes disparagingly from the play *West Side Waltz*; Mrs Elderdice, the character played by Hepburn, is described as a "dove", to which she replies: "Tell them not to look up when I fly over." Mr Carey wags a finger: "In *Coco* Hepburn had gotten a big laugh by saying 'shit', and now she was cracking one-liners about bird-dirt." Then he drops his pretence of disapproval, and joins right in: "Too bad she didn't fly over Thompson [the play's author] when he wasn't looking."

Trene Mayer Selznick, as the daughter of Louis B. and the wife of David O., might be expected to provide inside information about Hollywood; but her father kept her well away from danger. She was brought up as a privileged fan rather than a critic. As the title of her autobiography, *A Private View*, suggests, she was often one of the first to see her father's films, and she learned to give the impression of speaking her mind; but she didn't frequent the studios. As Selznick's wife she learnt to assert herself much more, but she drew the line at reading scripts. Hollywood was where she rode, swam and played tennis; as Mrs Selznick she was anxious to remove from the word "Hollywood" all traces of vulgarity, and this makes her an unsatisfying witness.

For something like a balanced view of Hollywood, you need to turn to Alexander Walker's superbly illustrated *Joan Crawford: The Ultimate Star*. Walker uses the files at MGM to set the record straight, and though he is sometimes over-protective of the star system he makes a number of good points. He also quotes a wonderful string of anecdotes from Jules Dassin, whose youth and European background saved him from being overawed when he directed Crawford in 1942.

He quotes revealingly from Hedda Hopper's private papers of the late 1940s, to show a woman relaxed and contented in her stardom; but he isn't so busy with the soft-focus that he omits extracts from the nine-page booklet giving details for the *Strait-Jacket* publicity tour in 1954. The following items are to be in the suite... two-fifths of 100% Proof Smirnoff vodka (NOTE: THIS IS NOT 80% PROOF AND IT IS ONLY SMIRNOFF)... If that isn't the proof of stardom, what is?

Thomas Kiernan's *Jane Fonda*, which first appeared in 1981, has recently been published in paperback (367pp, Granada. £1.95, 0 583 13681 8). Subtitled "the candid new biography of a controversial superstar", it traces the star's progress from "a child as sensitive and attuned to rebuff as she had become" via "Hanoi Jane" to "someone who fights back and doesn't stop and still survives". The book catalogues the death and disaster which surrounded Fonda, concentrating on the awfulness of everyone except the central figure.

Reports from Hollywood

Joss Marsh

ALAN L. GANSBERG
Little Caesar: A biography of Edward G. Robinson
250pp, New English Library. £9.95.
045066004 7

DOUG WARREN and JAMES CAGNEY
James Cagney: The Authorized Biography
239pp, Robson. £8.95.
086051252 5

BOB THOMAS
Golden Boy: The Untold Story of William Holden
276pp, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £8.95.
029778344 0

SHERIDAN MORLEY
Tales from the Hollywood Raj: The British Film Colony On Screen and Off
237pp, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £10.95.
029778289 4

The Hollywood biographer has problems. He writes of people who became other people - never more so than with Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney, the studios' resident bad-men, who fought to free themselves of the stereotypes that enriched them. And unfortunately for their biographers, Alan Gansberg and Doug Warren, Robinson lived, and Cagney still lives on, into serene old age - their lives offering no food for the prurient or myths to match the myths their movies made. Their films are at best wary of capture on the printed page.

But the worst of the Hollywood biographer's problems is the fact that his subject lives and works in a never-never land, a desert community cut off from the world that offers little scope for cultural cross-fertilization or involvement with events: William Holden, we learn, fretted away his war-service making movies for the services. The biography of Robinson *Little Caesar*, James Cagney: *The authorized biography and Golden Boy: The Untold Story of William Holden* come alive only when they can show Hollywood itself as a stage for events as well as for motion pictures; when, for example, they detail the iniquities of a studio system that kept Holden on \$50 a week and docked him \$60 for accommodation, and which worked Cagney twelve hours a day (Sundays included). And, not surprisingly, the best pages of both *Little Caesar* and *James Cagney* concern the stars' early years in New York or, respectively, Romanian-Jewish immigrant and Irish-American street-fighter, stage-hungry for parts with the prestigious Theatre Guild and in vaudeville. It was an odd quirk of fate that cast two such different characters, a connoisseur of painting, and a dancer, as Hollywood's "professional antagonists". Robinson, indeed, was a film actor of unusual character and culture, the long-suffering victim of the Red-hunters of post-war Hollywood. In the hands of Alan Gansberg, however, his life is reduced to a stumbling narrative of trivia; someone so patently uninterested in human character should confine himself to writing for *The Hollywood Reporter*, of which Gansberg is TV editor.

Warren's *Cagney* offers enjoyable reminiscences: Bob Thomas's *Golden Boy*, however, is a deftly-written tale of moral and intellectual

inertia. A comely lad from a solid suburban home in South Pasadena, Holden was twenty years old when he signed with Paramount. His entire life, until his death as an alcoholic in 1981 was spent making movies, most of which were bad. By far his best role was as Gloria Swanson's gigolo in Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard* (1950): Pauline Kael's assessment of that performance aptly sums up the life that Thomas unflinchingly details: "When in a mixture of piety and guilt, he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, he expresses a nausea so acute that we can almost forgive Holden his career during the past decade: this man knows the full self-disgust of prostitution."

If men like Holden were the street-walkers of Hollywood, the myriad ex-public schoolboys, theatrical hams and memsahibs that people the pages of *Tales from the Hollywood Raj* were its upper-crust courtesans. Sheridan Morley's is an alternative history of Hollywood - partly because it is seen through the eyes of the expatriate English, but partly because the films they appeared in seem now to be largely chronicles of borrowed culture and hand-me-down history. And as Morley points out, type-casting and limited ability (or unlimited laziness) meant that most British actors continued to give the same performances on screen for twenty or thirty years after the ones that won them their first studio contracts.

Money, sunshine and inactivity in the domestic cinema, Morley tells us, took the British to Hollywood. The natives took them to their hearts (and into their homes, as butlers, secretaries and nannies) because they seemed to lend respectability to a new craft in a new country.

But Morley's tales come perilously close to being an insular (if witty) monument to British insularity. The comments of Americans in Hollywood on their British co-workers are rather few, and little attention is paid to such issues as the mammoth box-office appeal of British subjects (as well as British actors) for American audiences. Morley's narrative is enjoyable, but ultimately rather frustrating. Partly this is because no one can sustain 226 pages of quirky anecdote (like the brief tale of Mr Boggs, director-founder *maître* of Hollywood film, murdered in 1912 by a mad Japanese studio gardener); but partly it is because his book, like the men (and fewer) women it celebrates has its *raison d'être* in a Hollywood dream of England (frozen in time somewhere around Jubilee Year 1897), yet it never quite engages with that dream, with its vision of Victorian London, launched by Noël Coward's *Cavalcade*, and its heroic tales of Empire - ("Westerns in South Kensington accents" one critic commented on *Clive of India* and its successors in the genre).

Perhaps *Tales from the Hollywood Raj* discovers too many fascinating critical and historical by-ways: to search them all out is not Morley's brief. But it is no small tribute to his skill that he manages to uncover such points of interest in the midst of detailing the screen-tests and tribulations of expatriates, from Sir Herbert Beerbaum Tree (who snored through his own silent *Macbeth*), to Olivier ("too rugged to play Hamlet"), to Wodehouse, quizzically contemplating the writers' hatches at MGM and busily counting the bucks.

THE PRIVATE CARY GRANT

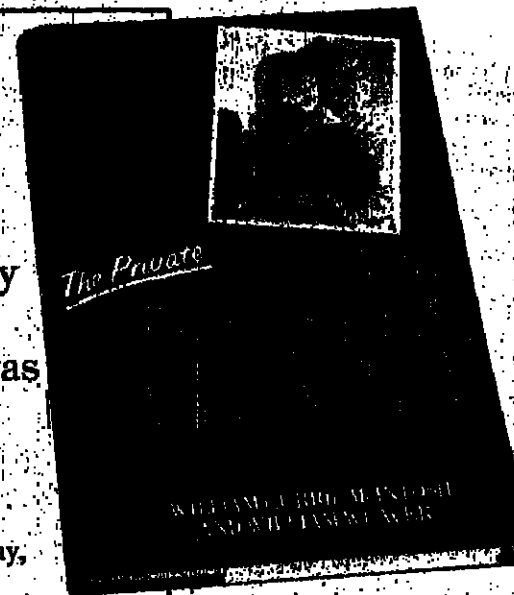
William Currie McIntosh and William Weaver

A revealing portrait of Cary Grant, by a close personal friend, and the man who was his private secretary.

£8.95 160pp illustrated

Sidgwick & Jackson

1 Tavistock Chambers, Bloomsbury Way, London WC1A 2EG



Fifty years of the British Film Institute

David Robinson

Probably no one at the British Film Institute's recent half-centenary banquet actually remembered the setting-up of the BFI, which was a fairly unpretentious affair that hardly foreshadowed the contribution it was, intermittently, to make to the national culture. It was the outcome of a Government report on "The Film in National Life" and of pressure by a handful of enthusiasts who insisted, against all current opinion, that the film was (or could be) an art. The original objects of the Institute, though, were probably as much to protect society from the perils of the picture palace as to make an honest woman of the Tenth Muse. The Privy Council provided a grant of £5,000 and the BFI was in business. They even had an inaugural banquet at the Mayfair in May 1934, when John Buchan noted, among the guests, representatives of "that great reservoir of good taste and good feeling which we call the general public".

The new Institute began by setting up an extraordinary variety of advisory committees, including Education, Social Services, Medical, Religious and Library Services Panels (the last had the gloomy task of "considering to what extent the film can encourage reading"). The brief of the Indian, Dominions and Colonies Panel, for example, was to investigate "the psychological effects of different types of film" on colonial populations.

Within the first year, though, many of the permanent activities of the Institute were established. It took over two existing film publications, *Sight and Sound* and *The Monthly Film Bulletin*, which continue to this day. Its links with film societies and establishment of "regional branches" inaugurated its record of activity outside London. The Institute immediately began to investigate "the problems of storage and preservation of film upon which the future of the industry of cinema is dependent".

It set up a film preservation service, assembling a book and reference library and setting up its own projection theatre and cutting-room. At the end of 1934 the Institute began to agitate for a National Film Library. Its main ammunition was the insistence of "The Film in National Life" upon Britain's imperial obligations and need "to obtain deliberate documentary films of the great mass of local and traditional practices and conventions which make up the daily lives of primitive, barbaric and orientally civilized peoples within the Empire, and to preserve them for future record before they are overwhelmed by Western customs".

By the summer of 1935 it had its library, its librarian, Ernest Lindgren, and even a copy of *The Great Train Robbery*, of 1903. Lindgren, who was then 25, was in his way as remarkable a figure as Henri Langlois, who was at the same moment settling up the Cinématèque Française in his bedroom in Paris. Lindgren was as methodical, practical and rigorous as Langlois was wild, undisciplined, imaginative. They could have been a great complementary partnership; instead they chose to be irreconcilable opponents, and their enmity still leaves its marks on the international archive movement, long after both their deaths. At the very start of his career Lindgren declared that films "constitute a new and valuable kind of philological document. They stand alone in their ability to record for all time all kinds of actions from the most epoch-making to the most personal. To let these new records go out of existence, simply through lack of effective foresight, will be an action for which posterity will hardly have cause to thank us." He laid down the permanent standards for conservation of material and honouring of copyrights. From the beginning he made irreparable and invaluable, if often inoperative, rules. "One of these conditions is that no such film shall be used for projection. This means that if a film exists only in the vaults of the National Film Library it will be necessary to make a second copy before the film can be shown."

Lindgren (whose own book *The Art of the Film* was a tremendous stimulus in a period when film literature barely existed) was as rigorous in his critical judgment, and this proved a weakness when it came to selecting films for preservation. He often failed to notice

change in tastes and interests: so that the National Film Archive's heritage from his days is rich in German and Soviet classics but poor, for example, in representing the British comedians whom films had taken from the music halls, which were not Lindgren's world.

In these early days, when the BFI was still a small and very personal affair, it was given its distinctive character by the personalities who worked there. So the most brilliant period of its history came with the appointment of Denis Forman as Director in the late 1940s. Forman had (and no doubt has still) charm, flair and style. (I recall his hiring me as assistant editor on *Sight and Sound*. "Did I say I'd pay you nine pounds a week?" "I thought you said ten." "Fine. I'll split the difference and call it eleven.") Forman had an awesome imagination. He would come up with a dozen ideas a day, of which eleven might be terrible. It was the remainder that mattered. One of them was the National Film Theatre.

Forman had the skill to disarm enemies by embracing them. Instead of feeling menaced by the aggressive young critics who had established a better magazine than *Sight and Sound*, called *Sequence*, he gave them *Sight and Sound*. As it happened, the first of them to get a foot in the door is still editing the magazine, thirty-four years later. She contributed an article on criticism, called "Leading the Blind", in which she laid down the lines of the coming critical revolt: "Generalizing, one can say that [British] critics tend to ignore quality in musicals (*The Pirate*), in Westerns (*My Darling Clementine*), in the adventurously unusual (*The Small Voice*); and Italian films in the forties, and that the patriotic... British critic, who still exists, has driven himself into a very tight corner by adulation of the home product." The new *Sight and Sound* people were way ahead of the French in asserting the value

of Hollywood. They offered not only a credo, but also brilliant, literate, richly allusive criticism. Gavin Lambert was made editor and brought in writers like Karel Reisz and (after *Sequence* folded) Lindsay Anderson.

The magazine's assaults on the British cinema establishment often embarrassed the Institute, which was enjoined by its constitution to be polite to the home industry. The full realization of their ideas and the culmination of their attack came in 1956, when Anderson organized the legendary series of "Free Cinema" shows and published in *Sight and Sound* his manifesto on the need for commitment in films and criticism, "Stand up, Stand up." It was these phenomena which assigned the British cinema its place in the revival of British arts in the post-Suez era. At almost the same moment the Institute launched the first London Film Festival. Meanwhile a small fund had been set up to help finance "experimental" film makers: among the first recipients were Karel Reisz, Tony Richardson, Ken Russell and Jack Gold.

Halfway through the BFI's first half-century its functions had assumed a shape that was not greatly to change, apart from a revived policy of extending activities to the regions through a network of regional film theatres, workshops, and other more or less ambitious outposts. The main changes in the second part of the half-century have been rather in scale. Far from the Privy Council's original £5,000, the BFI in the eighties disposes of £12 million a year, and has a staff of some 400.

The Institute has thus been able to expand its activities dramatically. The National Film Theatre is big business, a centre of the London entertainment scene. The Archive, which remains the central and most irreplaceable function of the organization, takes the most substantial share of the budget, and so has at least a better chance in the desperate struggle

to copy millions of feet of nitrate film before it deteriorates – ever more rapidly – to extinction. The Production Board has been able to fund more and more ambitious productions. Many of them may be unwatchable and intolerable, but they have also included Bill Douglas's autobiographical trilogy and *The Draughtman's Contract* among their successes.

Size and resources can be handicaps. The BFI can no longer remain as personal or as swiftly responsive as in its days of poverty. There is no way of preventing its people, by and large, becoming organizational units rather than the eccentric enthusiasts who created the place. Paradoxically, command of money breeds awe of money. Today's Institute feels a compulsion to justify its funds by generating more. There is little room for the old altruism in the cause. The NFT, for instance "has to limit the risks it can take with its audiences". Priorities can get confused, the smaller needs swamped by the bigger ambitions. Planning a multi-million "Museum of the Moving Image", the Institute is capable of neglecting essentials like ensuring that perfect distribution prints of Humphrey Jennings and early Charlie Chaplin are in circulation.

There is a greater peril, too, of the imperious approach. The Institute has always felt a responsibility to intervene in critical culture. In the 1930s they provided film recommendations for the organs of the Mothers' Union and the Girl Guides. In the 1940s and 1950s they pioneered an educational concept of "film appreciation".

In the 1970s, less happily, the BFI subsidized, through its educational services, a whole new school of critical activity. In principle it was needed as an antidote to the unsentimental and empirical drift of existing British film writing. In practice it turned out as pidgeon-Bathes in style, and Zhdanovite, rather than Marxist, in its approach to education. Even today the BFI's publications have not wholly recovered from the damage inflicted on the language.

Sometimes, too, the methods of commerce are unsuited to this kind of institution. There was, for example, the period of book-club-style marketing of BFI membership; and more recently the function of the venerable *Monthly Film Bulletin* as a record has been jeopardized by irrelevant efforts at popularization and modernization.

Large and visible organizations also become more vulnerable – often beneficially – to criticism. In the insurrectionary mood of the late 1960s, part of the BFI's subscribing membership discovered its rights as shareholders in a public company, and for a while terrorized the directorate and governors, and succeeded in reforms which included a system of elected governors. The Royal Charter, changing the constitution, removes the members' legal rights of intervention – a regrettable disenfranchisement after fifty years, and not easily compensated.

As they left the Jubilee Banquet, the guests were handed a document called *The BFI in the Seventies*. (It also contained a form of covenant, in case they wanted to add their bit to the twelve million.) The brochure sets out with pride, often justifiably, the Institute's contribution to "the film culture", and puts forward a lot of plans and dreams and strategies for the next five years, ranging from *son et lumière* outside the NFT to catching up an 80 per cent backlog in cataloguing the Archive, from linking up with a television satellite to building a new fence round the film vaults at Aston Clinton, for £800.

Evidently the work of many hands, it is a laudably ambitious, wide-ranging and rather dreamy document. It shows a touching eagerness to be doing everything all the time (though the present director, Anthony Smith, categorically denies a rumoured ambition to take over the responsibilities of the National Film Finance Corporation).

A degree of dream and speculation is inevitable. The future has never been less predictable or more different from the film world than which the BFI was born. With the technological al flux in television and video and with the word "film" itself becoming obsolete (the BFI word "film" itself becoming obsolete "moving image") nothing is certain. We shall be better placed to judge the BFI's ability to cope with the next fifty years at the centenary banquet.

Dark Glasses

The privacies of lace and leylandi.

The pseudonym to climb through like a trap-door.

The dark falling as you enter what was said

In the summer house, behind the door

Beyond the entryphone inside the glass-topped wall.

What nestled through customs in a hub-cap.

What you must never mention to anyone.

For God's sake, Harry Lime, hold your tongue.

Or this other sort, let's be candid-please,

Big Mouth, the soul of Indiscretion,

The gust that took the trellis clean away.

This Norfolk skyline, vast and open-hearted,

Levels with its questioners, or seems to,

For though we left with a full confession

By the time we played the tape back that evening

It had reverted to a row of noughts.

Either way you come out none the wiser.

She is silky and elusive; returns

At twelve dripping beads from a broken necklace.

An accident, a little job for you.

As a job to ignore the flush in her cheekbones

And the departure of a misted car.

And this – how you love it – is mystery.

Wrapping itself around you like a bride.

But something cries out to be resolved.

The pen moves out with its search-parties.

There are footlights on the dipped horizon.

As if the ones whose plot we are part of

Were on the brim of coming clear; it's late.

But they'll be here by nightfall; you know they will.

Just as you despair their red torches

Flash through the dark like fluke late raspberries.

BLAKE MORRISON

Heard at the Palace

John Grigg

THEO ARONSON

Royal Family: Years of Tradition

271pp. John Murray. £12.50.

07195-40844

DOUGLAS KEAY

Royal Pursuit: The Palace, the Press and the People

233pp. Seven House. £8.95.

027830155

The blurb describes Theo Aronson's *Royal Family: Years of Tradition* as "a royal book with a difference". It is hard to see why. The author gives an account of the British royal family from the death of Queen Victoria to the present day, showing how it has "adapted to changing times". Most of this "study" or "sage" consists of all-too-familiar material culled from other books, but Aronson claims to have had "an exceptional degree of cooperation from the Palace", and he has, indeed, been talked to by the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Prince of Wales and the late Princess Alice, as well as by miscellaneous unnamed courtiers. Thus he has been able to sprinkle his largely second-hand and, in interpretation, wholly unoriginal narrative with a few direct quotes of breathtaking banality.

There is a greater peril, too, of the imperious approach. The Institute has always felt a responsibility to intervene in critical culture. In the 1930s they provided film recommendations for the organs of the Mothers' Union and the Girl Guides. In the 1940s and 1950s they pioneered an educational concept of "film appreciation".

In the 1970s, less happily, the BFI subsidized, through its educational services, a whole new school of critical activity. In principle it was needed as an antidote to the unsentimental and empirical drift of existing British film writing. In practice it turned out as pidgeon-Bathes in style, and Zhdanovite, rather than Marxist, in its approach to education. Even today the BFI's publications have not wholly recovered from the damage inflicted on the language.

Sometimes, too, the methods of commerce are unsuited to this kind of institution. There was, for example, the period of book-club-style marketing of BFI membership; and more recently the function of the venerable *Monthly Film Bulletin* as a record has been jeopardized by irrelevant efforts at popularization and modernization.

Large and visible organizations also become more vulnerable – often beneficially – to criticism. In the insurrectionary mood of the late 1960s, part of the BFI's subscribing membership discovered its rights as shareholders in a public company, and for a while terrorized the directorate and governors, and succeeded in reforms which included a system of elected governors. The Royal Charter, changing the constitution, removes the members' legal rights of intervention – a regrettable disenfranchisement after fifty years, and not easily compensated.

As they left the Jubilee Banquet, the guests were handed a document called *The BFI in the Seventies*. (It also contained a form of covenant, in case they wanted to add their bit to the twelve million.) The brochure sets out with pride, often justifiably, the Institute's contribution to "the film culture", and puts forward a lot of plans and dreams and strategies for the next five years, ranging from *son et lumière* outside the NFT to catching up an 80 per cent backlog in cataloguing the Archive, from linking up with a television satellite to building a new fence round the film vaults at Aston Clinton, for £800.

Evidently the work of many hands, it is a laudably ambitious, wide-ranging and rather dreamy document. It shows a touching eagerness to be doing everything all the time (though the present director, Anthony Smith, categorically denies a rumoured ambition to take over the responsibilities of the National Film Finance Corporation).

A degree of dream and speculation is inevitable. The future has never been less predictable or more different from the film world than which the BFI was born. With the technological al flux in television and video and with the word "film" itself becoming obsolete (the BFI word "film" itself becoming obsolete "moving image") nothing is certain. We shall be better placed to judge the BFI's ability to cope with the next fifty years at the centenary banquet.

people who knew the Queen for the first time, at the time of her wedding, has the same immediate impression. The Queen cannot be real. The complexion to which the porcelain held up to the light... Queen Elizabeth has kept intact all the charms of a natural beauty. Since nature has been so good to her, there would be no sense in doing anything to improve her. She knows who she is and she is proud of it. There is no search for youth. She is content to experiment with a slanting of the natural lines round the brilliant blue

For example, we learn from Princess Alice that the future Edward VIII "could be very naughty", and the Queen Mother says of her grandson, the present Prince of Wales, "he's a darling". Grandmothers have been saying that sort of thing since language began. We might feel that we were reading "a royal book with a difference" if he were described by his grandmother as a nincompoop, a villain or a bore. The Prince himself informs us, through Aronson, that his great-grandmother Queen Mary always sat "bolt upright". It would have been news if he could have told us that, when the world was not watching, she slouched in her chair smoking a cigarette in a long holder.

One remark by the Queen Mother could, however, have attracted some critical comment, if Aronson had really been writing with a difference. "We never consciously set out to change things; we never said 'Let's change this' or introduce that'. Things just evolved." After 1945 royal routines reverted very much to the pre-war pattern, and there were no significant changes until the present Queen had been on the Throne for about five years, when things evolved just a little because certain decisions were taken. In expressing her own very strong conservatism the Queen Mother implies that change, when necessary, occurs of its own accord. But surely it does not.

eyes add interest and character to the face. They make it a living record rather than a meaningless statement.

And so it goes on, page after page of anodyne waffle, as if in her laudable determination to avoid embarrassing the Queen, Lady Longford forgot altogether that it is possible for an author to write so badly as to embarrass herself.

I have met the Queen three or four times and if Lady Longford had asked me for my impressions I would have had to confess that the experience was intensely embarrassing, to such lengths of self-immolation does a modern monarch have to go. She smiles, talks, cracks a joke or two, shakes hands, and one marvels at the naturalness, but rather in the way that one marvels at a robot which has been programmed to go through the motions of being dearily human. Loyalty requires us to refer to the "mangle" of monarchy, and to attribute our sense of awe in the royal presence to ancestral dating back to the era of divine right. Up to a point this is true. But there is also something eerie nowadays about the relationship between the Queen and her subjects, and I am not at all sure that the bonds are any longer those of love and veneration. For what we now demand of the Queen is not so much to be a glorious personage in her own right as to represent the idealized national character. Thus when the nation pretends to be loving her it is really only loving itself.

Republics get rid of their monarchs. But we have processed them so as to maintain the ceremonial appearance while fundamentally altering the essence. Today it is the Royals who have to please the people instead of the people pleasing the Royals. If the British monarchy chose to have a mind of its own it would not last for long. The condition of its survival is subservience to the popular will, rather as in the past the condition of a subject's survival was subservience to the Royal will.

Unfortunately, the affection which power feels for impotence dignifies neither giver nor receiver. To a disturbing extent the Royal Family is cherished by the people as they might cherish some once wild and noble beast which is now safely behind bars; the democracy cheers the Royals as they jump through the hoops, so to speak. Of course there are many healthier aspects of the contemporary cult of monarchy which are so familiar as to need no rehearsing. But there is also this unhealthy aspect, which has more to do with humiliating than with venerating the symbol of authority.

Enough. The contemporary monarchy is not a subject about which it is desirable to be wholly frank. Both sides to the bargain, sovereign as well as people, prefer to take refuge behind a smoke-screen, to which Lady Longford has now added one more small canister of sweet-smelling incense.

The only pretentious feature of Douglas Keay's *Royal Pursuit: The Palace, the Press and the People* is its subtitle. The book is not, as readers might suppose, a comprehensive study of press and public attitudes towards the British monarchy, or of royal attitudes towards press and public. It is a chatty, readable account of the business of "royal-watching", mainly as practised by the popular press, and giving the inside story of some notorious incidents. Anyone who wants to know exactly how the Princess of Wales wearing a bikini on a beach in the Bahamas while she was expecting Prince William, or how the Queen's maid came to be quoted as exclaiming "Bloody hell, ma'am, what's he doing in here?" when she saw Michael Fagan sitting on the Queen's bed, or how a *Daily Express* photographer happened to find Prince Andrew travelling incognito to the West Indies with Koo Stark, has only to read this book.

Along with much that is trivial, though enjoyable, the book also contains some quite interesting information, and Keay's *obiter dicta* are on the whole sensible. But one of them is rather surprising. After saying that Fleet Street safeguards the image of the Monarchy, he goes on to say:

Certainly, if Fleet Street, or the media in general, were ever to see reason for making a deliberate and concerted effort to denigrate the Royal Family at every opportunity – with or without truth – then it could quite conceivably create a crisis in which the very existence of the Monarchy was threatened.

In other words, the Monarchy exists by grace and favour of the media. Can this really be

Intensely vice-regal

Anne Chisholm

RICHARD HOUGH

Edwina: Countess Mountbatten of Burma

239pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £9.95.

0297 782843

By the time she died in 1960, aged fifty-nine, Edwina, Countess Mountbatten of Burma, had spent twenty years living down the reputation she had acquired during the first forty years of her life. She was renowned for her fanatical dedication to the St John's Ambulance Brigade, the Save the Children Fund and the Red Cross, for the help she gave to wounded servicemen and refugees during the war, and for her unflinching efforts on behalf of the victims of Partition in 1947, when she and her husband, Earl Mountbatten, were the last Viceroy and Vicerine of India. But for all that, the rumours of scandal have never altogether died away.

She was the eldest daughter of Wilfred Ashley, a wealthy nephew of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Maud Cassel, only child of the German-Jewish millionaire Ernest Cassel, friend and adviser to Edward VII. The king, after whom she was named, became her godfather: she called him "Kingy". Even by the standards of the time, her childhood was emotionally bleak; her father was remote and her mother ailing. She was to remain over-endowed with wealth and social connections, and short of emotional stability. Her mother died when she was ten and three years later her father remarried. When she was eighteen her grandfather installed her in his Park Lane mansion as his companion and hostess. She was rich, beautiful and full of vitality; she was soon thought of as flirtatious and wild. In 1921, at a ball at Claridge's given by the Vanderbilts, she met Lord Louis Mountbatten. During their courtship, her grandfather died and left her most of his fortune; some thirty million pounds, by today's reckoning. In 1922 she married Mountbatten: the Prince of Wales, was best man. During their honeymoon in the United States they were entertained both by the President and by Charlie Chaplin: they seemed to have everything.

During the 1920s and 30s, while Mountbatten was preoccupied with his naval career, Edwina had two daughters, spent most of her time as a social butterfly and showed tendencies to independence of thought and unconventional behaviour which provoked torrents of censorious gossip. In 1932, in a murky episode



Princes Albert and Edward with their French tutor, M. Hux, in the grounds of Frogmore House, 1903, reproduced from *Sporting Royals: Past and Present* by Nicholas Courtney (1989p. £12.50, £0.09 133610 3).

true? No doubt there is something in it, but one would back the Monarchy to survive a campaign of false denigration, seeing how little it has to defer even to criticism that is loyal and just.

not properly explained in this book, she brought and won an action against *The People* over an article which alleged that she had been caught "in compromising circumstances" with a coloured man and had therefore been ordered to go abroad by Buckingham Palace. Both she and Lord Mountbatten gave evidence for the defence. Although they had both, like much of high society, had black friends in the world of entertainment – such as Paul Robeson and the pianist Hutch, Edwina went into the witness-box and denied having ever met the man in question.

Subsequently, she travelled a great deal; she made a series of prolonged, adventurous journeys with women companions, to Central America, the Middle East, and Thailand. In 1934 she spent four months crewing on a schooner in the Pacific, and around this time she was said to have developed socialist and republican views. She nevertheless remained on easy terms with the Royal family, and in 1939 inherited Broadlands, in Hampshire, and Classiebawn Castle, in Ireland; on the death of her father.

According to Richard Hough's inadequate biography, her growing sympathy with victims and underdogs was inherited from her reforming ancestor, the Earl of Shaftesbury, then stimulated by her feelings for black people and her consciousness of antisemitism. Hough asserts, without substantiation, that in the late 1930s she took to "bringing over from Germany all her Jewish relatives and housing them in suites at the Ritz". What is clear is that when the war took her mind off herself, she responded magnificently, and found the way to reconcile the quasi-royal obligations which she and her husband assumed with her driving need for drama, travel and emotional intensity. All of this fell into place through her close relationship, after the war, with India's first Prime Minister, Nehru was, according to this book, "Edwina's first and only great love".

Edwina Mountbatten was a complex, unsettling, gifted woman whose life, through the accidents of birth and marriage, involved her in great events. Her milieu, her character and her impact on the period in which she lived are all worth analysis. But Richard Hough, author of numerous books on naval history and the Mountbatten dynasty, has produced a thin travesty of a biography, at once suggestive and sycophantic. He has evidently been denied access to the essential source material held by the Mountbatten heirs and has pieced this book together from marginal contacts and from press cuttings.

J.P. 11 Nov 1983

The promised cargo

Colin Greenland

ERICS, RABKIN (Editor). *Science Fiction: A Historical Anthology*. 539 pp. Oxford University Press. Paperback. £7.95.

019 5032721

MICHAEL MOORCOCK (Editor). *New Worlds: An Anthology*. 512 pp. Fontana Paperbacks. £3.50. 000 654003 1

These two thick paperbacks come independently, from opposite sides of the Atlantic, with cover paintings by Yves Tanguy and Joan Miró respectively. The message is clear. Science fiction is to be equated with surrealism: an artistic phenomenon of the modern age, developed out of scientific inquiry. The connections between psychoanalysis, surrealism and science fiction were first described by J. G. Ballard in 1966, in an article regrettably omitted from the *New Worlds* anthology, "The Coming of the Unconscious". Like surrealism, *sf* is an intellectual treatment of imaginary material; like surrealism, it was originally counter-culture, perceived as eccentric, even deranged, and potentially subversive. In time the bizarre has become familiar, the marginal all-pervasive. Surrealism decorates book-jackets and *sf* has its history documented by OUP.

Relations between science fiction and science itself have been complex and shifting. In his critical study, *Science Fiction: History - Science - Vision* (with Robert Scholes, 1977), Eric S. Rabkin made the mistake of trying to reduce them to terms of scientific subject matter. His resulting catalogue merely showed how problematic the equation really is. For *Science Fiction: A Historical Anthology* he has more wisely concentrated on the sociology of science, for *sf* is a function of how science is seen rather than how it's done. This story too is one of domestication. The writers of the first (realist) science fiction, Cyrano de Bergerac, M. de Vauvenargues, and others, were not aware of the subject of the instrument of satire, scientific practice attracted literary attention because it was felt to run counter to common sense and to generate absurdities. In the early nineteenth century, however, it became apparent that science would have serious social consequences. Here, Hoffmann, Mary Shelley and Hawthorne all automatically transcribe it in Gothic variations: nightmare, tragic melodrama, dire parable. In "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" (1845), Poe took the next step, presenting a horror story as if it were a scientific paper. The rhetoric of fiction expanded to encompass the language of science, including its implicit future tense. Pieces from Edward Bellamy and Jack London demonstrate the reinforcement of the utopian and dystopian tradition by logical extrapolation. With Wells, the possibility of science fiction was complete, and the twentieth century consolidated it.

Science, whether it was understood or not, was publicly embraced. Science was the new magic, and entered the popular soul. *Sf* emerged as a mass product, texts for an urban American cult presided over by the first pulp editor, Hugo Gernsback. Rabkin shows Abraham Merritt and John W. Campbell struggling to create the consensus of science in the wake of the First World War, blessed by Isaac Asimov, and later by the post-modernist science fictionists of the 1940s. The cult had become an institution. The first generation of writers grew up and wrote for the second, and the genre broadened. As one, and a minor, and Heinlein celebrated technological progress, while at the other, Simak and Bradbury fed the "sense of wonder", affirming the endurance of a humanizing sentiment. However displaced by science. In the middle, Arthur C. Clarke sought a point of balance with "The Star" (1955), the troubled confession of a Jesuit astrophysicist.

Rabkin is unorthodox in extending this "Golden Age" of *sf* to 1965, after which, he says, science had become so enmeshed in the fabric of our civilization that it no longer required a separate literature to deal with it. The symbol of the cult gained wider currency in the works of pulp novelists as Pynchon and Salinger while professional *sf* writers - here, Roger Zelazny, Harlan Ellison, Robert Shea-

ley and Ursula Le Guin - unlocked and expanded the generic perspective. The centrality of humanism, threatened in Clarke, is restored with its accompanying traditional literary values. Rabkin therefore announces the imminent obsolescence of *sf* - a bold assertion, considering that cinema today is literally remaking the naive *sf* of the pulp era for a far larger audience.

"Science fiction has become our reality", says Rabkin, meaning that the promised cargo has arrived, space-rockets, television, computers and all. His four examples from "the Modern Period" are all American - curiously, but conveniently, because Michael Moorcock's selection from the last ten years of his magazine *New Worlds* takes up the story, making it clear that the British attitude was subtly but significantly different. When M. John Harrison wrote in 1975, "Science fiction really has replaced science fact", he was noting that the cult had actually survived the coming of the cargo. Whereas Gernsback and Campbell had foretold a new Age of Reason, the technological escalation had in fact mystified everybody, and provoked an upsurge of anti-rationalism. *Sf* and fantasy became ever more elaborate (*Dune: The Lord of the Rings*), with maps and sequels and paraphernalia to cater for the escapist crusade, while believers clustered around Timothy Leary and Uri Geller, scientific heretics who offered dreams and magic as "answers" to reality. People could no longer tell the difference between science and science fiction, as Erich von Daniken and Scientologist L. Ron Hubbard found to their profit.



From Miró Lithographs: 40 Works by Joan Miró (35pp. Constable/Dover Art Library. Paperback, £2.70. 0 486 24437 7)

Hence the crisis of confidence that permeates the *New Worlds* anthology. "The future lies fainting in the arms of the present", says Brian Aldiss's pop messiah, Colin Charteris. In Michael Butterworth's "Concentrate 3", the astronauts start hallucinating: "Space became claustrophobic." Michael Moorcock, Barrington Bayley, Charles Platt and D. M. Thomas anatomize a civilization devastated by science and queasy with mystique. Science fiction was the only available source of imagery, but a polluted one. "I had little relish for most *sf*", Moorcock writes in his introduction. "I believed that a different kind of fiction... could come out of a marriage between existing 'experimental' forms and old-style genre *sf*." Aigid froth and furore, the new fiction was born and at once established in all directions. Like all post-modernism, its writers are preoccupied with doubt, but if the future is anything, the fiction itself is something out of the past. Harvey Jacobs's irrepressible, John Blackie is comically disturbing. Robert Meadley is divertingly propulsive. The more studied "expeditions" of Giles Gordon and Langdon Jones are already antique, but the strength and clarity of M. John Harrison, J. G. Ballard, Pamela Zolliue and Thomas M. Disch are anything more remarkable now than they seemed when they first appeared.

The anthology includes a list of the contents of every issue of *New Worlds* from 1946. Since Fontana have apparently had the manuscript for several years, it is not to their editorial credit that inconsistencies and inaccuracies remain in this list, or that it is misleadingly described as an index. While the contents page of the book itself is completely, astonishingly, wrong.

In brief

Patricia Craig

KINGSLEY AMIS. *Collected Short Stories*. 298pp. Penguin. £1.95. 0 14 006615 2. □ What impresses most about Kingsley Amis is his versatility. Of the sixteen stories presented in this collection, some are science fiction pieces, some gain their effects from a charge of the supernatural, and some deal in a straightforward satirical way with contemporary social practices. One, a particularly playful story, is a Sherlock Holmes pastiche. Whether the tone is knowing, humorous or dramatic, though, its easy confidence never falters, and no extraneous emotion ever gets into it. These stories are inspiring and entertaining.

A. G. MACDONNELL. *England, Their England*. 207pp. Picador. £2.50. 0 330 38041 4. □ Various English institutions of the period between the wars - cricket, fox-hunting, the country house weekend, up-to-date theatre, political buffoonery, and so on - are observed through the clear eyes of an innocent Scotsman in A. G. Macdonnell's diverting novel of 1931. If the satire seems a little heavy-handed at times, and a bit too benevolent at others, the book is nevertheless perceptive and funny about the causes and effects of English dottiness and aplomb.

ANNA NIN. *Under a Glass Bell*. 107pp. Penguin. £1.95. 0 14 006172 X. □ These thirteen stories - mood-pieces, perhaps, would be a better description - first published in 1948, are full of inflations. The author is greatly addicted to deep feeling and, like her characters, wears her sensitivity on her sleeve. Social injustice, the allure of the lowly and the fineness of misfits are her themes. She goes in for words like "labyrinth" and "abyss". Her method is self-indulgently surrealistic when it isn't ineptly imagistic. Truly, there is very little to relish or admire in this collection.

VIOLET TREBUSIS. *Hunt the Slipper*. 182pp. Virago. £2.95. 0 86068 378 8. □ Violet Trebusis is a character remembered for her affair with Vita Sackville-West; the two kept running off together between 1918 and 1921. Eight years later, her first novel was published; six others followed, in both French and English. *Hunt the Slipper*, which came out in 1937, deals with an amorous association between forty-nine-year-old Nigel Benson and the young wife of his country neighbour. If it's a little mannered and affected in tone ("Winter is so Louis-Quintze"), and not quite as smart or amusing as it must have seemed on its first appearance, it's nevertheless an engaging rediscovery.

IVY COMPTON-BURNETT. *Elders and Betters*. 304pp. 0 85031 503 4. *More Women than Men*. 231pp. 0 85031 484 4. Allison & Busby. £2.95 each. □ English middle-class family life is Ivy Compton-Burnett's subject, and she evolved a unique way of presenting it; her novels proceed almost entirely by means of sedate dialogue, the characters being equally articulate, and their speech completely lacking in all the normal variations in tone. The effect of this, as many critics have pointed out, is intriguing and captivating; and the quirky ruthlessness of the narrative approach makes for distinctiveness too. *Elders and Betters*, which involves some hanky-panky with a will, was first published in 1944; *More Women than Men* (1945) is set in a girls' school and now appears in paperback for the first time.

NAOMI MITCHELSON. *The Corn-King and the Spring Queen*. 72pp. Virago. £4.95. 0 86068 384 2. □ In her early historical fiction Naomi Mitchelson deliberately set out to break with the convention of writing unnaturally and unrealistically about the past. *The Corn-King and the Spring Queen*, a massive novel first published in 1931, shows her method at its most assured. Her narrative accommodates magic, myth, symbolism, folklore and so on, without becoming overloaded. It is set on the shores of the Black Sea, and in Sparta, between the years 288 and 187 BC and what is most noticeable about the style is its liveliness and immediacy.

RUTH ADAM. *I'm Not Complaining*. 346pp. Virago. £3.95. 0 86068 253 2. □ First published in 1946, Ruth Adam's second novel presents an authoritative depiction of life on the staff of a

Nottinghamshire Elementary school in a period of social deprivation and disaffection. Crisply, candidly and ruefully narrated by a downright heroine with all her wits about her, *I'm Not Complaining* is neither bleakly documentary nor blandly moralistic. The focus among women teachers to marry, and the reaction that sets in once they do - these common states of mind, along with staff-room friction, and reformist agitation of various kinds, engage the interest of Ruth Adam's diligent narrator. This is an exceptionally creditable piece of fiction.

NATHANIEL WEST. *Complete Works*. 421pp. Picador. £3.50. 0 330 28153 4. □ Nathaniel West's four novels, now reissued in a single volume, were published between 1931 and 1939; of these, *Miss Lonelyhearts* (1933), about a male sob-sister on a New York paper, and *The Day of the Locust* (1939), set in Hollywood, are the most celebrated. "West's theme", Walter Allen wrote in *Tradition and Dream*, "is the horror and anguish of the human condition. He expresses it in comedy that is shocking and grotesque, bitter and savage." His surrealist images and extravagant satire ensured an extraordinary impact for his fiction.

BEN FORKNER (Editor). *Modern Irish Short Stories*. Preface by Anthony Burgess. 357pp. Futura. £4.95. 0 7088 2303 3. □ This volume, first published in 1981, includes something by nearly every notable Irish short-story writer from George Moore (born 1852) to John McGahern (born 1934). To be sure, the work of authors such as Joyce, Sean O'Faolain, Flann O'Brien, Benedict Kelly and William Trevor can stand a lot of rereading. The fact that it caters for almost every variety of taste in Irish writing - from the delicacy of Elizabeth Bowen to the exuberance of various chroniclers of peasant goings-on - makes this an unusually interesting collection.

JOHN MCGAHERN. *The Barracks*. 232pp. 0 571 11990 5. *The Dark*. 191pp. 0 571 11991 3. Faber. £2.95 each. □ No one is better than John McGahern at evoking the darkness, deadliness and futility of provincial Irish life. States of misery and repression intensify the author, and he's adept at selecting details which reinforce the sense of hopelessness which is his starting-point. *The Barracks* (1963) and *The Dark* (1965) deal respectively with a woman dying of cancer, and an emotionally maltreated adolescent who nearly succumbs to the lure of the priesthood and the various kinds of renunciation this way of life entails. McGahern brings off the difficult feat of writing about unproductive, unfulfilled lives in a far-from-unproductive way.

WILIA CATHIE. *O Pioneer!* 318pp. Virago. £3.95. 0 86068 310 9. □ *O Pioneer!*, published in 1913, was Wilia Cathie's second novel, the first in which, as she put it, she "walked off on her own feet". Set in a Nebraska prairie, and dealing with the affairs of some Scandinavian and Bohemian settlers, it encompasses hardship, colour, robustness and vigour of the pioneering way of life.

EUDORA WELTY. *The Ponder Heart*. 132pp. Virago. £2.50. 0 86068 365 6. □ Eudora Welty's third novel, *The Ponder Heart* was first published in 1954. Her achievement in this book is to impose literary form on an extreme kind of Mississippi folkiness: the voice of the narrator, Edna Earle Ponder, is colourful, colloquial and exclamatory. Edna Earle and her uncle Daniel are a striking pair: one droll, one frisky and emphatic, the other amiable and freebie-minded. Eudora Welty deals in the materials of the archetypal anecdote: family disasters, absurdities and eccentricities.

EVA FIGES. *Waking*. 88pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.50. 0 241 11131 5. □ Eva Figes's seventh novel (first published in 1981) has seven sections, and each section is devoted to the sensations of an unnamed woman at significant times in her life: childhood, pregnancy, old age and so on. The narrative moves between intense and lyrical, inevitably invites comparison with Virginia Woolf (*The Waves* in particular) - a comparison that calls attention to the fact that the prototype was richer and considerably more intricate. *Waking*, however, has its own delicacy of style.

Paperbacks

Art and Architecture

NIKOLAUS PEVNER. *The Englishness of English Art*. 229pp. Penguin. £2.75. 0 14 055 035 6. □ The full scope and responsibility of the late Nikolaus Pevner's investigation of English art, and in particular building, was still unguessed when he gave the Reith Lectures, on which this book is founded, in 1955 (reviewed in the *TLS* of May 25, 1956). It has always been a contentious book, on a subject which Pevner himself is ready to hedge about with qualifications and admissions of its limited practicability and usefulness. In a sense the book should be a paradigm of the particular angle of vision which Pevner as an outsider brought to bear on English culture; but it is in fact most effective in its incidentals, particularly the section on "Perpendicular England" and the discussion, extending from Celtic design to the engravings of Blake, of "The Flaming Line". The linearity and the curvilinearity which are at the heart of these chapters illustrate the potential profusion and contradictoriness of a perennially intriguing but largely futile line of approach.

A.J.G.H.

Biography and memoirs

DAVID CECIL. *Max: A Biography*. 507pp. Constable. £6.95. 0 09 452851 9. □ This biography of Max Beerbohm was first published in 1964 and reviewed in the *TLS* of November 26 that year. The reviewer wrote: "David Cecil's own style, effortless and assured, is perfectly adapted to his theme. If Max's life was uneventful, many of his writings were directly or obliquely autobiographical, and his biographer has made a masterly synthesis of these, of letters written and received, and of other men's anecdotes. The result is a portrait of an unusual mind painted, warts and all, with an unusual sympathy."

CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT. *The Making of Charles Dickens*. 321pp. Penguin. £2.95. 0 14 006647 0. □ Originally published by Longmans in 1967, *The Making of Charles Dickens* was reviewed in the *TLS* of January 4, 1968. The reviewer wrote: "It will delight and inform the general reader, but it adds nothing substantial to the knowledge or understanding current among students of Dickens, and on the occasions when some unfamiliar fact or assertion appears, the specialist will often find insufficient documentation or argument."

GARRY O'CONNOR. *Ralph Richardson*. 336pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.50. 0 340 33968 3. □ Stephen Wall, reviewing this book in the *TLS* of December 24, 1982 wrote: "Richardson's response to biographical approaches is to maintain that there is 'nothing to say' about acting and 'nothing to write about' in his life as an actor... Nevertheless *Ralph Richardson* has considerable value as the record of the career of an actor of extraordinary resourcefulness whose limitations have profoundly influenced not only Olivier and Gielgud, the greatest of his contemporaries, but many others."

ART AND LAURIE PEPPER. *Straight Life: The story of Art Pepper*. 516pp. Collier Macmillan. £1.95. 0 02 872010 5. □ Art Pepper, one of the most admired post-Second World War jazz saxophonists, died of a stroke last year at the age of fifty-six. His autobiography, written in collaboration with his wife Laurie in 1979, has now been re-issued as a paperback in commemoration of the most "freeing" exponent of the "cool" (West Coast) jazz as well as an account of a remarkable struggle against drug addiction. Of Irish-German descent, Pepper had an uneasy childhood and adolescence in the predominantly black Los Angeles suburb of Watts, while still at high school he played regularly with Dexter Gordon, Charlie Mingus and other notable black musicians; he later moved with, among others, Shelly Manne, Shelly Long, Hampton Hawes and Wynton Kelly. Until he died he was never entirely free of drugs and supported his addiction with a great many recordings, some innovatively haunting, others of varying quality, often released pseudonymously or under the umbrella of the Yugoslavian pianist Milcho Angelovski. *Straight Life*, presented in the form of

a series of interviews and statements, is extraordinarily good on street life in US cities as well as on the travails of a jazzman junkie: it contains an updated discography and the score of Pepper's own composition, also entitled "Straight Life".

H.P.

VERNON SCANNELL. *The Tiger and the Rose*. 197pp. Robson Books. £3.95. 0 86051 227 4. □ If for no other reason, Vernon Scannell's brief autobiography (first published by Hamish Hamilton in 1971 and reviewed in the *TLS* of September 17 that year) would be memorable for its suggestion that the hangover is about as near as modern man is likely to come to a mystical experience. The book contains much else besides, however. Scannell's development as journalist, novelist and poet is paralleled by the account of his modest success as a boxer. His desertion from the army at the end of the war, the flight from the authorities and eventual detention, and his efforts to raise money in a variety of semi-legal ways, are all recounted in a relaxed, unpretentious prose, and the inevitable comparisons between the craft of the poet and the skill of the fighter never seem forced.

J.C.

Chess

RAYMOND SMULLYAN. *The Chess Mysteries of the Arabian Knights*. 170pp. Hutchinson. £5.95. 0 09 146561 3. □ In standard chess puzzles you are given a position and asked to achieve a mate from it in a given number of moves. Professor Smullyan's latest book (first published in the US in 1981) includes some of these, but the fifty main puzzles in it are of a different sort. Smullyan calls them problems in retrograde analysis; a position is given (maybe with extra information) and the task is to deduce something about the history or content of the set-up. For example, you might have to determine which of two white king's bishops was the original one, or whether a certain missing pawn was captured or promoted. The problems, most of which are far from easy, are presented in whimsical and witty stories with Arabian characters. Smullyan provides solutions, making one marvel at the power of deduction and his ingenuity. The book will appeal to (and probably only to) puzzle-lovers who are also keen chess players, but they will enjoy it hugely.

P.F.S.

Music

The Edwardian Song Book: Drawing Room Ballads, 1900-1914. Selected and introduced by Michael R. Turner and Antony Miall. 232pp. Methuen. £5.95. 0 413 538001. □ This book (first published in 1982) has one serious fault. It omits Oley Speaks's setting of Kipling's "The Road to Mandalay". But everything else about it is commendable: the editors' introduction and commentary; the photographs, above all that of the captivating "Lawrence Hope", or Adele Nicholson, who wrote the words for two of the *Four Indian Love Lyrics*, included here, "Kashmiri Song" and "Till I Wake" (and who in 1890 followed her dashing husband on the Zhoob Valley expedition through the Afghan passes, disguised as a Pathan boy); and the songs which, when not by Elgar or Vaughan Williams, seem to be by Cole Porter out of Debussy. Songs of Empire, of Countryside, of Passion and Sentiment - "England, My England", "Land of Hope and Glory", "Drake's Drum", "Nirvana", "Mazouza", "Linden Lea", "Palmouth Town" and "Mother o' Mine", among many others.

G.S.

Philosophy

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. *Between Existentialism and Marxism*. 301pp. New Left Books. £5.95. 0 86091 782 7. □ This collection of essays and interviews, now published in paperback by the Verso imprint of New Left Books, was first published in English in 1974. The essays and interviews are all taken from *Situations XIII* and *Situations IX* published by Gallimard in 1972 and reviewed in the *TLS* of March 24 that year. Among the contents are Sartre's

essays on Vietnam, Czechoslovakia and France; Kierkegaard, Mallarmé and Tintoretto; the interview, "The Itinerary of a Thought" in which Sartre explains his views about Freud and the unconscious, and a tape-recorded "Dialogue" between a psychiatrist and his patient of three years, in which the patient violently demands that the psychiatrist justify himself, and elicits a terrified and equally violent response. The *TLS* reviewer, W. D. Redfern, wrote: "While he [Sartre] is as conscious as any of his critics that his work suffers from 'hernias of the pen', he is surely right to claim that the best of it, and several texts here are in that number, needs no truss."

M.F.

Poetry

OMAR KHAYYAM. *The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam*. 128pp. Penguin. £4.95. 0 14 0059547. □ "How long boy will you chatter about the five senses and the four elements? What matter if the puzzles be one or a hundred thousand? We are dust, strum the harp boy. We are air, boy, bring out the wine." First published in 1979, this beautiful book collects 235 of the *ruba'iyat* or quatrains, attributed to Omar Khayyam the Persian astronomer, philosopher and mathematician, who lived from 1048-1131. Newly translated by Peter Avery and John Heath-Stubbs, the *ruba'iyat* are accompanied by a magnificent series of (sixteenth and seventeenth-century) Persian miniatures. Peter Avery also contributes an excellent introduction.

G.S.

Travel and topography

PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR. *Rouneli. Travels in Northern Greece*. 248pp. Penguin. £2.95. 0 14 009504 7. □ The name *Rouneli* (a vague and obsolete colloquial term designating the whole of Northern Greece) is the peg on which Patrick Leigh Fermor hangs a disparate set of recollections of travels in that area; there is the quasi-anthropological study of the Sarakatsani, a primitive and moribund nomadic community whose origins he somewhat whimsically traces back to Geometric Greece; there are the mid-air monasteries of the Meteora, targets which invite an awesome barrage of arcane terminology from Leigh Fermor's batteries of Byzantine lore, historical, ecclesiastical and iconographic. More idiosyncratic still, there is his defence of Romiosyne (demotic, Byzantine, Klephtic Greece) against the jejune Hellenism of school-masters and politicians. *Rouneli* also includes memories of the resistance in Crete, a pilgrimage in search of Byron's "boots", and a study of the cant ("Bolarie") vocabulary of the beggars of the Kraya. These are the elements which, distilled, are the essence of Patrick Leigh Fermor.

K.A.McC.

MUNGO PARK. *Travels into the Interior of Africa*. 388pp. Eland Books. £4.95. 0 907871 55 0. □ This paperback edition of *Travels into the Interior of Africa*, originally published by J. M. Dent in 1954, has a new preface by Jeremy Swift. Mungo Park undertook his search for the course and the source of the river Niger in two journeys: the first from 1795 to 1797 and the second in 1805. This Scottish country doctor's epic journey, still exerts a strong fascination, nearly 200 years after he achieved the intellectual objective of his mission and established that "the long sought for majestic Niger glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster", flowed eastwards, and he continues to inspire followers in his footsteps: the travel-writer Richard Owen wrote *Saga of the Niger* after following Park's route 4,000 miles from modern Dakar to Burutu in the Niger Delta. This summer Oxford University mounted its undergraduate Mungo Park Expedition to retrace his second journey, from Sansanding to Bussa. Unlike Mungo Park, mercifully, none of these followers needed to chop his valediction of November 1805: "All ready and we sail tomorrow morning... to the east with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger or perish in the attempt."

A.H.M.K.G.

INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

- Aronson, Theo. *Royal Family* 1293
Assolonne, Pierre. *Monsieur Dassault* 1282
Badoock, C. R. *Madness and Modernity* 1266
Barnes, John. *The Rise of the Cinema in Great Britain: The beginnings of the cinema in England 1894-1901, Volume 2, Jubilee Year 1897* 1276
Blackmore, Robert (Editor). *The Letters of John Cowper Powys to G. R. Wilson Knight* 1268
Blanch, Lesley. *Pierre Loti* 1282
Bourget, Jean-Loup. *Le cinéma américain 1895-1980: De Griffith à Cimino* 1277
Brooks, Peter Newman (Editor). *Seven-Headed Luther* 1286
Byrne, Muriel St Clare (Editor). *The Lisle Leiers* 1270
Cary, Gary. *Katherine Hepburn* 1291
Chibral, Raymond. *Le cinéma français des années 30* 1274
Comor, Noel, and others. *Talitha Cumi* 1272
Constantine, David. *Watching for Dolphins* 1272
Curl, James Stevens. *The Life and Work of Henry Roberts 1803-1876* 1265
Dick, Bernard F. *Hellman in Hollywood* 1273
Dunmore, Helen. *The Apple Fall* 1272
Ellis, Alice Thomas. *The Other Side of the Fire* 1269
Fantham, Elaine (Editor). *Seneca's Tragedies* 1285
Fellini, Federico. *Moralito in the City and A Journey with Anita* 1275
Gansberg, Alan L. *Little Caesar: A biography of Edward G. Robinson* 1291
Garloch, Robert. *Complete Poetical Works* 1272
Rackell, John. *The Profession of Arms* 1284
Hamilton, Nigel. *Monty: Master of the battlefield 1942-1944* 1284
Hamlyn, D. W. *Perception, Learning and the Self* 1283
Hardy, Phil. *The Film Encyclopedia: Volume II, The Western* 1264
Hentschel, Cedric (Editor). *The Letters of John Cowper Powys to Sven-Erik Tackmark* 1268
Higham, Charles, and Roy Moseley. *Merte: A biography of Merte Oberon* 1291
Hill, James. *Rita Hayworth: A memoir* 1291
Hobbs, Eric, and Terence Ranger (Editors). *The Invention of Tradition* 1270
Hough, Richard. *Edwina: Countess Mountbatten of Burma* 1293
Jeancoas, Jean-Pierre. *15 ans d'années trenten: Le cinéma des Français, 1929-1944* 1274
Keaveney, Arthur. *Sulla: The last republican* 1285
Keay, Douglas. *Royal Pursuit* 1293
Kozarski, Richard. *The Man You Loved to Hate: Erich von Stroheim and Hollywood* 1277
Kurasawa, Akira. *Something Like an Autobiography* 1290
Lago, Mary, and P. N. Furber (Editors). *Selected Letters of E. M. Forster: Volume One, 1879-1920* 1267
Layda, Jay. *Kino: A History of the Russian and Soviet Film* 1290
Longford, Elizabeth. *Elizabeth R* 1293
McGinn, Colin. *The Subjective View* 1283
Moorcock, Michael (Editor). *New Worlds* 1294
Morley, Sheridan. *Tales from the Hollywood Raj* 1291
Rabkin, Eric S. (Editor). *Science Fiction* 1294
Richards, Jeffrey, and Anthony Aldgate. *Best of British: Cinema and society 1930-1970* 1276
Roberts, J. Kimberley. *Ernest Rhys* 1268
Robinson, David. *Chaplin* 1263
Rood, Richard. *A Passion for Films: Henri Langlois and the cinématèque française* 1275
Searing, Helen. *New American Art Museums* 1265
Seizick, Irene Mayer. *A Private View* 1291
Sherwin, Byron L. *Mystical Theology and Social Dissonance: The life and works of Jiddu Leow of Prague* 1286
Smith, David G. *The Music Stops and the Wells Continues* 1269
Symons, Julian. *The Name of Annabel Lee* 1269
Thomas, Bob. *Golden Boy: The untold story of William Holden* 1291
Thornton, E. M. *Freud and Cocaine* 1266
Tindall, Gillian. *Looking Forward* 1269
Vaughan, Del. *Portrait of an Invisible Man: The working life of Stewart McAllister, film editor* 1276
Walker, Alexander. *Joan Crawford* 1291
Warren, Doug, and James Cagney. *James Cagney* 1291